WEEK ENDING JAN. 14, 1928

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

File Copy

Right Off the Deep End!

Beginning — THE FRANK LUKE *the* ARIZONA ACE

Out With the Old!

In With the New!

Now Parker Duofold *Non-Breakable* Barrels and Parker *Pressureless Touch* are the outstanding features in fountain pens for 1928

We have spent 35 years on 47 improvements to perfect these writing aids. 32 pen patents—12 others on pencils and desk sets—have been granted in this spectacular advance.

It culminates, in 1928, in the highest efficiency ever realized in products of this kind.

Pressureless Touch is the newest thing in writing. Parker created it in the Duofold. Capillary attraction now acts with gravity feed through a fine ink-channel ground between the prongs of the pen point. Only a magnifying glass would reveal it to you. Now the feather-weight of the *pen itself* starts the writing instantly and continues it. All finger pressure is relieved.

And now the Duofold is made of Parker Permanite—*28% lighter* than the rubber once employed. Duofold Pen barrels are now reduced 39% in weight. And a finer distribution of this light weight creates still another feature—Parker Poise—resulting in an entirely new "feeling" in a fountain pen. Absolutely tireless writing is thus introduced.

To cap all these improvements this *lighter* Parker Duofold is *Non-Breakable* also. Parker Duofolds have been thrown from the roof of a skyscraper, from an aeroplane 3,000 feet aloft, and from the rim of the Grand Canyon, and not one has broken! Isn't this the pen—and pencil—that you want to use this year?

Choose your size of barrel—big Oversize, the Junior, or the slender Lady Duofold. Next, your favorite point—from six graduated styles—all tempered for lifelong use in such a way that each yields to any hand, yet cannot be distorted from the shape you like.

Colors—Lacquer-red, Mandarin Yellow (new), Lapis Lazuli Blue, Green Jade, all black-tipped—or flashing Black and Gold. Duofold Pencils to match.

Pens filled by pressure button concealed in one end. Pocket clips (removable and adjustable) held neatly and securely under a screw-cap. Pen barrels unmarred—as smart and trim as a yacht's spars.

Pen counters everywhere display the Parker Duofold Pen and companion Pencils. 17,000,000 Parker users would recommend them to you.

To be sure you get the *genuine* look for the imprint "Geo. S. Parker DUOFOLD." That will bring the New Efficiency that you are looking for today.

Parker Duofold Pens, $5 and $7 according to Size—
Pencils to match, $3, $3.50 and $4

These black-tipped Parker Duofolds in these four fashionable colors, in addition to Lacquer-red shown above, are quickly recognized as indicating both good judgment and good taste.

The modern woman is not behind the modern man in up-to-date equipment. The stylish Lady Duofold is made for her in jewel-like colors shown at left.

Business executives, professional men, scientists and writers say, in effect, "I never think of writing *without* my Parker DUOFOLD because I never have to think of it *while* writing."

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES: NEW YORK • MILWAUKEE • CHICAGO • CLEVELAND • ATLANTA
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Parker

Duofold Pens and Pencils

Parker Duofold Pencils match Duofold Pens in efficiency as well as color. The lead turns *out* for writing, *in* for carrying. They last for years and write for weeks without attention. Refilling is 5 times easier and quicker than sharpening old-style kinds.

Red and Black Color Combination Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office

TO BE SMART YOU MUST BE TRIMLY NEAT!

and where ELASTIC *is required* rely on HICKORY

To keep a bloomer-frill up or a shoulder strap in place—for all your sewing, in fact—depend on Hickory Elastic. It's woven solidly with "live" rubber—fresh and new with lots of stretch. And it lasts so long—often outwearing the garment into which it is sewn. Ask for Hickory Elastic by name. All widths, black and white, by the yard or the 12 yard handy reel.

And the same "live" rubber in Children's Hickory Garters

They teach a little lesson in neatness because they hold stockings so trimly smooth. Yet they never tug or strain. The cushion clasp, too, prevents tearing the stockings and saves much darning. It pays you to buy Children's Hickory Garters—they last much longer—keep their stretch and pep. Try this better kind. 25c and up.

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HICKORY

LIVE RUBBER GARTERS · ELASTIC

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THE CREAM
OF THE CROP

James Cruze,

Director of Feature Photoplays,

writes:

"In the direction of any of my big pictures, and especially during the filming of the Covered Wagon, the constant use of my voice demands that I keep it in first-class condition. As a cigarette smoker it was necessary that I find a cigarette which I could smoke without any chance of throat irritation or cough. After trying them all, I decided on Luckies. They are mild and mellow—which both protects the throat and gives real smoke enjoyment."

James Cruze

You, too, will find that LUCKY STRIKES give the greatest pleasure—Mild and Mellow, the finest cigarettes you ever smoked. Made of the choicest tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, and there is an extra process—"IT'S TOASTED"—no harshness, not a bit of bite.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation-No Cough.

JAN. 14, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 No. 2

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

READING

A philosopher once said: "Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man."

We recommend reading good books.

Just now there is a lively popular interest in history. The amount of biography being read is astonishing. The publishers are working fast, but they are put to it to keep up with the demand.

It is an interesting development in the tastes of a people sometimes accused of being frivolous.

Biography is the most human form of historical record. It is easier to read history as you find it woven into the lives of Napoleon or Bismarck, Henry Ward Beecher or P. T. Barnum, than to get it from any general account of politics and war. It is more stimulating, more illuminating, and more fun.

Biography dramatizes events by reflecting them in personalities. It focuses one's attention and fixes things in one's memory.

For example, in our remarkable Richthofen series there was given a more comprehensive picture of air fighting during the war than in any narrative of the German air forces as a whole.

And the recent controversies about books on Washington probably have aroused more intelligent curiosity as to his life and times than all the textbooks ever written.

It is true that a man can make his own university in his library. It isn't a joke that fifteen minutes a day with good books will give anyone a better mind. If you are a fifteen-minuteman you may even know who originated the saying with which this editorial began.

Reading newspapers, of course, is indispensable for knowledge of daily events—the things that are happening now.

Books are the reservoirs of ideas, imagination, and the imperishable record of the past.

Where do magazines come in? Well, they are pretty much previews of books nowadays.

Much of what is most important appears in the magazines first. They peptonize books—predigest them. They survey and summarize current thought and knowledge, make it easily available, and suggest choice, according to one's inclination, in the matter of more leisurely reading.

What with radio, automobiles, and the movies, time for reading has been reduced. Golf in season demands attention, and most of us must work a little. As an old newspaper man of our acquaintance used to say, life is abundant, and it is getting more so.

All right. Turn on the radio, or get out the car and go to the movies. You'll be the better for it.

But don't forget, too, that winter is the time to read. Cold winds outside make home an attractive place, and an easy chair can be the starting point for endless exploration.

We urge spending some of these long evenings with a good book or a good magazine—preferably this one.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

THE POPE AT HOME, by GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK, tells of the multitudinous activities of life in the Vatican where Pius XI, the two hundred and sixty-first Pope, reigns as the spiritual sovereign of 300,000,000 persons. This historical and personal article, which also gives the views of the Catholic Church on great questions of today, is of absorbing interest to every reader, Catholic and non-Catholic alike.

VIÑA DELMAR, whose searching character analysis gives her stories their distinct flavor, has surpassed all her previous work in THE JEER LEADER. This story of a girl and her ego throws the searchlight on human characteristics that concern every one of us.

What's always on a young man's mind? Right the first time. But, oh, what a puzzle! However, his problem has been solved. The answer is in HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE, a home-laboratory test for indecisive young men, by DORIS WEBSTER and MARY ALDEN HOPKINS.

INDULGENCE OF THE EYES, a short story by WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT, is a drama of the Chinese wars—of two Americans and a girl—set in a background known in every detail by the author. Here supreme emotion is combined with a plot of mystifying surprises.

ROCKNE—COACHMAKER, by FRANCIS WALLACE, is an appraisal of the character and methods which have made Notre Dame's football mentor the master of masters of the gridiron.

KILLING KILLERS, by LIN BONNER, graphically illustrates the gains made by the police in fighting the crime wave since to their courage has been added a course in cool, straight shooting.

You may have seen Paris, or you may have read books about it, but never have you seen it from the viewpoint of BERT GREEN, as he describes it in the fourteenth spasm of the LOVE LETTERS OF AN INTERIOR DECORATOR.

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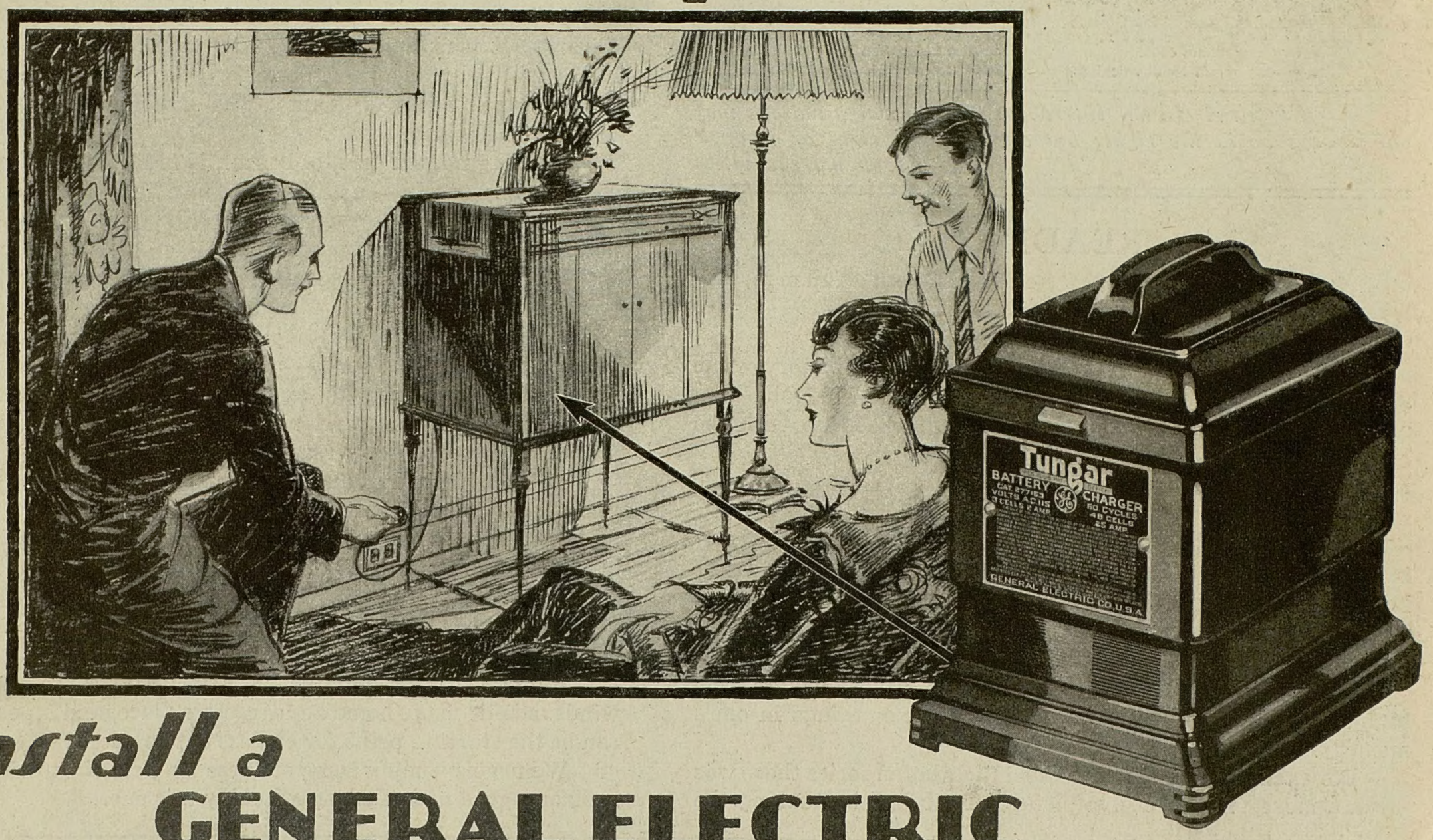

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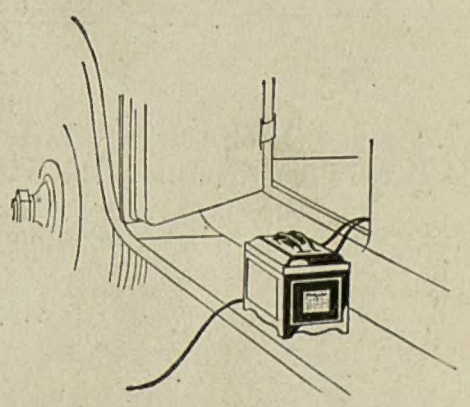

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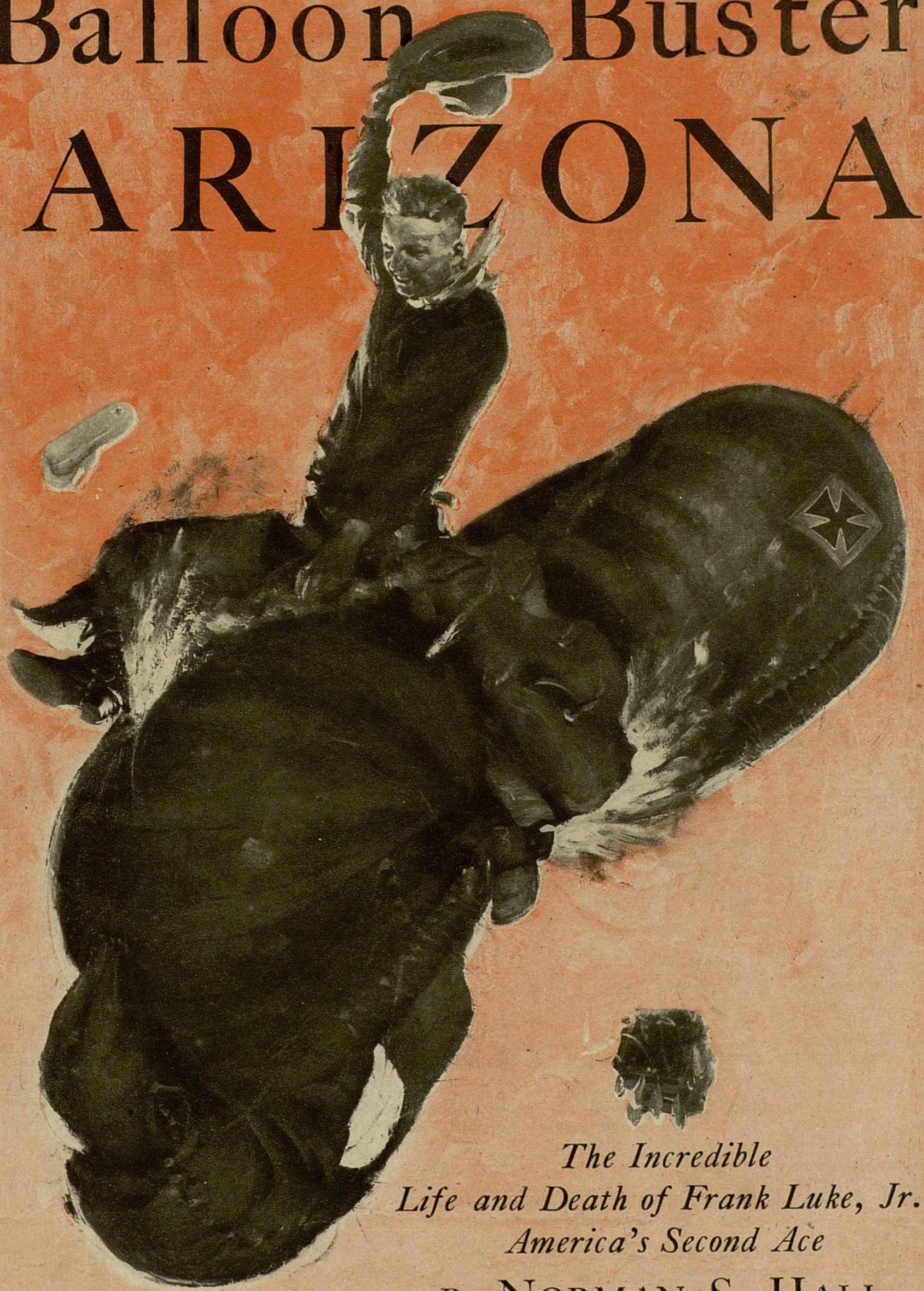
The Balloon Buster *of* ARIZONA



Picture by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

The Incredible Life and Death of Frank Luke, Jr., America's Second Ace

By NORMAN S. HALL

(Reading time: 18 minutes 15 seconds.)

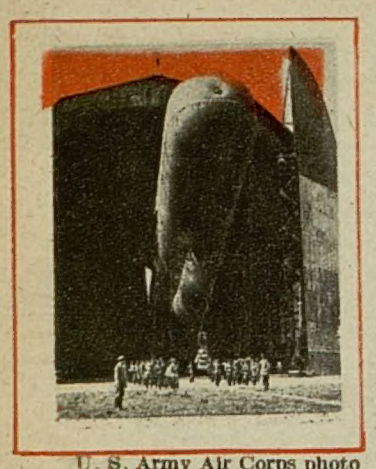
[EDITOR'S NOTE: Lieutenant Frank Luke, Jr., of Arizona, between September 12 and September 29, 1918, shot down fourteen balloons and four planes. On the last day he was killed. No other flier ever gained so many victories in so short a time. He was the only flier who received the Congressional Medal of Honor.]

HIS name was Frank Luke, Jr.

He was as arrogant as Lucifer and as humble as a serf who believes in the divine right of kings. He was as self-centered as a motion-picture star, yet he once stumbled twenty miles through the Arizona desert into a town, then back to the sand and cactus, saving his last quarter so a crippled friend could eat.

He liked to masquerade as a girl, yet he could wade into a mining-camp dance-hall crowd and smash belligerent ore handlers into submissive silence.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



U. S. Army Air Corps photo

A German observation balloon emerging from its hangar. These "sausages" were Luke's favorite prey.

[THE BALLOON BUSTER OF ARIZONA Cont'd from Page Seven]

He could step into the saddle at dawn and stay with it until sundown—today, tomorrow, and the day after that. Day upon day he toted a seventy-pound pack over the buttes and rim rocks of the White, the Hieroglyphic, and the Superstition Mountains with the sure-footed tirelessness of the mountain sheep he stalked.

He worked in the copper mines of Ajo shoulder to shoulder with veteran rock men who had gutted the hills from Chihuahua to the Cœur d'Alêne, and when he needed extra money he gave dancing lessons at night.

He could put a rifle bullet through a daisy as far as that flower is recognizable. He could do more tricks with a six-shooter than a monkey can with a coconut; but when he fought, he fought with his hands—cleanly, victoriously, and with a smile on his face.

He collected tarantulas and German machine guns, motherless lambs and fatherless French children. His closest male friends were a hunchback and a famous aviator. He saved the hunchback's life. He led the flier to his death.

In many respects he was the greatest military aviator the world has known, yet his commanding officer describes him as "the damnedest nuisance that ever stepped upon a flying field."

He was the only fighting flier to be awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, but if he had lived he would have been recommended for a general court-martial.

He spat at the stars and grinned because it was good to be alive; but at twenty-one, with an opportunity to surrender honorably and live, he crouched over an automatic pistol, kept it smoking until the hammer fell flatly on the empty clip, laughed at the gray troops hemming him in, and crumpled and died.

THE world had gone to war. Within four phases of the moon men donned earth-brown clothing that did not fit, grasped rifles that were awkward and strange to their hands, and slogged off across the world—mighty and proud in the newly gathered knowledge that a wrenching twist would free a rib-held bayonet.

They became drunk with wine and high resolve and fear and the sense of their own importance in the new raw, red scheme of existence. With glamour and with gold they bought women who, had they continued to walk in normal ways, would have been as unattainable as the stars.

Some, content with this, stood afar off, did nothing, lived, and were raised to high places; others accomplished the impossible and were battered into the mud of a foreign field for their pains.

Of the latter was Frank Luke, Jr.

Not always do "the paths of glory lead but to the grave." Too frequently they begin where a stone marks the resting place of a corpse.

It was so with Luke. Since that September day in 1918 when a terse War Department regretfully informed his parents that he was missing in action, a thousand orators have voiced his praise, a hundred writers have clicked out fragments of the saga of "the brave, mad flier of Arizona."

But the only speeches he ever heard usually began with: "Why the hell is it you are the only man who finds the regulations of the United States Army too irksome to live up to?" And any writing connected with his name was apt to take the form of a squadron memorandum confining him to ground duty because of some breach of discipline.

Not that discipline annoyed him. He didn't treat it seriously enough to allow it to become an annoyance. He ignored it. Yet he ruled his intimates with an iron hand.

The kids he ran with were always known as "Luke's Bunch," never as "Pinney's Crowd," or "Elder's Gang," or "Akers' Mob"; although when it came to concerted, whole-souled hell-raising, "Pidge" Pinney and Bill Elder and Johnny Akers were certain to be found just beyond the smoke and flame.

IT mattered little whether it was a fishing expedition to the junction of the Salt and Gila rivers, or a football game with the Mission Indians—who understood a deal about kicking but relatively little concerning football—Luke led. He assumed leadership as his natural prerogative and until the day of his death found willing followers.

Arrogant? Self-assertive? Beyond question; but it was a wide-grinned arrogance, a smiling self-assertiveness, that created a desire to follow him. He was at his best when the odds were against him; triumphant when it seemed he could not win.

What a leader for a forlorn hope in the old days! Given a regiment, a broken sword, and a bad moment for his side, and Frank Luke, Jr., could have held any hill until the guns came up!

He looked the part, too. At sixteen he was man-size: stood five feet ten inches tall, and weighed 170 hard pounds—hard as an ebony block. His shoulders were the envy of every athlete in the State. Go down into Arizona today and ask the football crowd of ten years ago if they knew Frank Luke and they'll respond:

"Know Luke? You betcha! The toughest line plunger in Arizona."

His was a long face characterized by straight lines: a straight nose; a straight slit for a mouth; gray eyes that gazed straight at one, questioning nothing, volunteering nothing, apparently waiting for the one upon whom he gazed to make the next move.

He smiled at the slightest provocation, and it must have been a winning smile, because even those who knew him casually remember it. It touched his mouth, his eyes, and, as Bill Elder described it to me, "You gathered that he was glad to just be there and walk around and say 'hello' to folks."

Mrs. and Mr. Frank Luke, parents of the daring American ace. Both were born in Germany, coming to the United States after the Civil War.

He had a moderately high forehead topped by thick, straight blond hair—blond as a canary's wings. It was a good-looking ensemble, even handsome, and the most pronounced characteristic was the chin. The man—the leading, scrapping, chance-taking male—showed there. It suggested but one thing—courage.

His father probably gave him that, for in the eyes of Frank Luke's dad still flicker the fires of fine, high courage. Not the flashing, spectacular bravery of his war-bird son, but the determination to overcome obstacles, no matter how great; a determination all pioneers must possess if they are to survive, and the Lukes were pioneers.

The elder Luke came to the United States in 1866, six years after his father emigrated from Dahlhausen, a small village in the province of Westphalia, Prussia, near the Holland border. The flier's grandfather, after serving a year in the Union Army during the Civil War, established himself in New York City and gathered his family about him. It was during this period that he altered the spelling of his last name from Lüke to its English form.

One of the earliest manifestations of the future flier's infectious smile.

Several years later a brother who had been serving as a commissioner representing Arizona in Vienna, Austria, returned to the United States and took Luke's father from New York to Arizona with him.

They arrived in Prescott in April, 1873, and the aviator's father resided there until 1877, when he received an appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point. Failing to enter because of defective vision, he returned to Arizona and took up his residence in Globe, then a rapidly expanding mining camp.

MR. LUKE dabbled in mining activities, but disappointment over his thwarted military career chilled whatever ardor he may have had for the work. He was an enthusiastic hunter, and countless times gunned for rabbits over the ground where the mighty workings of the Miami and the Inspiration copper mines sprawl today. At that time these properties were considered worthless. Since then they have earned $75,000,000.

In the latter part of 1880 he went to Phœnix, then a sun-baked frontier town of less than 1,500 inhabitants. There he met the woman who became his wife. Her family had emigrated from Berlin several years before and had come to Phœnix in 1879.

Shortly thereafter Mr. Luke became politically active. Since that time he has held a number of public offices and is now a member of the Arizona State Tax Commission.

TO Mr. and Mrs. Luke nine children were born: Eva, now the wife of former United States Attorney Thomas Flynn; Anna, now Mrs. John Sherry; Edwin, Charles; Otilla, now Mrs. Eben Perry; Frank; Regina, now Mrs. Edward Wilson; and John.

Frank was the odd one. That seems to have been definitely established May 19, 1897, when a lusty wail announced his presence. His father declares that, as a baby, he yelled a little louder, kicked a little harder, and ate with greater gusto than the others.

Funny, how there usually is one in a family who is geared a little higher than the rest, and who keeps his nose a trifle farther out in the breeze. The nose gets whapped occasionally, but the owner does go places, meet people, and see things.

U. S. Official photo

Comrades took this photograph of Lieutenant Frank Luke, Jr., in France soon after he had added a German plane to his bag. (Right) The boy who played soldier with grim, prophetic seriousness.

Frank Luke, Jr., wore that kind of nose.

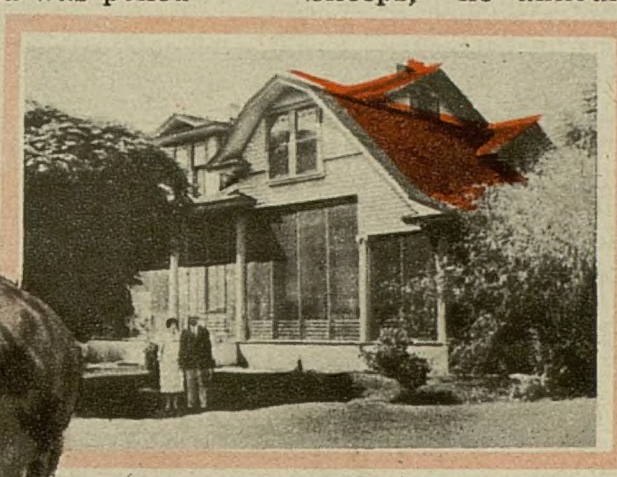
You could tell his brothers that something out of the ordinary was taking place around the corner and, when they had finished the job in hand, they'd stroll around to look it over. Not Frank! As soon as he gathered that the occurrence was outside the usual routine, he was high-tailing it in the general direction of the excitement.

As a small boy he was an amazingly jumbled mixture of cherub and spike-tailed devil. At the age of four his hands had been slapped, the seat of his trousers dusted, and innumerable paternal frowns bestowed upon him because of unauthorized sorties into the surrounding countryside.

But these disciplinary measures were treated with the disdain he later displayed toward the regulatory measures of military superiors.

He had exhausted the possibilities of the yard, and the interior of the barn was as familiar as the palm of his hand. There must be new worlds for this Alexander. Without the gate lay the open road, and strange territory was just beyond the first thank-you-ma'am. He sallied forth.

Midafternoon and naptime came, but no inquisitive head was poked from the last place imaginable in answer to Mrs. Luke's call. Mild surprise deepened into anxiety, and when a thorough, frantic search of the grounds and outbuildings produced no Frank, there was consternation.



The Luke home in Phœnix, Arizona. From this house the Balloon Buster went forth to glory and death.

The sun slipped behind Squaw Peak and neighbors were making their second sympathetic inquiries, when a moving blur down the road focused attention. It moved falteringly, wearily, and, finally aware of the women scampering toward it, sat down heavily in the middle of the road.

U. S. Army Air Corps photo

Fourteen German aircraft of this type were shot down by Frank Luke, Jr., in seventeen days.

With a sobbing cry Mrs. Luke scooped the bedraggled figure to her breast. As she did so, a woolly ball rolled from beneath each of the child's arms and plumped into the dust. Slowly the balls unwound into fuzzy animals.

"What," gasped Mrs. Luke, "have you there?"

Frank wriggled to the ground and possessed himself of the weak-legged creatures.

"Sheeps," he announced proudly. "Two sheeps. Man said if I could carry 'em I could have 'em."

It seems that a considerable distance along the road over which he had adventured there was a sheep ranch. The owner, observing the youngster intently watching several lambs feeding, had offered as many of the animals as Frank could carry away.

That night there was some talk of corporal punishment, but Mr. Luke vetoed it.

"Any youngster of mine," he declared emphatically, "who shows that much interest in dumb animals doesn't get punished for it, and that's that."

NOT long thereafter, however, Mr. Luke altered this tolerant attitude toward the collection of Arizona fauna. Following the episode of the sheep it was considered advisable to keep a closer check on Frank's activities. In due time this duty fell to his sister Otilla, and it was observed that the system worked marvelously.

To be sure, there were many mysterious trips to the open country, and the Indian kitchen servants reported innumerable requests for empty tin cans, but no importance was attached to either.

Then Mr. Luke decided to go fishing. Being an ardent and a successful fisherman, his requirements were simple but well founded in tradition.

One of his needs was a can for bait, but it must be the proper sort of can. Fortune is much more apt to smile upon the angler who goes equipped with a vegetable can still retaining the jagged lid. The jagged lid serves excellently as a handle and adds a spicy note of danger in that it is certain to gouge deeply into a thumb before the day is over.

In search of such a receptacle, Mr. Luke entered the barn. His eyes glowed with satisfaction as he saw a row of about twenty cans neatly arranged on a crossbeam. He grasped one and pried up the lid to assure himself that it was sufficiently clean to receive his garden worms.

Immediately thereafter he fetched a whoop

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

In Phœnix, shown on this map, the ace was born and grew up.

[THE BALLOON BUSTER OF ARIZONA Cont'd from Page Nine]

that awoke vague memories in the breasts of the red-skinned kitchen help, flung the can from him, broke the standing-broad-jump record, and grasped a spade.

With the air of a man intent upon the business in hand, he smartly bashed a large tarantula. He lifted his second can and there followed another whoop, a new broad-jump record, and further activity with the spade. The can had contained another tarantula.

One of Mr. Luke's characteristics is his mild demeanor. He is a devout man who uses profanity sparingly and, except in moments of great stress, never in the presence of ladies and children. But by the time the fifteenth can had yielded the fifteenth tarantula, Mr. Luke's temper snapped.

"How," he demanded, with certain trimmings I shall omit, "did these qualified tarantulas get in here?"

He addressed himself to his wide-eyed family, who had been brought to the barn door by the erratic but sustained thumping of the spade.

He received his answer from the least expected source.

"Tilla," a piping voice wailed, "dad's killed our bugs!"

Frank, newly arrived on the scene, had taken in the situation at a glance.

"Did you put those da—da—dangerous things in here?" his father demanded.

The big toe of Frank's right foot traced a perfect square in the dust as he replied, "Uh-huh. Tilla and me was collecting 'em to get a hundred."

Mr. Luke looked warily behind him before continuing the investigation.

"What, in heaven's name, did you want with a hundred tarantulas?" he asked.

"Aw, just to get a hundred," said Frank, and Tilla nodded solemnly as though the amassing of a hundred deadly tarantulas was one of the goals of life.

Mr. Luke did go fishing that day, but he carried his worms in a paper bag.

IN his sister Tilla, Frank found an adventurous spirit much to his liking. She even was permitted a part in the game of Soldier, and this game lay very close to young Luke's heart. True, she usually was cast as the enemy, but it is remarkable that her brother permitted any girl to participate, for in his early youth Frank Luke, Jr., was decidedly a man's man.

The childhood game of Soldier is as old as the spirit of strife; it probably will survive until the end. You will find it played in the roaring heart of New York's slums, down where the narrow, twisted streets shoulder the pawnshops aside for their outlets to the Bowery.

Go among the squalid villages along Central America's Mosquito Coast, and you will see the revolutionary armies of tomorrow drilling, marching, charging—and always to victory! Who dares say that one of these armies of childhood ever retreated?

But, as Frank Luke played it, it was a rugged pastime. No field-force commander threatened with defeat at the hands of the enemy and mutiny in his own ranks ever directed the activities of his troops with the hawklike vigilance Luke displayed. To soldier under him was to be a veteran indeed.

He knew that some peculiar, unexplainable gesture of fate had deprived his father of a military career. But was he not his father's son? And what did fate have to do with it, anyway? Let fate wait awhile, for there were mightier forces to be reckoned with!

The blonde head of the enemy—Tilla—could be seen around the corner of the barn, and Frank Luke and two neighboring kids and a scampering puppy would run that enemy screeching and panting right up to the kitchen door.

Tiring of the din of battle, he sought quieter ways. Pidge Pinney helped him find them.

Albert C. Pinney at that stage of his career was round and inclined to leisure. In fact, Pidge was something of a promoter. Today he assists his father in the management of the largest exclusively sporting-goods store in Phœnix and is one of the best known sportsmen in Arizona.

Pidge suggested a collection of birds' eggs. "You take birds' eggs, now, Frank," he urged. "We'll get a walloping collection of 'em and maybe we can sell 'em."

Barter! Frank's eyes glowed. This was something like! You had all the fun of playing, and you were enriching your earthly store at the same time.

The birds'-egg collection began that afternoon.

Picture by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

Then Frank met Will Elder. There are few friendships such as that one: the sort of man-to-man liking that causes you to feel strangely alone when in the presence of one who has participated in it. The type of falsehood-free regard that sends men rolling down the avenues of fame or faltering to the gallows' foot together.

It began in a sun-washed Arizona road when two barefoot kids looked upon each other for the first time. It ended when Frank Luke squeezed the trigger on his last cartridge and pitched forward across the bullet-pocked fuselage of his plane.

Ended? No, I don't mean that. I've talked with Bill Elder, and that friendship will not end until Bill bumps off too. And, so long as we've got to believe in something, let's believe it won't end then.

ELDER'S people came to Phœnix shortly after the San Francisco earthquake.

Frank and Bill met in the road and circled each other warily. Bill, who had big-city brashness, spoke first: "Hullo."

"Hullo."

"You live around here?"

"Uh-huh; in that big house."

"Bill's my name. What's yours?"

"Frank. I'm named after my dad, Frank Luke. Where d'you live?"

"Right down there. We came from Frisco."

During the remainder of the morning the traveler who actually had seen Frisco talked and Frank listened. When the latter hopped off to a belated lunch he was convinced that his

morning's acquaintance was either the most marvelous liar in Arizona or the best scout in the world. It wasn't long before Frank decided he was the best scout in the world.

Luke, always aggressive in defense of his own rights and those of his friends, was particularly so whenever Bill Elder was concerned. Although Bill was a hunchback, he needed no special rules in any man's game. But Frank Luke big-brothered him nevertheless.

ELDER has a natural reserve which adds mightily to his personality and I do not believe Luke ever fully fathomed it. Even in the barefoot stage Bill would pause to estimate the situation; Frank would plunge in: characteristics that risked and saved Elder's life in the years to follow.

He could do more tricks with a six-shooter than a monkey can with a coconut.

On one occasion when Frank had invited Bill to remain at the Luke home for dinner, Elder seemed reluctant to take his seat at the table.

Frank pushed him forward, but his chum still held back, explaining in a whisper: "Your pop looks cross."

Frank cast a glance at the amply surrounded table, directed a quick, straight look at his father, then spoke:

"Aw, sit down. Dad's got so many of his own he won't even know you're here."

Through the years Bill was the strategist; Frank the hard-boiled field commander. Early in their friendship they discovered that their homes cramped their styles hopelessly, so they moved into a tent in Frank's yard. Pidge Pinney was declared in and contributed many entertaining, if somewhat devastating, ideas.

There are some who say there wasn't a farmer or a rancher in the Salt River Valley who wouldn't cheerfully have returned to the era of six-shooter law rather than see the trio descend upon his holdings. But, mostly, they just chuckle and voice an honest wish to return to those days and have the triumvirate back again.

Wise farmers who raised melons gave them an item in their overhead. Those lacking in wisdom kept vigil with the moon and a shotgun in one patch while the three were raiding another.

They hunted incessantly, and anything that walked upon four legs, or crawled, or had wings, was game. Had any earth-swooping angel suddenly become visible to them, it would have been a tough break for the angel.

Once, this penchant for taking a snap shot at anything that grew wings proved to be a tough break for Frank. It also marks the only time Bill Elder saw him frightened. I have been unable to find anyone else who ever saw him scared.

Frank and Bill were returning from a hunting trip and Frank deftly placed a .45-caliber bullet through the neck of a chicken. They drew it, and were watching it come to a golden brown over a small fire of mesquite, when they were joined by a middle-aged stranger who held long and high converse relative to the ownership of the fowl.

Both immediately admitted they had bought the chicken that morning, but had delayed the cooking until after sundown. Unconvinced but powerless to act in the face of this argument, the chicken rancher retired.

The boys ate leisurely, resaddled, and headed toward Phœnix.

They had jogged along a few hundred yards when Frank started another chicken and promptly drilled it. The smoke was still drifting lazily from the muzzle of his six-shooter when a flat, hard voice at the roadside snapped their heads about.

"You assorted so and so's, get down off them horses," it said, and the two hit the road in a lump. It wasn't the voice so much as the single-action .45 the owner of the voice held waist-high. He was the conversational chicken rancher who had visited them at their fire.

"I've watched ya," he informed them, "and followed ya, and now I've got ya. You"—he indicated Elder with the gun muzzle—"kin git. But this chicken-shootin' friend o' yourn is goin' to stay."

As Bill Elder told it to me:

"I slid up into the saddle while the old fellow walked out and took Frank's gun away. He sure was mad, so mad it struck me funny until I looked at Frank's face. He was white, and I could see the muscles stand out along his jaw. I knew he was scared, and I also knew if Frank was scared there wasn't anything funny about it. Boy, I sure high-tailed it for Phœnix."

The chicken rancher marched Luke to his house, from which a tow-headed youngster took a message to the sheriff's office. The tow-head's entrance to the peace officer's sanctum, as later described by that official, would have been good for any second-act curtain.

"My pop's got the feller that's been shootin' his stock," he bleated.

Now, a chicken rancher may, if he so desires, refer to his chickens as "stock"; but in Arizona, even today, "stock" is usually construed as cattle.

Frank Luke, Sr., emigrated from Dahlhausen, Germany, shown on this map, in 1866.

The sheriff blinked and took both feet off his desk. Somebody been shooting cattle, eh? Wel-l-l-l! He shifted a six-shooter from his hip pocket to the waistband of his pants, let his vest fall over the butt, and stepped to the inner office where several deputies sat.

"You boys better come with me," he said meaningly; adding, "And come heeled."

They went. At the ranch they found a white-faced youngster sitting opposite a frontier-model .45 behind which crouched the chicken rancher. Upon a near-by table was a grisly corpse of a chicken.

I can find no record of the case from then on, but the popular version is that a disgusted sheriff turned a white-faced youngster loose with the muttered hope that there would be a returning and more dead chickens.

LUKE unquestionably was frightened, but the scare did not affect his activities—particularly football. Every autumn Luke's Bunch played the Indians at St. John's Mission. The games were interminable. They began as soon after breakfast as sufficient players for two teams could be assembled. They ended when the contestants were too bruised to continue, or because of darkness.

As football it was an atrocity, but as a workout for sprouty young cubs it couldn't have been bettered.

The Indians favored discarding the ball entirely, for they regarded it as a nuisance that deprived one of their number of the use of his arms. The palefaces played with the spirit that characterized plainsmen in the days of the pony express. As a matter of fact, these encounters failed of a place in history merely because gunpowder wasn't used.

Luke liked football. Given the ball, he would line-plunge a barbed-wire fence. I've talked with some of the Indians who played against him, and they encompassed a world of things with their laconic "You couldn't stop him."

He broke an arm in one of those games and was carrying it in a sling when the old Central School opened for the fall semester. For some flagrant breach of discipline he was summoned to Principal Randall's office and sternly informed that he was to be flogged.

Flogged?

Young, gray eyes—hard now—lifted in a straight gaze into the professionally frowning ones of the school head.

Flogged!

A white spot in each cheek where the jaw muscles were bunched tight.

Flogged!

A straight slit of a mouth biting off words:

"You won't flog me!"

Luke wheeled, stepped past the astonished principal, and strode to the stairhead. He glanced back, saw that Randall was following, poised for an instant, and deliberately—*jumped!* He hit halfway down, cradled his smashed arm with his good one, and rolled to the bottom. Randall, aghast at the boy's act, dashed after him. They met at the foot of the stairs, and again the lad spat:

"You won't flog me!"

Randall didn't.

How Luke risked his life in a turbulent Arizona river to save Bill Elder, and how he whipped the toughest fighter in a hard-boiled mining gang, are told in next week's installment of this story of a great American ace.

THERE'S a tall, dark-haired, black-eyed tango dancer in the Jollity who has been throwing burning glances at me.

SHOW

(Reading time: 15 minutes 44 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Here begins a series of highly amusing and colorful episodes involving Dixie Dugan, a Broadway dancer. Mr. McEvoy, the author, is famous as a short-story writer, humorist, poet, and playwright.]

Brooklyn, N. Y., May 1.

DENNY, MY LOVE:

Your little brown-eyed playmate has went and done it. Left her happy home, flat as egg on a vest, and gone into the merry-merry for better or worse, or what am I offered? Soon you will see this name, which you are so set on changing, busting out all over Broadway in a rash of Mazdas, and these round knees, all sunburnt now from night life, coyly crossed in all the Sunday rotogravure sections.

But if you think the folks took it lying down, you're crazy, my sweet thing. It was a finish fight, starting with gloves, referees, and things, and finishing on the floor, catch-as-catch-can, no holds barred. Mother got in some nasty jolts, but this flaming youth was still burning bright even after she asked a lot of those mother questions for which there aren't any answers in the back of the book.

I could always come back with "Well, you was young once, wasn't you?" It seems she was, although she can't remember now what it was like.

"I'd rather see you dead than in a show," she kept on saying. And I said, "Maybe we'll both get our wish. I've seen a lot of acts die right on the stage in my day."

I got permission yesterday from mother to go into the Follies. All I need now is Mr. Ziegfeld's; but persuading him should be easy compared to my experience with the folks. Pa is dubious, which sounds like a rap but isn't. He says he couldn't keep me in nights and he doesn't think Ziegfeld can either.

I wish Nita were here to back me up. She's such a good skate.

Of course, she would have to go dashing over to Paris on one of her buying trips for Waffleheimer's. They're showing their fall collections now.

I hope she collects some cute things for herself that I'll like. Every time I realize we're both the same size, it makes me religious.

The big brother, Sam, doesn't know what to think about it yet. But then, he isn't bright anyway. It has been so long since he has read anything except the picture papers that he can't even dial his own telephone numbers now. We're going to have to put little pictures there instead of figures.

I've got a date tomorrow to see Mr. Ziegfeld. I called up the office, and the girl said yes, he'd be there tomorrow, and if I can see him it's all right with her. So that's that.

Don't worry about me. This story that is going around, about the show business being dangerous for young girls, is propaganda from the employment agencies, who are short of kitchen help.

I've been in too many taxis not to know that a girl is lots safer with an orchestra between her and the tired business man, who don't act nearly as tired as you'd think. But then, I should tell you—a star traveling salesman—how the tired business man acts!

I wish you could sneak me some more of that swell imported Italian stationery. I think you should anyway—I'm using it all up writing to you.

"And who else?" sez you. "Just you," sez I. "Whoops, tell me another," sez he.

Well, as you were until I write again. It may be a short life—but, boy, how merry!

All right, then—I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you. That oughta hold you.

DIXIE.

P. S. Have you heard the Hurdle Song: I Can't Get Over a Girl Like You Loving a Boy Like Me?

Chicago, May 4.

DEAR DIXIE:

Well, I just got back from Minneapolis where the boss has had a convention of us salesmen, which means he feeds us until we're groggy, and then shoots us full of hot air how great the home office is, and what a lot of bums our salesmen are for not co-operating.

You would think, to hear him tell, we just saunter from town to town, making life a pleasure for the lady buyers, and always sweep our samples under the bed to get them out of the way.

My God, I would like to see him carry these four hand-trunks of valentines and mother mottoes and God-bless-our-homes all over these United States.

Here I have been hopping around from one hash town to another for years carrying things like

Home is lovely,
Home is sweet,
Home is a pleasure,
Home is a treat—
Oh, how could anyone ever roam
Away from that dear old place
called Home?

But we got a swell new line of vals and Easters, and for once the damn creative department, as it likes to call itself, has kicked in a good bunch of ten-cent religious sellers. They have been yelling for those for years, and all McNulty would ever make was them rabbits, ducks, and bunnies.

But we got a new man there now, called Levinson, and he says if they want religious Easters, why not make them religious Easters? So Levinson came through with some pips showing angels rolling stones and blowing trump-

Girl

Beginning the Loves and Adventures of Dixie Dugan

By J. P. McEvoy

Pictures by J. H. Striebel

I've been in too many taxis not to know that a girl is lots safer with an orchestra between her and the tired business man.

ets and things. And in Old English it says:

Lo, He has risen,
He is not here,
But we wish you an Easter of love
and cheer. Alleluia.

Boy, that will kill them, here in Indiana.

So, you think you are going into the Follies? Well, I wish you buckteeth and bowlegs. But what's the difference? Every dame that isn't forty years old, and a menace in looks, thinks she can get into the Follies by rolling her eyes at Ziegfeld's office boy. The day you go into the Follies I will buy control of the Standard Oil and give you a can for luck.

Well, I got to go out and pour a lot of banana oil into Miss Schwartz' ear. She is the buyer for Ye Quainte Lyttle Gifte Shoppe. The only way I can sell her anything is to get her all warm and confused. Lady buyers are like that the country over. It rather taxes the energies of us good-looking salesmen; but then, I guess that's part of our jobs, making life worth while for them.

I am tired of hash houses, lady buyers, and selling home mottoes, and not having any place of my own to hang them. Why don't you stop your kidding and let's get married and end it all? Huh, what do you say?

As one of our best selling vals says, #32X10:

Cheer up, little girl,
You're a long time dead;
And besides, when you cry
Your nose gets red.

Lots of love.

DENNY.

Brooklyn, N. Y., May 8.

DENNY, DARLING:

Your pious prayer that I get buckteeth and bowlegs duly received and forwarded to Heavenly Headquarters. A lot of my own have gone up that way recently, and, judging from the results, God must be in conference and left word not to be disturbed. I can see a lot of these snooty angels sorting His mail and messages in the morning, and coming across one of mine saying: "Please help me to get a good job in the Follies."

And then Private Secretary Angel Number One saying: "The Follies? Why, the Boss hasn't had anything to do with that for years. We've never had anyone up here from the Follies." And then Angel Number Two: "Oh, yes—Bert Williams." And then Angel Number One: "I mean the girls." And then Angel Number Two: "I don't blame 'em. Kinda dull up here with these same old harp players doing the same old voh-doh-dee-o through all the ages. I'm for putting in a couple of good loudspeakers and getting Whiteman or Ben Bernie once in a while."

And so much for your prayers—you sweet thing—and now for the big news.

I went up to see Ziggy yesterday—all us girls call him Ziggy, including a lot of 'em who have never been able to get into his office. Well, anyway, I went up to see him, and the outer office was splashing over into the lobby with beautiful women who had got the same idea somehow.

Tall blondes with complexions like fresh cream, and hair like twenty-dollar gold pieces, and those yellow-green eyes that tigers in the zoo have on Sunday when they don't feed 'em! And, running around under them, and all around them, little brunette dancers with legs like acrobats. And, perched on a line of chairs against the wall, a lot of those slim, slender-legged young things, looking boyish and silky at the same time.

The real ambition of our young generation, Denny, my darling, in case you don't know it, is to be cool but look hot. Well, anyway, I tottered right through them on my high heels till I got to Alice, who runs the telephone and lets the girls cry on her shoulder.

"I want to see Mr. Ziegfeld," I says to her.

And she says: "Darling, what I want to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HE said I had lots of action, but needed more experience because I was little.

[SHOW GIRL
Continued from Page Thirteen]

know is, does he want to see you? And anyway he's not in. And if he is in, he doesn't want to be disturbed. And if he does, you have to have an appointment. If you have, you've got to make me believe it first. And if you can do that, you're a wonder."

And I says to her: "Honey, it's like this. Ziggy has been struggling along now for years, doing his best, but he has been considerably handicapped by not having me. I wanted to do something about it, but I was busy growing up and rounding into shape, so to speak. But now that I've got the job pretty well in hand, I don't think you're serving his best interests by not letting me add that touch of color and life and gladness to his chorus which would be me."

"How pleased he'll be to hear this," she says. And she says, "Wait a minute," and gets busy with her switchboard, saying, "No, he's not in," to some, and "Yes, he is, but doesn't want to be disturbed," to others, and "Wait a minute, he'll talk to you," and "I'll call you later," and, "No, he's gone for the day." After which she turns to me, and I says, "Lovey, how do you expect me to believe you, after all that?"

And just then, what do you think happened? Mr. Ziggy himself walked right through the office. And I got a great hunch. I says to myself, "Who is the last person in the world he'd expect me to have a letter from?" And then myself says immediately, "His wife, Billie Burke." So I says, "Mr. Ziegfeld, I have an important message for you from Miss Burke which I must deliver right away." And he looks surprised, as you can well imagine. And he says, "Oh, come right in."

And I followed him into his private office. But I turned around at the door to make a face at all the other girls, any one of whom could have gladly stabbed me to death right then with a lip stick.

But as soon as I got into his office I was scared pink. It's all velvet, and mahogany, and a big gold piano, and flowers all over the place, and he says, "Sit down, won't you?" And I think I fell down or something. But he looked at me very gentle-like and says, "Did I look surprised when you told me you had a message from Miss Burke?" And I said, "Well, yes, a little." "When did you see Miss Burke," he says, soft-like. I says, "This morning." And he says, "That's odd. Here I've been wasting time trying to sign Lindbergh. And you saw Miss Burke this morning?"

Well, I wasn't feeling so sure about it by this time, but I figured that was my story and I had better stick to it, and I says, "Yes," and I added, "ten o'clock this morning," to make it good. He says, "That's marvelous, because I got a cable from her from Paris last night, and she didn't say anything about sending anyone over with a message this morning. Do you think she could have forgotten it?"

And I says to myself, "It's too late to lie out of it now, so I might as well continue."

I says to him earnest-like: "Well, you know a woman has a lot of things on her mind when she's in Paris and she must have forgotten all about it." "What was the message?" he asked. And I says, "I want to go into the new Follies." And he says, "This is the message Miss Burke sent you across the ocean with overnight? You must really want to go in very badly."

I says, "Well, I couldn't think of any other way to get to you. And I can dance, and you can see for yourself how I look." He says, "Well, your face is all right; but then, who is going to look at your face in the Follies?"

And then he reached for a push button, and my heart nearly stopped beating. "Here comes the gate," I thought. But then he smiled and said: "Sammy Lee is trying out some dancing girls down on the stage now, but I wouldn't have the heart to ask you to go down after your long journey from Europe. You must be very tired."

And I says, "Oh, no." But he says, "You can't go that way, anyway. How do I know but you're knock-kneed?" And I says, "Well, I could bring a letter from my mother." And he says, "Leave your name and address with Alice, and when she calls you, report at the stage door of the New Amsterdam and bring a bathing suit, and if Mr. Lee says you can dance I'll look at you."

And do you know, Denny darling, I can't remember now how I got out of that office. All I remember is, when he said I could report tomorrow for a tryout, bells began to ring, whistles blew, and the stars came out, and I heard all kinds of sweet music, and I just sort of floated right out of that office right through all those girls waiting outside trying to get in, and even the B. M. T. to Brooklyn didn't wake me up.

Just think—me in a bathing suit doing my stuff on the New Amsterdam stage, before Mr. Ziegfeld! I've got to keep my teeth clenched right now or my heart would jump right out here on this letter, and wouldn't you be surprised when you opened the envelope and it fell out—beatin' like everything for you? And what would the beautiful Miss Schwartz of Ye Quainte Lyttle Gifte Shoppe say then?

It will be time enough to talk about settling down and building a home around one of your mottoes after I have made my name and fortune on Broadway. That may not be so long, either, Big Boy.

Well, the tub is running over, the telephone is ringing, and I'm sitting here with practically nothing on. Adios, and a big kiss—hold on to it as long as you like. . . . Now! Now! That's enough.

As ever yours,
only more so,
DIXIE.

I SAYS, "I want to go into the new Follies." And Mr. Ziggy says, "How do I know but you're knock-kneed?"

South Bend, May 15.

SWEET CHILD:

It's just like I told you. The ten-cent religious line is a wow! Wrote $150 val and Easter order yesterday for the Oliver Hotel Gift Shop, and then went right around the corner to Ye Merrie Lyttle Nooke and took Miss Cassidy there for a big val and Easter order, and big everyday order, and a whole flock of mottoes. I had to take her out last night and hold her hands.

But you have to do everything in this business. And I didn't mind so much, because she's not really so hard to look at—besides, she's crazy about me.

Of course, that may sound like a boost for myself at first; but then, you have to be in this town awhile to see that it isn't. As soon as the boys make enough money to buy long pants, they put them on and go to Chicago, and all that's left is the rah-rah overflow from Notre Dame.

It's kinda tough for the local gazelles, because the boys out there are so busy learning to play football they have no time to perfect their petting technique, and then, there being no co-eds out there, the opportunities for additional work outside the curriculum are not so good.

I sent a good idea in to the home office today, but I guess that they just threw it into the wastebasket, as they always do. You would think that us salesmen, out in touch with the trade, would be more likely to know what the people want than those goofs sitting up there in the creating department pulling them out of thin air.

This is an idea for a card to be sent to a new father. It shows a picture of a stork, and a man shooting at it, saying, "Take that, you big bum." Don't you think that's good? I think it is a wow! Well, you mark my words—that has just as much chance getting into the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHTEEN]

Why women like this modern way of "making" Vegetable Soup

THE VICTORY for soup has been won. No one any longer questions whether it belongs in the diet. The day has passed when soup was considered simply as an attractive food with delicious flavor.

It is now known that soup stimulates the digestive juices, encourages a healthful, wholesome appetite and so is a food that should be eaten regularly every day, both for its nourishment and its other benefits.

If you have any doubts as to its popularity and regular use in millions of homes, just step into any grocery store and look for the familiar array of Red-and-White Labels lined up in their neat arrangement, ready to supply the daily demand that never fails to come.

It's the modern way of "making" soup—these visits to the store and selection of a delightful variety from the twenty-one different Campbell's kinds, listed on each label. Then, in the home kitchen, this is all that is required: Add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for a few minutes. The soup is ready for your table!

You know how many different ingredients, how much time and expense it takes to make really good vegetable soup. Is it any wonder that housewives nowadays—yes, the most careful and exacting housewives—welcome the help of the famous and spotless Campbell's kitchens?

In Campbell's Vegetable Soup they have ready to hand a most tempting, nourishing, substantial soup, which contains no less than thirty-two different ingredients, with fifteen vegetables—whole, diced or in puree. Invigorating beef broth, cereals, fresh herbs and flavor-giving seasoning all aid in producing this quality blend.

Campbell's Vegetable is the soup with such a remarkable popularity and reputation as "almost a meal in itself." 12 cents a can.

Back from town and fallen down,
Bubbling o'er with laughter.
Going fast, with joy at last—
Campbell's feast comes after!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

HUDSON

ESSEX

ARE SHOWING

New Models

that reflect Tomorrow's

Vogue

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY DETROIT, MICHIGAN

[SHOW GIRL
Continued from Page Fourteen]

line as you have of getting into the Follies.

All joking aside, it looks like I am going to come East for the midsummer convention in Atlantic City. Wouldn't it be hotsy-totsy if you could come over? Oh, boy!

Don't you think this is a good one? I think of you every time I read it to one of the dealers. It's a swell seller, too—#25X11:

All the world I have sorted out
Into classes two:
Folks that I could do without—
And you.

Gee, it's lonely in these hotel rooms! You know, I could work twice as hard if I had someone like you to work for. Well, I bet if you come down to Atlantic City, you will leave there one of two things—a lovely bride or a beautiful corpse.

Your own
DENNY.

Brooklyn, N. Y., May 14.

DEAR NITA:

I suppose mother has already written and told you about your young cracked-brained sister kicking over the traces and making a dash for the Follies. Well, I made the first lap all right: got in to see Ziggy, and even got as far as the New Amsterdam stage in my bathing suit—the one the moths wouldn't eat — but Sammy Lee didn't think my hoofing was so hot.

He said I had lots of action, but needed more experience because I was little. If I were larger I wouldn't need anything except what mother gave me — because then I could walk around with a lot of rhinestones on and look sneerful at all the big butter-and-eggers out front. But if you are little the customers want to see you move lively.

But he was so nice about it. When I asked him what I ought to do, he said, "Get more dancing experience with an orchestra under you. Go into a vaudeville tab or night club."

Well, I was dashed, as we used to say in deah old London, and I could see mother letting me go into a night club without a struggle.

But one of the girls I met at the tryout (her name is Sunshine something-or-other) took a shine to me—no joke intended—and said she would get me in with her over at the Jollity.

There was a vacancy there, so I went over with her that same night, and luck was with me for a change. I go on about four times, and sing the same song, and dance two choruses. The festivities start about midnight and I get away about a quarter of three. I don't know what mother is going to do for sleep. She's been sitting up three nights running, hoping the club will burn down or I'll break a leg.

It isn't a bad job. I get fifty dollars a week, and bacon and eggs at two in the morning. When I finish my turn, I duck out of sight and stay there. The boss wanted me to join some friends of his at the table the first night, but I says to him, "There are no gorillas in my contract."

Sunshine says you might just as well bang them on the nose with the truth at the start, instead of breaking it to them gradually, because sometimes they outguess a poor girl if she starts to play fox.

You can bet I haven't told Denny anything about it. Oh, boy! the explosion in Chicago would sound like a new gang war.

What's the well dressed young woman wearing along the Roo de la Pooh? I wish you would send me the string of genuine imitation pearls you promised me before you left.

You should know by this time I remember every word you say, except what interferes with my pleasure.

Fred has called me up three times a day since you left. I wish you would write to him and save the wear and tear on our telephone.

I told him, the last time we heard from you, that you told us you were out dancing that night with Georges Carpentier. I think he believes it. God help him!

He sounds like a mess; but then, I always thought he looked like one, anyway. Of course, tastes in men differ, and you are older than I and you ought to know more than I do, but I think you are a bum picker.

There's a tall, dark-haired, black-eyed tango dancer in the Jollity who has been throwing burning glances at me. I got a couple, but have been letting most of them go by. I'm afraid I'm going to be afraid of him.

Every time he comes around, now, I shut my eyes and keep saying, "Denny, Denny, Denny, Denny," as fast as I can.

Some day I'm afraid I'm going to forget to shut my eyes.

Well—here today and gone tomorrow. Lots of love.

DIXIE.

P. S. Can I wear that evening shawl you left? I can't manage it very well in a taxi, but I won't let anyone burn cigarette holes in it, I promise you. No foolin', can I wear it—honest?

24 NB SBC 27
CN CHICAGO ILL 545P
MAY 15
DIXIE DUGAN
439 FLATBUSH AVE
BKLYN NY

GEORGE MORTON WRITES HE SAW YOU DANCING IN JOLLITY NIGHT CLUB STOP WHAT DOES THIS MEAN STOP WIRE AND TELL ME HE IS A LIAR STOP LOVE
DENNY

36 TM VLX 3
SH BKLYN NY 1235P MAY 16
DENNIS KERRIGAN
TOWER BLDG CHICAGO ILL

WHAT OF IT?
DIXIE

16 NK CLM 13
CHICAGO ILL 156P MAY 16
DIXIE DUGAN
439 FLATBUSH AVE
BKLYN NY

I DON'T WANT YOU DANCING IN A NIGHT CLUB I WONT HAVE IT
DENNY

26 RG LCB 12
CHICAGO ILL 531P MAY 17
DIXIE DUGAN
439 FLATBUSH AVE
BKLYN NY

WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER MY WIRE STOP I DEMAND A REPLY IMMEDIATELY
DENNY

36 RDE 3
BKLYN NY 346P MAY 18
DENNIS KERRIGAN
TOWER BLDG CHICAGO ILL

WHERES THE FIRE?
DIXIE

24 NB RYL 13
LR CHICAGO ILL 615P MAY 18
DIXIE DUGAN
439 FLATBUSH AVE
BKLYN NY

I WON'T HAVE YOU DANCING IN A NIGHT CLUB STOP AND THAT'S FINAL
DENNY

176 LXR NY 17 20
NITA DUGAN AMERICAN EXPRESS PARIS

HIS NAME IS ALVAREZ ROMANO WHAT SHALL I DO OH BOY
DIXIE

This tango boy looks like trouble. His breed can knife you as quickly as they can love you. Watch for sensational developments. The next installment will bristle with them. In an early issue.

Next Week—

A famous American journalist takes us within the Vatican for an intimate glimpse of His Holiness Pius XI. This unusual article contains a startlingly frank discussion of world problems as they affect the Papacy.

Watch for

The Pope at Home

By George Sylvester Viereck

HIS HOLINESS PIUS XI

ALSO

A poignantly realistic short story of a girl who was in love with herself. It's called—

The Jeer Leader

By Viña Delmar

In NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE of LIBERTY

Hurtling into space! MR. CHARLES B. WEBBER, JR., *going over the top . . .*

"'Afflicted' *was a mild word for my case"*

East Milton, Mass.

"MY EMBARRASSMENT was natural enough. I work in a bank and am in constant contact with people with whom appearance counts. Also I am thrown socially with a group of young people interested in sports—and a blotchy complexion doesn't fit there either.

"I was 'afflicted'—that's a mild word for the case—with a whole series of eruptions. No sooner had one harvest of pimples begun to disappear than another crop sprang up . . . The situation got on my nerves.

"I knew that my father had found Fleischmann's Yeast beneficial. I myself began eating three cakes faithfully every day. The results were surprising—and amazingly prompt. My skin cleared—completely. My morale rose—enormously."

Charles B. Webber, Jr.

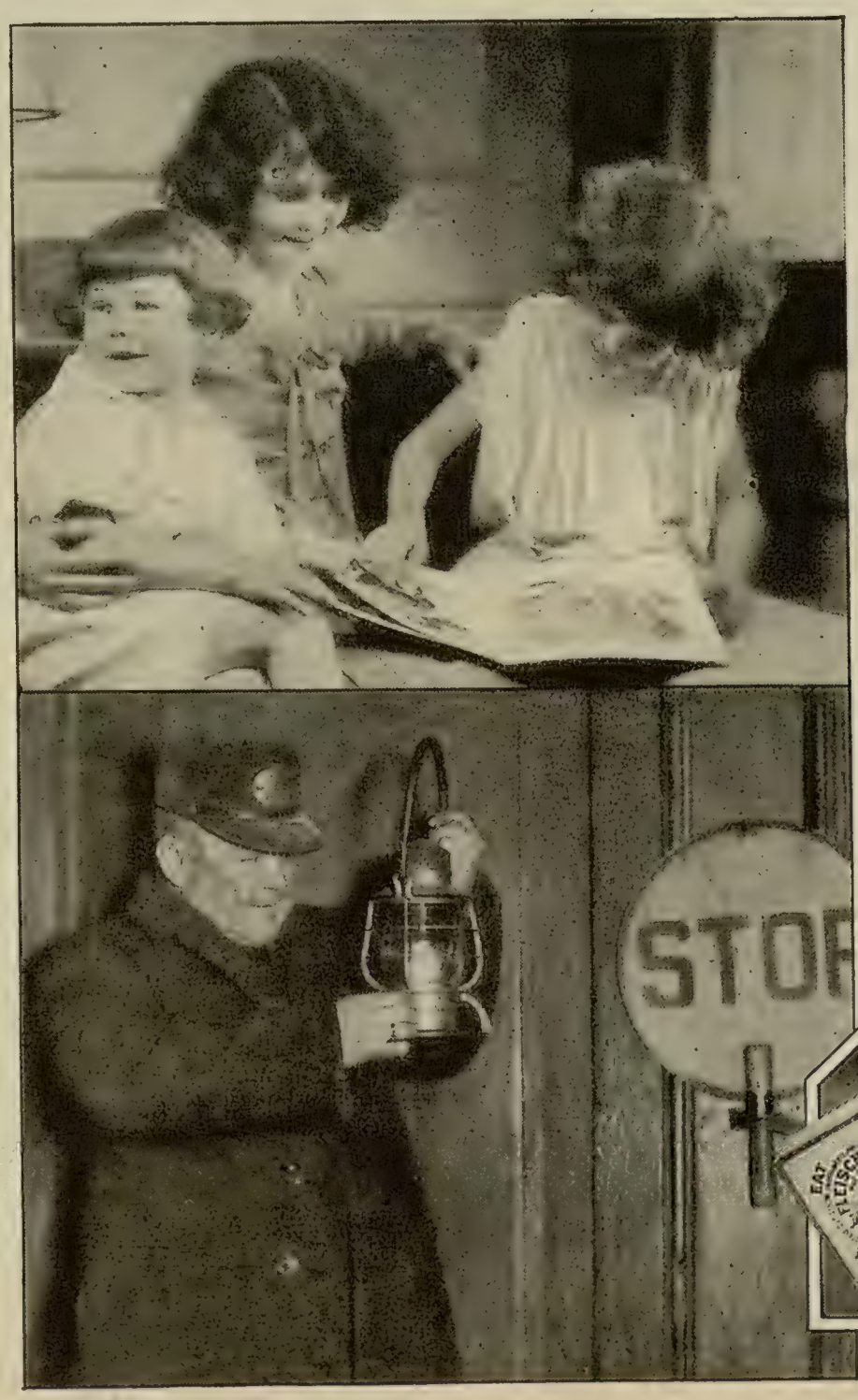
FRESH as any vegetable from the garden, Fleischmann's Yeast is a *food*—not a medicine.

Yet this food possesses a truly remarkable power. The power to cleanse the intestines of poisons. To keep them active. To "regulate." As your constipation disappears, your whole being awakens to new vigor and life. Your blood clears. Your skin freshens. Your indigestion gives way to healthy assimilation.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast from any grocer. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in any cool dry place. And write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Health Research Dept. R-51, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

RIGHT

"I WAS TENDING the gates at the crossing. A fellow from the power house down the line happened along, and we got to talking about different things. I happened to mention how I had tried all kinds of medicines for my indigestion and he said, 'Why not try Fleischmann's Yeast? I take it regularly.' Well, after eating it for a few months, I felt ten years younger. My indigestion simply disappeared." WILLIAM MILLER, Little Neck, L. I., N. Y.



LEFT

"I WAS SO NERVOUS and run down I couldn't stand the slightest noise, and could hardly do my housework. I weighed only 97 pounds. And I was badly constipated.

"Naturally, I am only too glad to submit my own little 'True Story' of what Fleischmann's Yeast has done for me and indirectly for my family.

"I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast on or about the first of August, after reading about it and through the advice of friends.

"I am now entirely relieved of constipation, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast. I have never felt better in my married life than I do at this time."

MRS. M. S. PARSONS, Minneapolis, Minn.

Health, new joy in living —this easy way

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold), or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians say to drink one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before meals and before going to bed. Train yourself to form a regular daily habit. Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

Picking the Pick of the PICTURES

An Inventory of Film Plays and Players That Found Favor in 1927

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 45 seconds.)

THIS is the time when annual selections are announced of the best plays, football players, and perfect crimes of the past year. In line with this I have drawn up my list of the ten best motion pictures of 1927. It is the selection of the filmgoers of America, and is compiled from twelve months' box-office reports of the country's exhibitors.

Here are the ten best-selling photoplays of 1927, in something approximating their order of intake at the box offices:

The Way of All Flesh
What Price Glory
It
Tell It to the Marines
We're in the Navy Now
Seventh Heaven
The Campus Flirt
Chang
Flesh and the Devil
Resurrection

Going further into detail regarding the best sellers, it is possible to reveal the most popular single films of each company as follows:

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer: Tell It to the Marines.

Paramount: The Way of All Flesh and It. (They run almost parallel in box-office approval.)

First National: Forever After.

Universal: The Cohens and the Kellys.

Warners: Private Izzy Murphy.

William Fox: What Price Glory.

Pathé-De Mille: Dress Parade and The Country Doctor. (Tied.)

United Artists: Resurrection.

Film Booking Offices: The Keeper of the Bees.

Close behind the leading ten films come Slide, Kelly, Slide, The Quarterback, Hula, Rough House Rosie, Rookies, Forever After, The Cohens and the Kellys, The Keeper of the Bees, Dress Parade, and The Country Doctor.

The year's big star discoveries were Greta Garbo, Dolores Del Rio, Janet Gaynor, and Lupe Velez.

It has been a singularly bad year for comedians and for stars of Western melodrama. Even the expert Harold Lloyd had an off comedy in The Kid Brother.

The year raised havoc among some established stars. Lillian Gish had some poor films. Pola Negri contributed fine work to Hotel Imperial and Barbed Wire, but did not gain at the box office. Richard Dix and Adolphe Menjou had consistently good years. Marion Davies revealed a steady growth as a comedienne.

Lon Chaney hit a winner in Tell It to the Marines. Richard Barthelmess revealed his old skill in The Patent Leather Kid. William Haines grew in stellar stature.

Bebe Daniels found a new field for feminine stars in the Fairbanks province of romantic athletics. With half a chance, William Boyd would go to the top. He proved that as the West Pointer in Dress Parade. The highly promising Dolores Costello, save for her appearances opposite John Barrymore, has been buried under tons of mediocrity.

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford offered highly satisfactory contributions to the year in The Gaucho and My Best Girl.

Gloria Swanson, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Corinne Griffith, Norma Shearer, and Colleen Moore have been off standard. Thomas Meighan has done nothing of note. John Barrymore has passed the first fine flair of his film reception.

Esther Ralston is advancing faster than any other young actress, and Joan Crawford and Louise Brooks have revealed real possibilities.

Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky have proved pretty definitely that they cannot stand alone. Ramon Novarro did well in The Student Prince.

Jackie Coogan is leaving films to grow up. Florence Vidor has been the victim of poorly selected stories. Mary Philbin was being forgotten at Universal when D. W. Griffith borrowed her. Reginald Denny is growing a bit monotonous in his farces.

Irene Rich and Monte Blue, at Warners, have been wrecked by wretched pictures. Lois Moran has not been living up to her early promise.

The year, too, has seen the disappearance from first-line pictures of Betty Bronson, Jack Holt, Claire Windsor, Priscilla Dean, Pauline Garon, Pauline Stark, Viola Dana, Mae Busch, Mildred Harris, and other prominent celluloid names.

It was a great twelve months for the character comedians. Wallie Beery and Raymond Hatton constituted the first of an avalanche of comedy teams. George Bancroft hit his stride in Underworld. Noah Beery figured strongly. Victor McLaglen scored in What Price Glory.

Plenty of interesting young folks came forward. The most promising celluloid youngsters are Lupe Velez, who scores opposite Doug Fairbanks in The Gaucho; Charles Farrell, admirable in several films, including Old Ironsides; Olive Borden, piquant in The Monkey Talks; Camilla Horn, a German find in Faust; Richard Arlen and Buddy Rogers, the boy aviators of Wings; and Virginia Bradford, who makes her début in The Wreck of the Hesperus.

Gilbert Roland and Don Alvarado, the last of the sheiks, are enjoying a certain Hollywood vogue right now.

I HAVE given you the ten hottest selling pictures of the year. Here is my own personal selection of twelve favorites:

Underworld, The Gaucho, The King of Kings, Wings, Two Arabian Knights, Stark Love, The Rough Riders, Old Ironsides, Tell It to the Marines, Chang, Resurrection, Seventh Heaven.

And my own list of best performances: Emil Jannings in Faust and in the early part of The Way of All Flesh; Pola Negri in Hotel Imperial and Barbed Wire; Victor Varconi in The King of Kings; George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent, and Clive Brook in Underworld; Janet Gaynor in Seventh Heaven; Victor McLaglen in What Price Glory; Dolores Del Rio in Resurrection; and Lupe Velez in The Gaucho.

THE END

Dolores Del Rio and Victor McLaglen rang the bell in What Price Glory.

Emil Jannings (right), whose The Way of All Flesh headed the profits list.

Clara Bow, with Antonio Moreno, scored heavily in It.

Lon Chaney (left) and William Haines (seated) helped make Tell It to the Marines a big hit.

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-no 3 o'clock fatigue

NOTHING is so detrimental to your health as being confined in a close, stuffy office, store or workshop. That's where you get your frequent headaches and exert your vitality in fighting mental dullness and physical laziness.

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Miller Achieved NEW QUALITY—NEW VALUE in Tires

By 3 Scientific Features

1 *One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls*

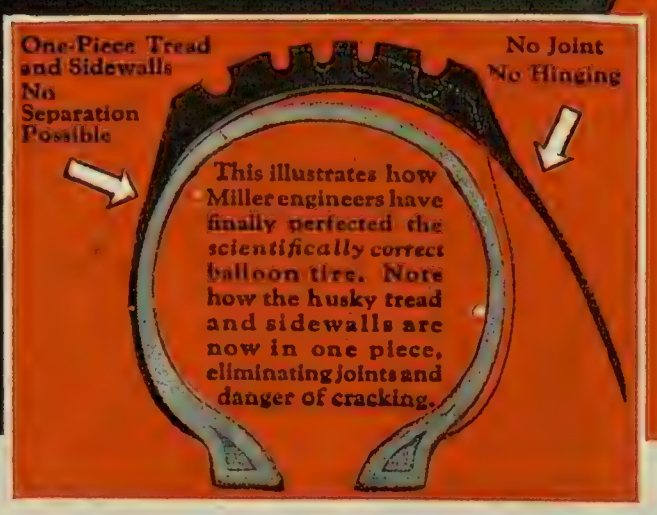
Gone for all time is fear of cracking joints and the destruction that followed with old ways. Now the husky Miller tread reaches all the way around the tire with the One-Piece tread from toe to toe. *All joints and hinging centers are eliminated—no chance whatever for cracking.* Actual road service on hundreds of thousands of cars *proved* the *scientific* correctness of this new Miller design.

2 *Geared-to-the-Road—Road-Shaped Tread*

The broad, road-shaped contact surface of the Miller exclusive Geared-to-the-Road tread runs *even with the road.* With light or heavy load—the entire width of this famous tread is *on* the road—taking wear evenly and therefore *slowly.* Thus Miller banished uneven, spotty tread wear—the outstanding cause of short tire life. Not satisfied to stop there—a third unique result was obtained.

3 *"Uniflex" Cord Construction*

Insures uniform flexibility of all parts—completing a perfectly balanced tire. Built to resist curb and rut jolts—recovers from blows to normal shape with the quick, lively action of real rubber—leaving One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls, Bead and Uniflex Cord Carcass secure and intact. Thus the common cause of internal wear is eliminated—and miles added to the life of all Geared-to-the-Road tires.



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Miller *Scientifically Correct* Balloon Tires

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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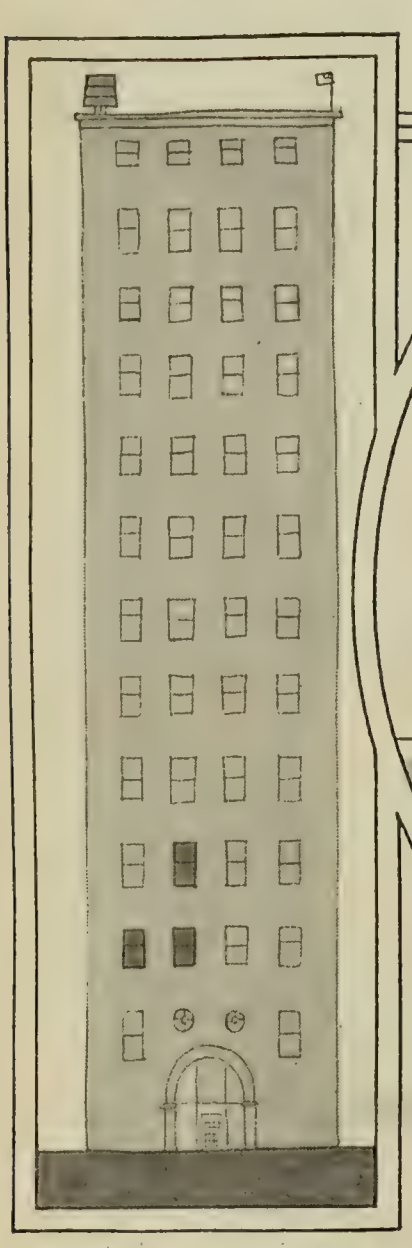
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

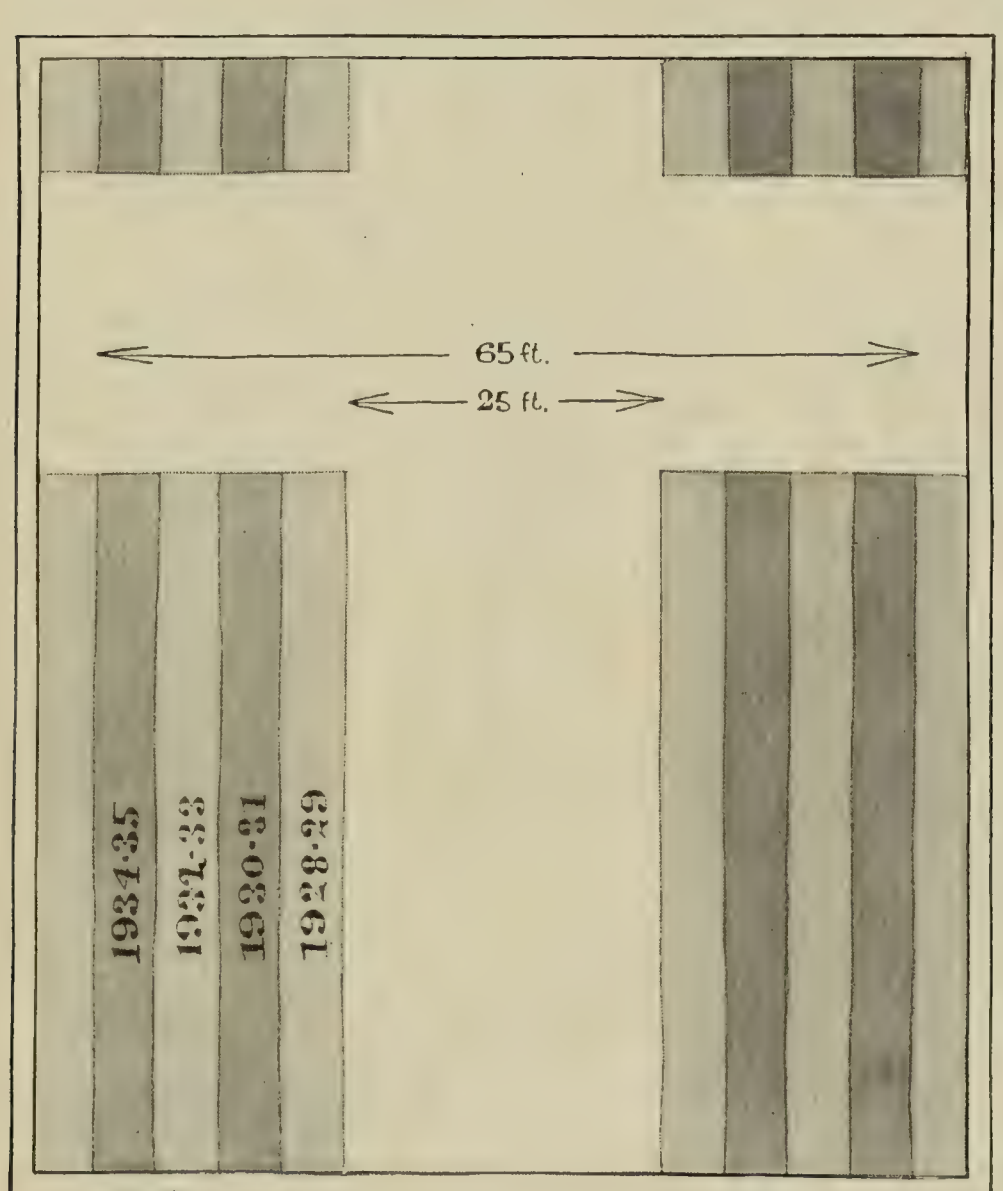
By RALPH BARTON



THE SKYSCRAPER CRAZE: The village of Wuff, Michigan, contained entirely in one building.

EMINENT FOREIGNER SAILS ON ÎLE-DE-FRANCE. Count Huznady returns to Europe after short visit in New York. The Count varied the usual formula by telling reporters that he found our buildings beautiful and our women stupenduous.

ORIGINAL: Miss Olive Musdock Kummonch, prominent steam fitter of Newark, who claims to be the only living adult in the United States who is not writing a play.



PROGRESSIVE CITY PLANNING. Plan for widening Van Rust Avenue filed with Board of Estimate showing five-foot slices to be shaved off by contractor friends of the next four administrations.

THE END OF A FISCAL YEAR, or what he can do about it. Touching conclusion arrived at by professional man who made $75,000 in 1927, and will make $35 in 1928, after considering the prospect of being obliged to pay income tax on the $75,000.

We have *our* Caste Marks, too

India . . . teeming land of polyglot . . .
. . . paints a man's place upon his face.

In America . . . also . . . by the face of a man we judge his class and worth.

Ⓦ Faces that are FIT

Clean, healthy skins make fine and lasting impressions. We greet with pleasure Faces that are Fit.

For this Face Fitness, turn to Williams. Eighty-eight years of specialized study of what is best for beard and skin have brought unquestioned authority.

Keen and comprehending men begin the day with a rich face blanket of Williams lather,—softening, soothing, supremely mild.

Then they protect the newly shaven skin, condition it for the day, with a generous tingling splash of Aqua Velva. For Aqua Velva *keeps* the skin as Williams lather *leaves* it.

For at least a month try this Williams formula for Face Fitness. Your days will begin smilingly. Your skin will have the look and feel, all day long, of a Face that's Fit.

Ⓦ *"Just notice the fine skins of the men who use Williams!"*

Williams

SHAVING CREAM --- AQUA VELVA

Williams Shaving Cream—Absolutely pure. Absolutely uncolored. Super mild. It saturates and softens every hair. Thoroughly prepares the skin. Gently cleanses every pore. Freshens facial tissues. Makes shaving quick and comfortable.

"Oh, yes . . . sometimes they change . . . but they all come back to Williams!"

Williams Aqua Velva—Made expressly for after shaving. It thrills the skin; wakes and livens it. Protects from dust, germs, wind and weather. Prevents chapping. Helps to heal tiny nicks and cuts. Conserves the skin's natural moisture and by keeping it flexible helps to keep it young.

You *can't* lose *this* cap!

Trial sizes of both Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva for 4 cents in stamps to cover postage and packing. They will last 5 to 10 days.

Address, Dept. L 128
The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.
or The J. B. Williams Co., (Canada) Ltd., Montreal

The Horseless Carriage

A Backward Glance at the Exciting Infancy of a Giant Industry

An Article by
BETTY SHANNON
AND
ELSIE JOHNS

(Reading time: 15 minutes 24 seconds.)

THE Age of Speed cannot possibly imagine a world without motors, and yet, automobiles did not come easily by their present-day patronage. Fifth Avenue was satisfied with itself, clop-clopping and jangling with the hoofs of horses in silver harness. Things as they were seemed pleasant enough.

Policemen on bicycles, hansom cabs, and victorias filled with women in lace-draped hats and gentlemen correct in derbies and fedoras and long mustaches, drivers and grooms in immaculate livery on the boxes, horses lifting their heads high in air—this was the accepted New York scene. This was the picture across which would soon be sketched a noisy contraption, reeking with gasoline odors and at times as uncontrollable as an indulged first child.

Is it any wonder that smart Manhattan families with stables of thoroughbreds, many sorts of carriages, a retinue of grooms, coachmen, and stableboys, resented the newcomer?

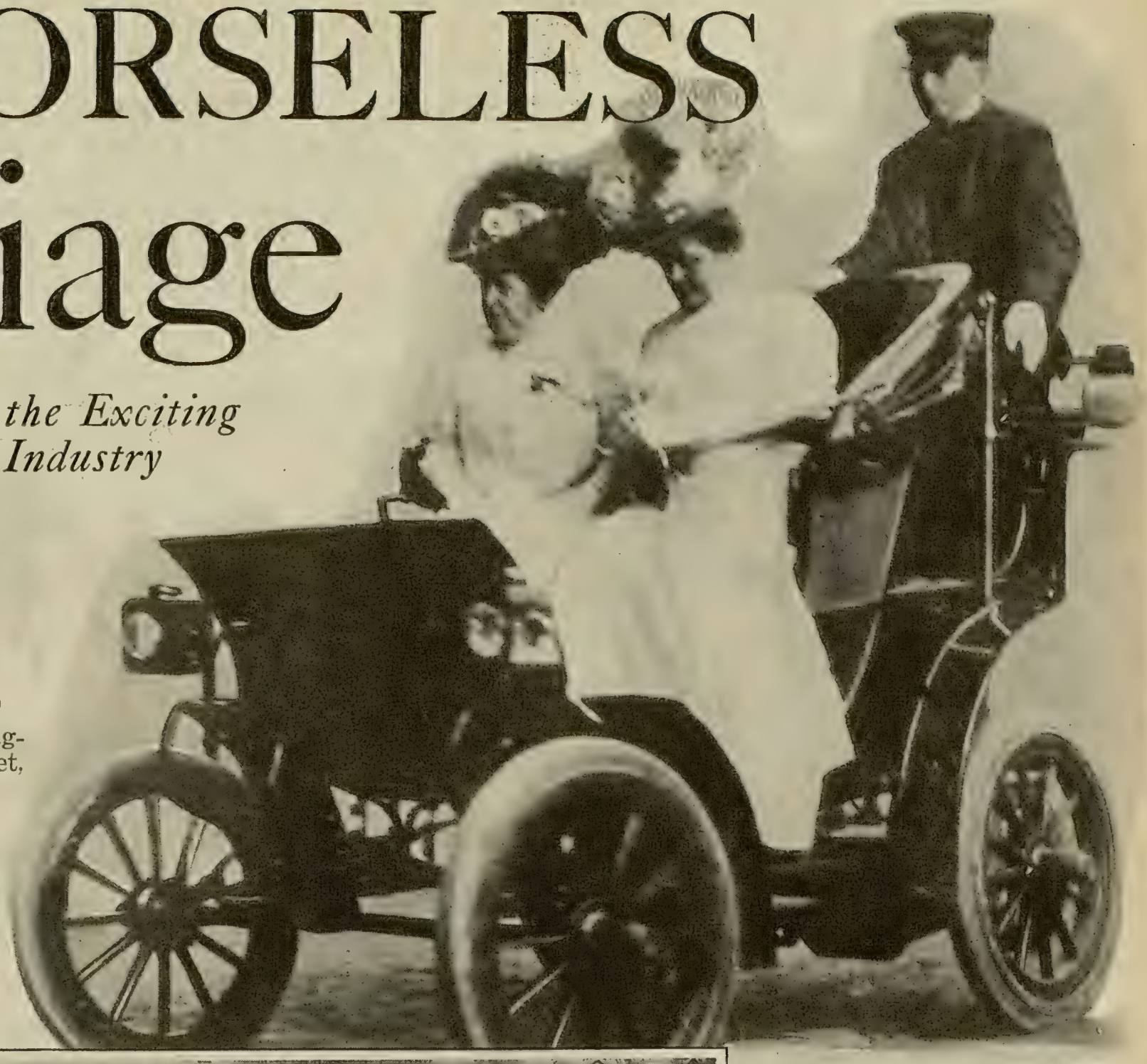
The question as to whether or not the carriage without a horse would permanently supplant the carriage with a horse occupied the attention of journalists. Most of them believed the rich would grow tired of it, and then it would surely go out of fashion. They discussed the matter in columns of space.

Is it to be marveled at that men found themselves growing suddenly sentimental about horses and horseflesh, with betting, breeding, and racing still honored topics at every gentleman's club? The horse had tradition to boast of. The gasoline car was an upstart.

New Yorkers will never forget the amazing *dos-à-dos* carriage with a motor attached that Mr. A. L. Riker, maker of the Locomobile, drove along the avenues of Manhattan on a late afternoon in the summer of '96. Nor will history ever forget the first made-to-order horseless carriage in New York City, which belonged to Mr. Winslow E. Buzby of Stuyvesant Square, made in '97.

The possibility of owning a self-propelled vehicle had come to Mr. Buzby in Paris one day when he had seen a sort of motorcycle in the Place de la Concorde.

He decided then and there he would have a motor-driven vehicle as soon as they made one that ran on four wheels.



The very latest in Newport!—in 1905.

© Brown Bros. photos

Fifth Avenue's Easter parade, with one lone "automatic buggy" (indicated by arrow). The year was 1904.

The afternoon he saw Mr. Riker in the old family buggy with which he had experimented at his electrical plant in Brooklyn, he decided that the time had come for him to secure his heart's desire. But, instead of having a carriage with a motor attached, such as Mr. Riker had, he decided to design a new type of carriage body to fit the motor.

MR. BUZBY ran into Mr. Riker a little later at the American Institute Fair, where all Society, high and low, gathered, over on Third Avenue, in the Sixties. By this time Mr. Buzby had clarified his notions about the appearance of the horseless carriage which he should like to own. He took a pencil and sketched a sort of modified victoria, with an elegant curving dashboard like the breast of a swan. He asked the possible cost of such a vehicle, but as one had never been built before, Mr. Riker could not be sure. He said, however, that he thought $500 would cover everything. They signed a contract.

This conversation took place in early winter, and Mr. Riker promised the finished product for March.

Mr. Buzby went off to Florida for the winter and forgot all about cars until his return.

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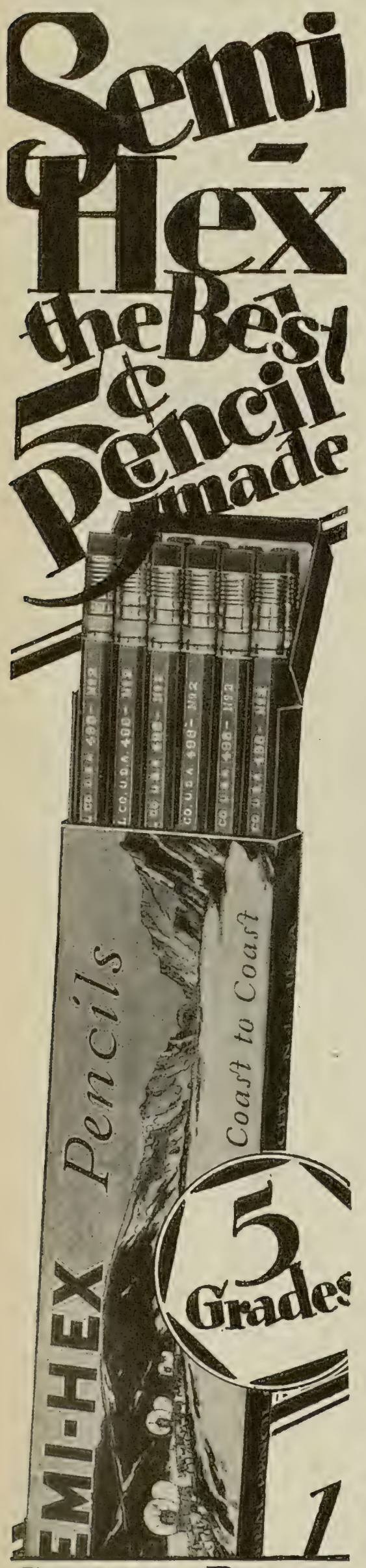


[THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE
Continued from Page Twenty-five]

Then he remembered one day that Mr. Riker was supposed to be at work for him, and he called him on the telephone.

The car was being built over in Brooklyn.

Mr. Riker's voice sounded a little weak when asked about the winter's progress on the job. He said he would come right over and explain what had happened.

"I do not see how I'm going to be able to do the thing for five hundred dollars," were his first words.

"All right," answered Buzby. "What can you do it for? We'll sign another contract."

"Well, I've figured and figured. I think I'll have to have eight hundred dollars."

The papers were drawn up and signed. The self-propelled vehicle, all complete, was to be delivered in ten weeks.

In eight weeks Mr. Buzby telephoned Brooklyn and Mr. Riker cleared his throat and asked for another conference.

© Brown Bros. photo

Miss Eleanor Sears' "new" vehicle.

"I can't do that job for eight hundred dollars either," he said; "everything is so high!"

It seemed impossible now to figure the cost at all. Perhaps it might run even as high as $1,400 or $1,500, what with Flandreau building the carriage body, and Pope-Hartford furnishing the wheels, and the Willard Company turning out a special battery.

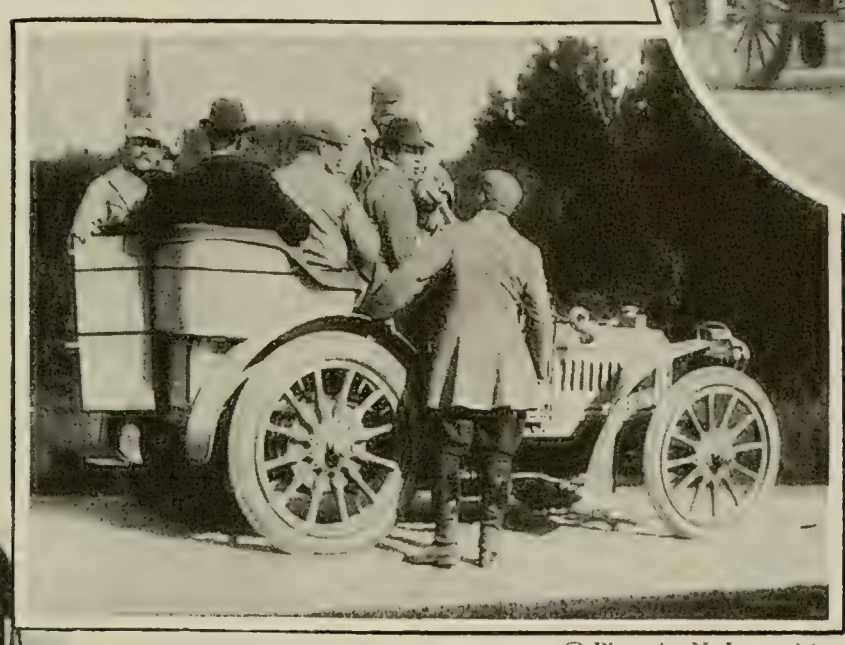
"Well, never mind," said Mr. Buzby; "I want it anyway, and here's a proposition: you go ahead and build it as cheaply as you can, and I'll pay you ten per cent above the cost."

This was the first cost-plus automobile contract in the world, it is said.

THE victoria was delivered to his front door just off Stuyvesant Square without further delay, and the battery that made the little four-wheeler run lived long enough to carry Mr. Buzby 30,000 miles in and around New York.

He went riding every day from then on, and because he was so constant in his new sport, people thought he must be in the automobile business and that he was demonstrating his car as an advertisement. Everybody in town wanted a ride, and his telephone rang most of the time. Those who did not call him up wrote or called in person. Friends and strangers begged for what they called a "spin." No friend needed a second invitation to go out for an airing.

CITY politicians and officials, especially judges, found it easy to arrange their duties so that they could leave at a moment's notice in case Mr. Buzby called them up. Ex-Governor David Bennett Hill was frequently his guest and



© Photo by N. Lazarnick

Harry Payne Whitney (in driver's seat) "steps out"—in the days when boys yelled: "Git a horse!"

lent quite a bit of importance to the new method of transportation.

Mr. Buzby's chief difficulty was in finding a place in which to "bed down" his new steed at night. None of the boarding stables would take it in, as they were sure it would frighten the horses.

Finally, in despair, Mr. Buzby put an advertisement in the paper for a private stable. He had several answers to this, one from a head groom in the service of one of New York's most fashionable families, who was nothing loath to add a few dollars to his private income by renting out space to Mr. Buzby's car. The stable, he said, was practically bare at the time, as the family was traveling in Europe for two years.

Mr. Buzby discovered that the family had left only a few thousand dollars' worth of tallyhos and coaches, traps and victorias in the place. There was a lot of jingling harness too, and several priceless thoroughbred horses. The groom looked over Mr. Buzby's neat little victoria and thought they might come to terms. Finally, our jaunty motorist received the use of the stables and the services of a groom to keep his car clean and shiny. It cost him twenty dollars a week, which seemed a great deal then, but the sum was gladly paid.

Now all seemed merry at last. Mr. Buzby, no doubt, sang as he let himself into his house that night. But this pleasant state of affairs proved to be short-lived. One day he left his office on Eighteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, which was not far away from the stable, and started over to take his victoria out for its airing. He was met at the stable door by the groom, who looked very white.

"I don't know what to say, sir. I don't know what to say!" he mumbled.

Mr. Buzby surmised, and correctly, that something dreadful had happened, and that his automatic vehicle had been the victim. New York's premier motor smash-up had just taken place. The groom, after charging the battery, had forgotten to turn off the current. The car had dashed into a stone wall and broken the lamps, and also dislocated the elegant curve on the dashboard.

© Brown Bros. photo

Blanche Oelrichs takes a chance.

Mr. Buzby felt fortunate his runaway had not headed for some of the elaborate chariots belonging to the owners of the stable, instead of the wall. Soon after he moved it to less pretentious quarters.

MEANWHILE, all New York was watching Mr. Buzby and his automatic buggy. Motor-car manufacturers continued to look upon him as the ideal demonstrator. Whitney Lyon, the tooth-paste maker, was one of the first to prove his faith in the Buzby venture. He ordered a victoria for himself, modeled along the same lines.

Another young sportsman to yield to the strange new fashion was Albert Bostwick, one of the town's young blades noted for his horsemanship. Bostwick ordered a car at once from the Pope-Hartford firm. Later he was the first to introduce the horseless carriage to Bar Harbor.

The builders of the Bostwick car promised to gear it to go twenty-five miles an hour, which was five miles faster than Mr. Buzby could get. The two decided on a race to Grant's Tomb when the Bostwick vehicle finally arrived.

But Mr. Bostwick never really had a chance to make good on his threats to outdash his friend. Even though his wheels could turn round with greater speed, even when he gained the lead, he was not permitted to keep it. Policemen all the way up from Washington Square had come to look for Mr. Buzby on his daily jaunts up Riverside Drive. The officers did not know Mr. Bostwick. So they

[CONT'D ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

The CADILLAC-LaSALLE Reputation . . and the Used Car Business

The Cadillac-LaSalle dealer's word is good —this is one of the first requirements of the Cadillac Motor Car Company.

The proper merchandising of his used cars is a most important branch of his business.

Values in the Cadillac-LaSalle dealer's used car stock are high—prices are low, and the dealer must protect a good name. Anything less than square dealing means that he cannot remain a Cadillac-LaSalle dealer

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Division of General Motors Corporation
DETROIT MICHIGAN

You will find some interesting facts in the booklet, "What a Good Used Car Can Give You." Requesting a copy does not obligate you in any way.

Convenient Terms Are Always Available

Prove it as millions of others have . .

Postum brings prompt relief from the evil effects of caffein

MILLIONS before you have felt the distressing effects of caffein beverages. Felt them in sleepless nights. In overwrought nerves. In chronic headaches and indigestion.

Some have never thought to blame caffein for their half-sick, half-well condition. "Everyone feels this way sometimes", they insist. And so let things go from bad to worse.

Others—millions of them—have sensed the cause of the trouble. They have realized, from their experience, that caffein deadens the warning signal of fatigue—repels sleep—whips up the nerves—drives the brain on when every natural impulse is crying for rest.

These millions have done the sensible thing. They have turned from caffein to Postum—and found prompt, *sure* relief!

Follow their wise lead! Eliminate caffein from your diet. Make Postum your mealtime drink for thirty days. See what a difference it makes! Experience the buoyant feeling that comes with relief from drug stimulants!

Postum is made of roasted whole wheat and bran. A drink as wholesome as the grain itself—no trace of caffein in it. A drink hot, savory, appetizing—with a distinctive flavor millions prefer to that of any other drink!

To start you on your 30-day test of Postum, Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator, is making you this special offer.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"Let me send you, free, one week's supply of Postum, with my personal directions for preparing it, as a start on the 30-day test.

"Or if you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"Please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

P-L.—1-28

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM (prepared instantly in the cup) . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*
POSTUM CEREAL (prepared by boiling) . . . . . ☐

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM COMPANY 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario.

© 1928, P. Co., Inc.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

[THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE Continued from Page Twenty-six]

gave his friend the advantage, and jockeyed him along—at least, that is what Mr. Buzby says.

All this time, men like O. H. P. Belmont, Whitney Warren, Reginald Vanderbilt, Harry Payne Whitney, Robert L. Gerry, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, Henry R. Taylor, Hollis B. Hunnewell, Jr., Roger Winthrop, and Roger T. Scott were playing "good angel" to gasoline buggies in the fashionable younger set.

AS the manufacturers would succeed in speeding up their cars to the point where they could outdistance a fast horse, motoring became more enthusiastically supported. Old cars were discarded as soon as new models came out. Orders began to stack up in the factories. That first Newport season as many as fourteen people were waiting at one time for their cars to be delivered.

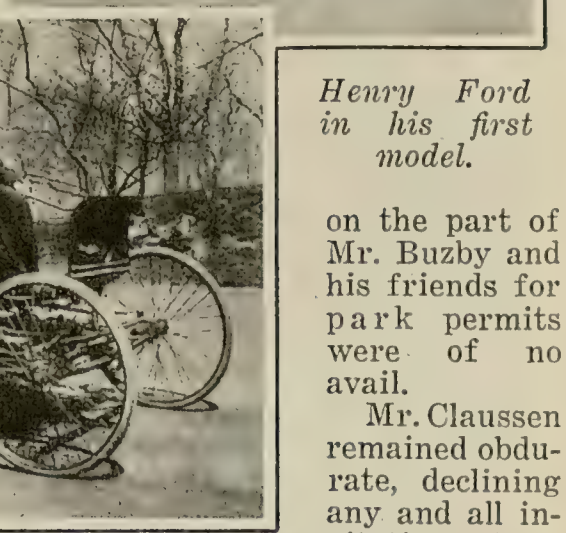
When the original Buzby victoria was worn out, he ordered a second one, this one to be steam-propelled and to be built by an engineer named Gibbs, who until that time had been employed at a West Nineteenth Street carriage works. It was to make forty miles an hour—unheard of then! It was promised two engines, one over each rear axle; but when it was done it would not go over eight miles.

Mr. Buzby decided that by now other men, more mechanically able, could design a better vehicle than he could himself. So he bought a Locomobile made by his old friend, Mr. Riker.

Charles E. Duryea in the car that won the first automobile race in America.

© Photos by N. Lazarnick

Elwood Haynes, inventor of one of the earliest American automobiles, in his first car.



Henry Ford in his first model.

While Mr. Buzby was driving pleasantly about Manhattan, the cynosure of pedestrians and drivers of horses, other men were at work on cars which soon began to rival one another in speed and endurance.

About this time Mr. R. E. Olds was bringing out his curb-front runabout, which was the real forerunner of the Ford car. The Locomobile Company in Bridgeport was making the Stanley Steamer, and Elwood Haynes was experimenting with a new type of vehicle back in Kokomo, Indiana. By 1893 he had almost completed his first car. Charles E. Duryea meanwhile cherished his title as the inventor of the first gasoline automobile of American make that actually ran.

And while these early manufacturers were spending hours far into the night inside their factories, experimenting with a vehicle they could guarantee not to collapse, the drivers of cars were having an equally difficult time out in the streets, trying to get the public to think kindly of the new toys. Rules and regulations had been made for horse-drawn vehicles. The carriages without horses found themselves outside the law.

ONE of the earliest martyrs to the regulations discriminating against motor cars was Mr. Buzby himself. His valorous deed is written in bold script in the annals of the New York motoring contingent. He allowed himself to be arrested to test the legality of an act which was interpreted by the chief of the Park Board to exclude automobiles from Central Park. His arrest for "trespassing," as the warrant read, was one of the dramatic events of the year.

President George C. Claussen of the Park Board had steadfastly refused to let motor cars into the park because they would frighten the "high-spirited" animals that had hitherto had exclusive rights to the roads. Passionate appeals on the part of Mr. Buzby and his friends for park permits were of no avail.

Mr. Claussen remained obdurate, declining any and all invitations from motorists for rides. He refused to be corrupted or in any way tainted. And he instructed his policemen to keep an eagle eye on motorists so that no one would by any chance slip into the park unawares.

Knowing, no doubt, that on one or two occasions Mr. Buzby, and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY]

Presenting for the first time

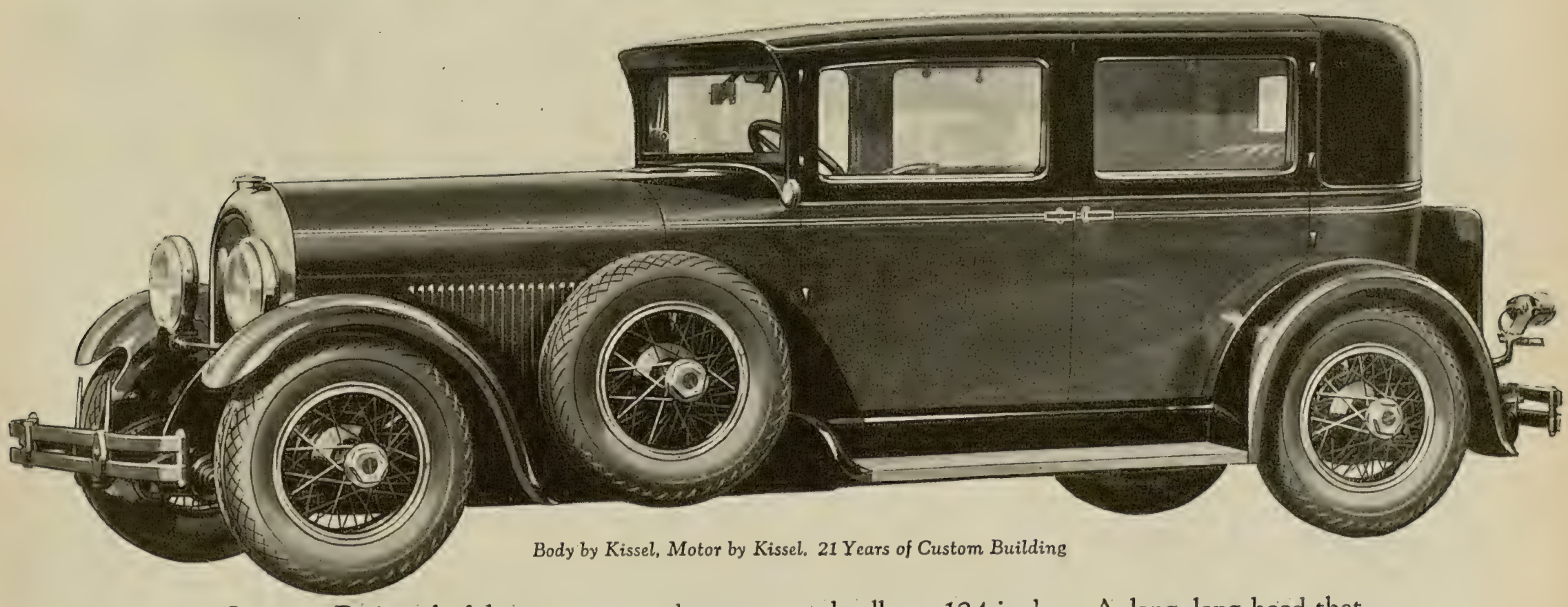
The Smaller Eight

by

KISSEL

$1895

F. O. B. FACTORY—STANDARD EQUIPPED



Body by Kissel, Motor by Kissel. 21 Years of Custom Building

The Smaller Eight on Display at New York and other National Automobile Shows, also at all dealers.

Smart as Paris, colorful as an autumn day, tastefully luxurious! Speed that softly sings along at 75 an hour. There's spirit, verve, youth to this new Smaller Eight. Note that flavor of foreign style—the touch artistic—in its beautiful body design. Open the door—upholstery of rare richness meets your gaze. Observe the uncommon roominess. Lounge back in the restful, form-fitting seats. Flawless as a jewel, this new Kissel.

Low—only 66 inches from top to roadway. The wheelbase, 124 inches. A long, long hood that looks ahead into tens of thousands of miles of uninterrupted travel—and under that hood—an engine as reliable as the 20th Century. Eight cylinders straight in line with the power of a Hercules! Smooth, velvety power that can be throttled down to a crawl or opened up to whirlwind speed.

The new Smaller Eight is completely cushioned-in-rubber and completely custom-built.

Also ready—new 4-passenger Victoria—New All Year Coupe Roadster—New 5-passenger Sedan.

KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO. · HARTFORD, WISCONSIN

Also on display at Kissel showrooms—The new Smaller Kissel—The new De Luxe Straight Eight

Men who "know it all"

are not invited to read this page

THIS page is not for the wise young man who is perfectly satisfied with himself and his business equipment, who believes that the only reason he is not paid twice as much is that he has never been "given a chance."

This page is a personal message to the man who has responsibilities, who feels secretly that he ought to be earning several thousand dollars more a year, but who simply lacks the confidence necessary to lay hold on one of the bigger places in business. We should like to put into the hands of every such man a copy of a little book that contains the seeds of self-confidence. It is called "Forging Ahead in Business," and it is sent without charge.

We have in mind, for example, a certain man who is now auditor of a great corporation in the Middle West. Until he was thirty-one years of age he was a bookkeeper. His employers had made up their minds that he would always be a bookkeeper. His wife was beginning secretly to wonder. Worst of all, he himself was beginning to lose faith.

He Sent for "Forging Ahead in Business"

Without any great hope in its results, he enrolled in the Modern Business Course and Service. The first few months of his association with the Alexander Hamilton Institute were a revelation to him. He found himself being initiated into departments of business that had hitherto been a mystery to him. He was learning the fundamentals of purchasing, of advertising, of office and factory management, and corporation finance.

He began quietly to make suggestions to the officials—suggestions that surprised them, because they had ceased to expect anything from him. They revised their estimate of his capacities; when the position of auditor became vacant, he was given his chance. And recently on an important financial problem, he argued against the position of the company's own attorneys—basing his arguments on principles which the Institute had taught—and by proving his point succeeded in saving the company $60,000.

The self-confidence that the Institute gave him has transformed that man. He will be a vice-president of that great corporation, and at 31 he was condemned to be a bookkeeper for life.

Thousands Could Double Their Incomes

For the man who is perfectly content with himself and his job the Alexander Hamilton Institute can do nothing. But there are thousands of men who could double their incomes in one year if they believed in themselves and had the solid business knowledge to back up their belief.

To such men the Institute offers "Forging Ahead in Business"—which describes clearly and interestingly what the Institute can do for you. Thousands of successful men regard it as one of the most valuable little books they ever sent for. May we send it to you? The coupon is for your convenience.

Alexander Hamilton Institute

Executive Training for Business Men

IN CANADA, *address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited, C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto* — IN ENGLAND, *67 Great Russell St., London.* IN AUSTRALIA, *11 c Castlereagh St., Sydney*

FILL OUT AND MAIL TODAY

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
459 Astor Place, New York City

Send me the new revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without charge.

Name.....
Please write plainly

Business Address.....

Business Position.....

[THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE
Continued from Page Twenty-eight]

perhaps Mr. Bostwick, had succeeded in creeping into the park with their vehicles, Mr. Claussen sent out a call to his men to be extra vigilant.

On the afternoon of Mr. Buzby's martyrdom, he and Mr. Whitney Lyon, seated in Mr. Buzby's automobile, moved with senatorial dignity—six miles an hour—up to the gate of Central Park across from the Plaza. They turned in. Immediately a minion of the law stepped out and held up his hand.

© Photo by N. Lazarnick

Motoring's babyhood: a horseless carriage parade on Lenox Avenue, New York.

"This drive is for pleasure vehicles only," said the bluecoat.

"This *is* a pleasure vehicle. If not, what is it?"

Mr. Buzby was dignified but firm. "I demand my rights as a citizen of New York to drive in this park. Look out!"

The victoria moved forward and the policeman had to walk backward to keep from getting knocked down.

"I arrest you in the name of the law," the officer announced.

"All right," said the driver of the vehicle. He invited the police officer to stand on the step all the way to the station house, which was a treat far surpassing anything the blue-coated officer had ever had. Little did the gaping crowd that surrounded the car, impeding its progress of six miles an hour, realize that history was being made at their very front door. Little did they know that Citizen Buzby was offering himself as a martyr, whom later and more progressive decades would honor and acclaim!

THE arrest of this daring motorist, while not serious for him, did succeed in getting the grievances of car owners into the papers. Before long the public insisted that Mr. Claussen give up that cold ear and cold heart toward horseless conveyances. So Mr. Claussen agreed to ride in one.

The quaint thing about his adventure was that, having once sipped of the up to then forbidden joys of automobiling, he became a terrible addict and went on quite a motor spree. For several weeks he rode around the park every day, though he would not let anybody else with an automobile inside the park confines. He said that he was observing the effect of the new vehicle on horses, and in a way educating them by degrees to grow accustomed to the new invader of the thoroughfares.

But automobilists, waiting for their own permits to enter, thought he was merely enjoying himself. The newspapers joked so much about his educational campaign for horses that he had to give up finally and permit other motorists to share Central Park with him.

BY 1899 enough people of prominence in New York City had automobiles so that they could form an automobile club and have a parade and some "runs," as they were called, to near-by cities and pretty country spots. It was more of a heroic venture than it sounds, for the roads were all but impassable once you got outside a large city.

The only place a car could clip off miles was in the boulevard zone of larger cities, and here speed, of course, was out of the question. Early automobilists, like other pioneers of legend, were fortified with courage and endurance.

One of the early "runs" of importance was to begin at the Waldorf, where so many important social functions had their inception, and to end in Philadelphia at the Bellevue-Stratford. The jaunt was looked upon as an important undertaking. In anticipation of their exploits, the motorists of Philadelphia had planned a party.

The ride from New York began about nine-thirty in the morning to enable the drivers to get to Philadelphia before sundown. They took dress suits with them in suitcases, strapped on to the motor cars wherever there was room.

The party was in high spirits and all looked forward to a splendid time. But, alas! Before they were much more than out of sight of the Hudson, it began to rain—not a gentle rain, but revengeful torrents. They had to drive all that day and most of the night in the downpour. By the time they reached Philadelphia the party was over. They could not have attended anyway, as the rain had penetrated their suitcases and everything was ruined.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

"My studio has designed this symbol of the integrity and unity of purpose back of the Graham-Paige."

Lovard Taft

An Invitation

from the three Graham brothers

The public and the automobile trade are cordially invited to the first showing of passenger cars bearing our name.

SPACE A-5
GRAND CENTRAL PALACE
NEW YORK
JANUARY 7-14, 1928

Also in the main lobbies of the Roosevelt and Pennsylvania hotels

Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
Ray A. Graham

GRAHAM-PAIGE

10 seconds ··· *to remove that "morning after" mask of weariness*

HERE'S a simple way to enjoy all the exhilarating, refreshing effect of a massage every morning — a way to banish that terrible, tired, "morning-after" look — all without the slightest muss or fuss and without wasting a single minute.

All you have to do is to apply a few drops of Fougere Royale After-Shaving Lotion after your morning shave. Your face tingles a moment—then feels cool, smooth and wonderfully refreshed—and stays that way all day! You'll like its invigorating, freshening effect —the live, fatigue-free feeling it gives you.

More than a refreshant, however, Fougere Royale is a genuine skin tonic. Smooths away small wrinkles, peps up sagging face muscles and puts healthy blood and color in your face. Regularly used, it has a genuine rejuvenating effect on your skin.

Try this remarkable new skin lotion after shaving and if you wish to start the day right, shave with Fougere Royale Shaving Cream, the non-caustic, non-irritating, perfectly balanced shaving cream that makes possible the smoothest, most comfortable shave you ever had. Both lotion and cream are mildly perfumed with the odeur of Fougere Royale (Royal Fern) —a pleasing wholesome outdoor fragrance.

Generous samples may be had if you send the coupon below

Fougère Royale
ROYAL FERN

After-Shaving Lotion, 75c
Shaving Cream, 50c
Shaving Stick, 75c
Talcum, 50c
Eau Vegetale, $1.25
Facial Soap, 50c

HOUBIGANT, Inc., Dept. B, 1
539 West 45th St., New York City

You may send me without charge trial containers of Fougere Royale After-Shaving Lotion and Shaving Cream.

Name----------

Address----------

City----------*State*----------

[THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE
Continued from Page Thirty]

Still another memorable long-distance effort was the trip to Bridgeport on December 10, 1901. Steam cars were very new and drivers knew very little about them. They kept freezing and could not get much further out of town than the Bronx, because the drivers had to stop frequently to build new fires under the boilers.

All cars were faulty in mechanism, and even the best of them were apt to break down at a critical moment. Mr. Buzby can recall, as if it were yesterday, coming on DeWolfe Bishop, brother of Cortlandt Bishop, leaning over trying to fix his car with a hairpin.

In those days a piece of bent wire or a long hatpin could often do the same thing to a car which it now takes a garage full of tools to accomplish.

SPEED contests now became a rather common occurrence, with everyone trying to beat the record established by the Riker electric in 1896, a record which stood for ten years against all comers—steam, electric, and gasoline.

In 1901 the first endurance run since the invention of the automobile was held. Mr. Riker was to drive his own gasoline model from New York to Buffalo, a distance of less than 500 miles. The car was built for fifty miles an hour, but once out of sight of brick and cobblestone, it made headway with the greatest difficulty.

This difficulty may be imagined when it is stated it took from Wednesday morning to Saturday noon to cover the distance from Albany to Herkimer, less than 100 miles. At Rochester the plan was abandoned because of the death of President McKinley in Buffalo. The goal was not reached, but Mr. Riker was satisfied the car had proved it could "stand up."

Before many more years had passed the motor car progressed from its experimental stage and became a thoroughly commercial undertaking. Clubmen ceased to find their automobiles an interesting toy. They became first a convenience and then a necessity. As motor-car manufacturing became a stable industry, the personal, sporting element of car owning and driving ceased. The era of the hired chauffeur had dawned.

OWNERS of these first cars will tell you there was only one place of honor at first for the owner of a car, and that place was behind the "jigger stick," as the steering rod was slangily referred to. Mr. Buzby—veteran sportsman and martyr that he was—held out against the encroachments of hireling drivers as long as he could. But one day, unable to drive himself because of an accident, he was forced to hire a chauffeur to drive his car to Tuxedo.

As they were climbing the hill beyond the Fort Lee Ferry, Mr. Buzby saw a *dos-à-dos* carriage coming toward them. The horses drawing it were frightened and their driver lost control.

"Stop the car! Get out!" shouted Mr. Buzby to his driver.

The chauffeur did not move.

"Get out and grab the reins!" once more commanded Mr. Buzby.

The chauffeur confessed he would not know what to do if he did get out.

So Mr. Buzby got out on his crutches somehow, jerked the rearing animals down to earth and led them past the inoffensive victoria.

This same thing happened twice again that same afternoon, with the hired chauffeur numb with terror. Mr. Buzby dismissed him that evening and made up his mind that the death knell of automobiling as a sport—at least, for him—had been sounded.

"A man who can't handle a horse isn't fit to drive a car," said Mr. Buzby, and in those days he was right.

THE END

© Photos by N. Lazarnick

Guards carefully measured a driver's ability to stop within a given distance before allowing his car to enter Central Park, New York. (Above) The park's horses view an interloper.

"Getting 29 FREE Razor Blades *Every 30 Days!*"

IMAGINE, twenty-nine keen blades a month for the price of one! Imagine, twenty-nine of the slickest shaves you ever had in your life, without going to the store or having to lay out a single penny for blades during the entire month! . . . And *what* shaves! Smoother and cooler than you ever imagined shaves *could* be! Shaves that remove the stubbiest beard from tender skin without a trace of pull or "burn." . . . Once you've tried them, you'll have to admit that shaves so luxurious as these *ought* to be expensive—but as a matter of fact they are actually $5 to $10 a year *CHEAPER!*

A Wonderful Discovery

This radical reduction in the cost of shaving has been brought about by a surprising discovery called KRISS-KROSS—a super-stropper that gives all the super-keen blades you can use. It brings the ordinary razor blade to life again and again—making it 100% keen, day after day and week after week—even endowing new blades with an extra sharpness they seldom possess when taken right out of a fresh package!

Ownership of KRISS-KROSS really means *more* than 29 keen shaves a month without cost—for only 30 days from a KRISS-KROSS-treated blade is a conservative estimate. In actual practice you will find that your *minimum* number of shaves from each blade will seldom run less than 45—and many cases are on record where blades have maintained their cutting-edge at top-notch sharpness after over 100 days of daily use!

Fits All Kinds of Blades

KRISS-KROSS maintains the keenness of any kind of blade (except Durham) and embodies 7 mechanical features that have long baffled inventors. . . . It reproduces the unique diagonal stroke of the master barber with uncanny precision. Reverses the blade from one side to the other automatically. Starts with strong pressure and finishes *light*. Is governed by an automatic nickel jig which flies up to notify you when your blade is ready with the *keenest cutting-edge steel can take!*

Generous Offer

KRISS-KROSS cuts blade costs almost to the vanishing point. It is never sold in stores—but only through authorized representatives in each locality. If you do not know the representative in your town, send the coupon below for free details of our generous introductory offer in force now. Find out about the new kind of 3-way, adjustable razor we are giving FREE at the present time. No obligation—but clip the coupon now, as this special offer is limited. Mail it to-day!

AMAZING

The shaving comfort and economy made possible by the KRISS-KROSS Stropper is really remarkable. Below are extracts from a few unsolicited letters of praise which we have received from some of the one million men who are now using this time-and-money-saving device.

95 Shaves with One Blade

"I have a very heavy beard, caused by working on a furnace at the mills. I am a steady user of Gillette razor and always had to lay out 45c every 10 days for new blades. Since using the KRISS-KROSS stropper I have had 95 shaves from one blade and it is better than when I got it. You could not buy the stropper back from me if I could not get another."
D. C. HANNAN, Ohio.

Think What This Man Saved!

"I have been using the KRISS-KROSS stropper for about a year and could not do without it. I have been using one blade I had discarded long ago and have not bought a single new blade since purchasing your stropper a year ago."
J. N. STARKSBURY, Okla.

Three Years of Satisfaction

"Three years ago I purchased a KRISS-KROSS stropper and have been using it ever since. It is without question one of the best and biggest money-saving inventions of to-day."
J. E. WOLF, Wisconsin.

"Couldn't Have Believed It!"

"I have a tender face and only the best barbers have been able to shave me satisfactorily for the past 35 years. When KRISS-KROSS came out I tried it and have been getting the best shaves of my life ever since. I never believed it could be done."
FRANK E. ALMEYDA, N. Y.

The coupon below is included for your convenience. Send it to-day for details of liberal offer now in force.

AGENTS! KRISS-KROSS is amazingly popular and offers excellent money to men who are willing to act as our representatives in their home localities—full or spare time. Many of our men are now earning $30 a day. Spare-time agents, too, often make $5-$12 an evening just showing KRISS-KROSS to friends, fellow employees, etc. For example, R. S. Hopkins (Michigan) made $20 his very first day. . . . We give you a very liberal proposition and start you out with everything you need in order to make substantial profits from the first day. Write for details and offer. It will pay you to investigate. Just fill out the coupon at the right, check the bottom line and mail it to-day!

Rhodes' **KRISS KROSS STROPPER**

RHODES MFG. CO.
Largest Manufacturers of Mechanical Strappers in the World
Dept. A-382, 1418 Pendleton Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

RHODES MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. A-382,
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me details on KRISS-KROSS Stropper and special new kind of 3-way razor you are offering FREE.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

( ) Check here if interested in becoming a representative.

START THE YEAR RIGHT ON TIRES BY

LEE of Conshohocken

New Year's resolutions are fine—if you keep them. But here's a good one, and you'll actually *want* to keep it.

Resolved: From today on, for me, none but tires by Lee of Conshohocken.

Your safety in buying tires is not in the appearance or the price, but in the maker's name. You can't tell a good tire by its looks or its price.

Lee of Conshohocken puts the name LEE on all of its tires; we're proud to have you know we make them.

Look at Leeland, our secondary line complete in popular balloon and high pressure sizes; Lee Balloon, a fine four-ply creation; Puncture Proof, that laughs at glass or nails; DeLuxe Flat Tread, the leader in high pressure tires; or Lee Shoulderbilt, the heavy duty masterpiece.

The LEE name is a sign that every dollar in the price comes back to you with interest, in service.

We'd rather make them better than the price, than price them better than they are.

For even the small cars—Ford, Chevrolet, Star, Whippet—where competition has made prices so low that quality is often forgotten, Lee Tires are the answer. Get acquainted with good tires.

Our suggestion for a New Year's resolution may seem to you a little immodest. When you adopt it and keep it, you'll see that it isn't.

LEE *Shoulderbilt*

Compared to other makes of heavy duty balloons, you will find the Shoulderbilt bigger, taller and oftentimes heavier. They are over over-size. The greater service to you must be obvious.

COST NO MORE TO BUY ~ MUCH LESS TO RUN

INDIA

In Which the Author of a Famous Book Tells Why She Wrote It

An Article by KATHERINE MAYO

(Reading time: 18 minutes 51 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Few books have caused such a tremendous furor as Mother India, by Katherine Mayo. In its pages Miss Mayo vividly describes the appalling social and moral conditions in India, especially among women and children. Its appearance was followed by violent outbursts in India and controversies in the British Parliament. The following article is the first written by Miss Mayo since the storm over her book broke out.]

Photos by courtesy of publishers of Mother India

A Hindu husband and his childwife, the latter probably about eleven years old.

Mothers at twelve and thirteen! One of the thousands of Hindu children whose piteous condition was bared in Katherine Mayo's world-awakening book.

NOT very long ago I happened to attend a large meeting, held in New York City, which was addressed by an East Indian. This Indian, a slim, handsome, graceful, well dressed young man, spoke with an easy eloquence that seemed to exert upon his audience a sort of spell. And, weaving that spell, he deftly wove through it a story both dangerous and challenging.

Part of it concerned the present state of India; part implied the spiritual, mental, and moral inferiority of America and her need of guidance from the wisdom of his East; and part, as it chanced, laid suddenly bare the young Oriental's own contempt for our Western womanhood.

And all of it aroused my curiosity.

Was he, a stranger and an alien among us, abusing our courtesy? Was he deliberately filling our ears with mischief? Was he so sure of our gullibility that he dared to play with it?

Now, this blessed country of ours is a young thing, yet in the making. By consequence, as most of us acknowledge, each of us stands under orders to bring to that making the best gift he possesses.

My gift appears to be: *(a)* an ability to root out the main common facts in a human situation; *(b)* a knack of writing those facts into a report not too difficult to read; *(c)* health and personal liberty that permit me to work hard, long, and steadily on a given research job; and *(d)* freedom from the necessity of earning daily bread as I go along, which means freedom to print facts exactly as I find them, without color or bias to suit any employer's or any publisher's bent of mind.

The sum total of these assets I have liked to think of as constituting a sort of scout's commission to go out, capture, and bring home to my fellow Americans parcels of information that they need in making up their minds about other peoples in distant places—information that costs a good deal of effort and money to get, but that rarely repays the collector's

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Magic Touch Of Oriental Beauty

Irresistibly fascinating. The alluring seductive mystic appeal it brings to your skin and complexion far surpasses Face Powder appearances. Thousands call it their "24 hour complexion," as it retains its original attractiveness thruout the day without rubbing off, streaking, spotting or showing signs of perspiration. You can command this bewitching touch of Oriental beauty instantly thru the use of

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I enclose 10c for Trial Size. Send me White ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ (check shade desired).

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City_____

INDIA
Continued from Page Thirty-five

expenses; information, finally, that is little worth unless it comes from an independent, loyal, and definitely American source.

Now, ten of my ancestors came over in the Mayflower—almost all the rest landed in Massachusetts within the next twenty-five years. He from whom my name comes was a Puritan divine, first pastor of the old Second Church of Boston.

I was born in the Pennsylvania mountains, and I got my schooling under the shadow of Bunker Hill. I claim, therefore, to be as thoroughly American as anybody can be who is not a Mohawk or an Iroquois.

I further claim the privilege of serving my country to my best ability whenever I see the opportunity.

This Indian matter, as I began to mill it over, seemed such an opportunity. India contains about one-sixth of the entire population of the world. India is only three weeks distant from our coast by sea. India is also a large, potentially a huge, market for American goods.

American and British ships are continually plying between Indian and American ports. Indians are increasingly coming amongst us. Hindus are asking for citizenship and the right, as such, actively to influence our own domestic governmental concerns.

VERY well, then: What sort of country is India? What are the people like, not in terms of poetic theory, but in terms of brass tacks?

What about this doctrine that they bring us, as to their home conditions, domestic and economic; as to our comparative grossness and materiality; and, not least, since they strongly desire to implant their culture upon us, as to their handling of their own women and children, worked down out of a cloudland into breathing, laughing, crying forms of flesh and blood?

For the answer, what had we in print to inform us but a few novels and stories, some interesting poetry, and certain philosophic productions where ideas lie submerged and lost in seas of triple-barreled words?

Surely there must be a horse-sense view of the country that all of us would form, could we spare time to go there, and that one of us, volunteering to make the journey in behalf of the rest, might photograph in simple terms and bring home.

So, appointing myself to the job, to India I went: not out of love for the Indian, as some suggest—my desire to help the struggling masses came later, after I had seen their misery; not to look at ancient palaces, or glorious tombs, or temples rich with gossamers of stone; but simply to observe the people—the common people having common needs like you or me, and human lives to live. And further, be it doubly understood, I went to report, not on all of India, but only on that part that practically concerns John J. Smith of Smithville, U. S. A.

Smith doesn't want to know all about Brown, the proposed new tenant for the house next door. He doesn't care a button what Brown thinks about poetry, politics, or art. But he does care very much indeed whether Brown is a wife-beater, whether his children are safe playmates for the little Smiths, and whether Brown will, for example, maintain nuisances in his back yard.

Consequently, his picture of Brown does not need to be rounded. All Smith needs about Brown is a few brass tacks.

NOT quite a new task it was, for brass-tack hunting for America had already thrice led me into the field of research—once through two States as to their possible uses for rural police protection; once through Western Europe as to the welfare work for our army overseas; and yet again to the Philippines, as to America's record amongst the Island peoples. Also, an eight-year sojourn amongst British Indian emigrants in a South American colony had familiarized me with certain parts of Indian life.

But none of these experiences had prepared me for a thing that now, out of the exotic shapes, the radiant colors, the romantic atmosphere of India itself, was to take form before my shrinking eyes.

At first I could not, would not, credit it. With loathing I put it aside—too horrible, too unclean for any woman to think of or to touch; but again, again, and yet again, as I traveled over the land, it reappeared and seized on my unwilling notice; until at last I had to recognize the truth and therewith my duty to declare it.

"What courage you showed in putting these things into words!" repeatedly the comment comes. But that praise is undeserved. To know such truth and yet to withhold it from America would indeed have required courage—more courage than I possess.

It would have been vastly easier, infinitely pleasanter, to write a book of tale and travel, full of color and incident and romance, full of graceful and lyric shapes, full of exotic pictures, all of which lie ready to flow into print from the panorama of India today. But no such book would have helped America to anything more vital than a half-hour's entertainment by the evening fire.

And no such book could provide America with the answer to those few practical questions that concern John J. Smith about the tenant proposed for the house next door.

Here, then, and in regard to the great Hindu majority, rather than Islam, is in part what I found:

"SPIRITUAL" Hinduism, disentangled from words and worked out in common life, is materialism in the grossest and most suicidal form.

"High-thinking" India reflects its value, to us, in the terrible spectacle of Hindu childhood, motherhood, and widowhood; in the spectacle of dumb animals' torment—horrors long veiled from Western eyes, and, now that the veil is held aside, almost too piteous for us to bear.

"Oppressed" India is oppressed today by the most devastating and devitalizing sexuality that the world has ever known.

"Broken-spirited" India is broken-spirited just as dogs or cattle or barnyard fowls would be broken-spirited, worthless, run out, if they could and did abuse themselves as the majority of Hindus are bred to do.

"Hunger-stricken" India is hunger-stricken, where it is so, because, given their manner of thinking and living, the great majority of its inhabitants would be hungry and poor on the richest farms of Iowa after they had eaten off the first crop.

"Ignorant" India is 92 per cent illiterate today because, with the exception of a handful of persons of edifying speech but almost utterly without relation to the masses, the great Hindu orthodoxy is dead set against the education of all its women, and of all that other section of humanity which it is pleased to brand as "Untouchables"—"less than men"

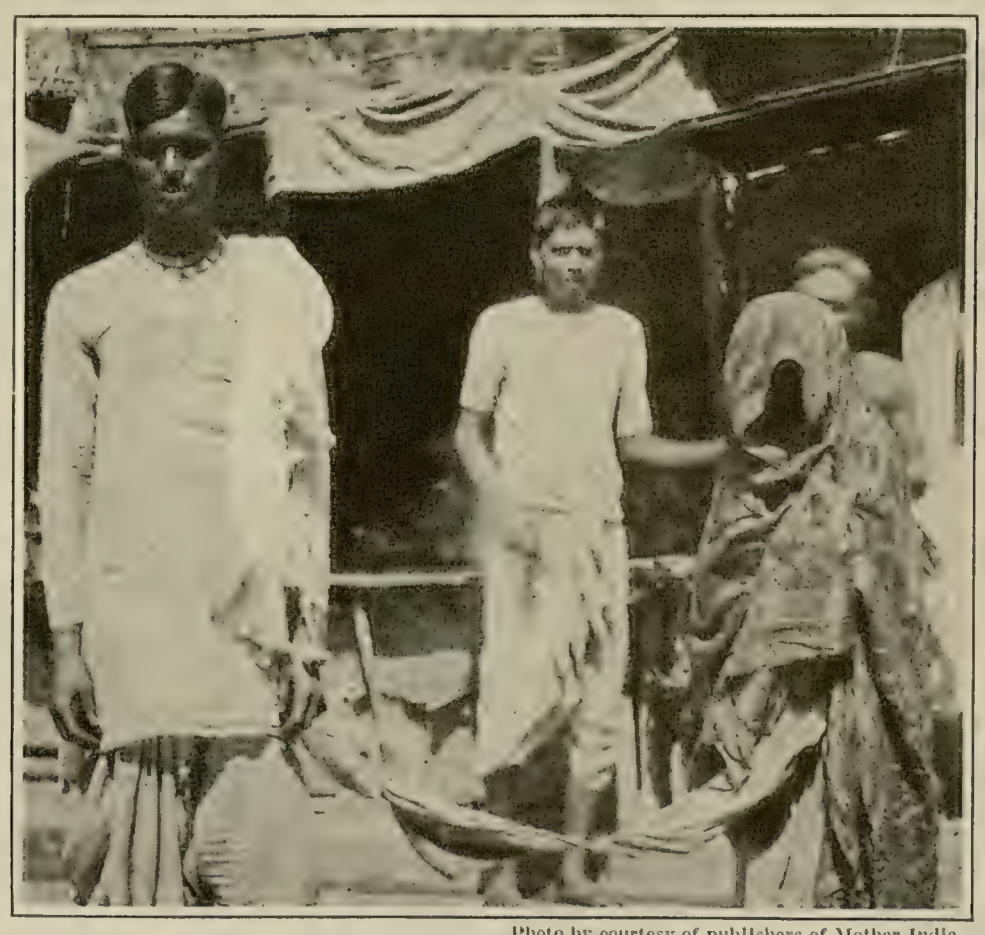


Photo by courtesy of publishers of Mother India

A Hindu childbride in purdah—*a costume signifying that no male except her husband may look at her face. Note part of her garment knotted to her husband's wrist.*

—but which stands 60,000,000 strong—one-third of the entire Hindu population.

It is hardly possible here in these pages to go into full details, especially in matters of sexual relations and of the condition of women. If I did so, some of LIBERTY'S readers would be shocked thereby beyond their fortitude to endure.

And yet, even the most sensitive and shrinking would somehow find heart to face the facts if they realized the enormous power on literate India of American public opinion.

It is not, I believe, too much to say that an informed and ready American public opinion could hasten by untold generations the deliverance of the millions of Hindu womanhood, and through them the whole vast Hindu body, from degradation, misery, and ignorance.

One evidence of our power in this matter is seen in the effect on political Hindudom of America's interest in Mother India. American and British reviews of the book reached India some time in advance of the book itself.

These reviews, from one angle and another, showed that the ragged old stage curtain was falling apart; that the "mystery" of India is worn thin; that Uncle Sam, usually too busy to bother with things so remote, was forming his own judgment on the Indian situation, not from material hand-picked by Indian self-seekers, but from hard facts, for the first time stripped bare before him; and that that judgment was not flattering to the Hindu's claim to distinction, either as a spiritual aristocrat or a would-be neighbor.

THE effect of such news was instantaneous, and curiously revealing. On the strength of the reviews alone, the Indian intelligentsia exploded in vituperative fury. The secretary of the *Swaraj* (home rule) party tabled a resolution (August 13, 1927), in the Central Legislature, calling on Government to debar the book from India.

City mass meetings were convened in Bengal and Madras to denounce the malignant volume.

The Indian press devoted, and still devotes, columns—nay, pages—day by day, to calling down wrath upon book, author, and the country that bred them. Boycotts were urged against the newspaper first giving publicity to Western opinion.

And through all the smoke and tumult appears but too clearly the fact that what really disturbs the Hindu public man is by no means the prevalence in his country of the conditions Mother India describes, but merely the fact that America should discover them.

Now, in studying the methods of these modern Hindu leaders, the Western observer is commonly less impressed with their subtlety than with their frequent sluggishness to perceive strategic moments and points. One may question, therefore, whether the expedient that they hit upon, in introducing their case to their public, was due to cleverness or to mere chance.

WHAT they actually did was to capitalize the fact that the book itself was not immediately available in India, by quickly branding it with a label calculated to close all Indian minds against it before it should reach those shores.

To be sure, the percentage of the population that could read it, once it did arrive, even if translated, was considerably less than 8 per cent, or about 23,000,000 people; but live news can travel by hearsay, from readers aloud.

How, then, should this American challenge be foredamned? How so thoroughly as by advertising it for the very thing it was not?

And so it befell that the first spades-are-spades revelation of the heartbreaking needs of Indian womanhood that has ever appeared in general print is today proclaimed throughout the Indian press, in big black type, headline on headline, page after page, thus:

"Indian Women Vilified. American Spinster's Scurrilous Attacks"; "Unholy Mother India, Clandestinely Immoral"; "Slander Against Womanhood. Big Conspiracy Against India"; "A Wicked, Slanderous Book"; "Indian Women Blasphemed"; beneath which run inky seas, rarely contesting and never disproving any statement in the book itself, but easily dismissing its whole substance as outrageous, impudent, and false.

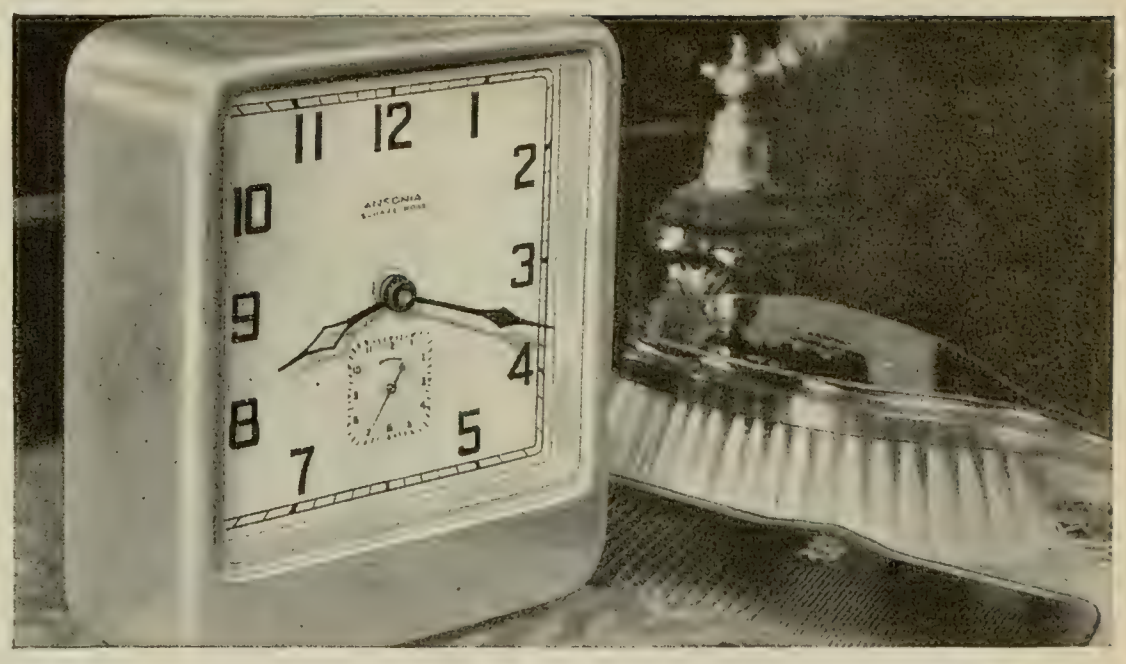
Then, it appears, came the necessity to account for the act of an American in putting nineteen months of hard work and much rough travel on a public-health study of India.

With significant unanimity the entire Hindu intelligentsia at once brushed aside my own statement that I undertook the task entirely at my personal cost, and for no purpose other than the hope and the pleasure of serving my country.

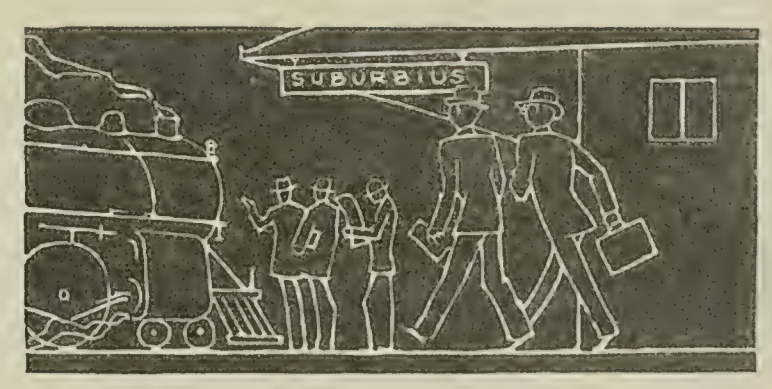
The idea was, honestly, too foreign to their school of ethics. No one in possession of his senses, they held, would put himself to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

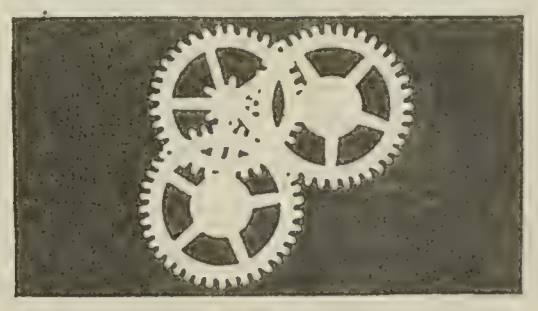
Katherine Mayo, author of Mother India, and her dog, seated on the lawn at her summer home, Maaikenshof, at Bedford Hills, N. Y.



Its neighbors on your bureau-top welcome the simple beauty of this sturdy time-piece. Ansonia Squareclox are fine alarms. Sure-footed! Time-sure, too! . . . Handsome brass cases enclose their sturdy works.



Ansonia gets them there. Its alarm is not fire-bellish but it is insistent. It is faithful to the minute you set. Commuters rely on its honest hands.



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Pointers on Patents

Fire on me . . . but not the Patent Office

In the War of 1812 the British had invaded Washington. Their cannon were trained on the Patent Office. Out rushed the head of the Patent Office, arms waving frantically, eyes flashing. "What are you?" he screamed; "Barbarians?—to destroy this storehouse of science and human progress?" Then throwing himself against a gun muzzle, he commanded, "If you must fire, kill me first!"

A dramatic achievement yes—more romantic perhaps than the work done by Patent Examiners nowadays. But that same unselfish sincerity has distinguished the Patent Office ever since the Department was first created at the suggestion of Thomas Jefferson in 1790.

And a Patent Application today receives the same careful attention that was given to Patent No. 1, issued to Samuel Johnson on a new process for making potash—although meanwhile, the Patent Office has attained a proud total of over 1,600,000 issues!

Your Connection With the Patent Office

The link that connects the inventor with the U. S. Patent Office is—the Patent Attorney. Through years of special training he is fitted to draw up your Patent Specifications and Claims, about which the U. S. Supreme Court has declared, "The specification and claims of a Patent, particularly if the invention be at all complicated, constitute one of the most difficult legal instruments to draw with accuracy."

Those interested in Patents, Trademarks or Copyrights are cordially welcome to the booklet "Patent and Trademark Protection"; it tells each step of procedure required by the Patent Office and answers your questions — and also to my Record of Invention form. My several thousand clients, in every State in the Union, have found them helpfully worth having. Mail the coupon TODAY; they will be sent to you immediately.

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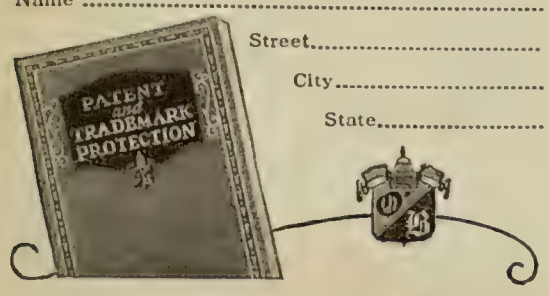

[INDIA Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

such labor and expenditure except for a good price.

It was inconceivable, moreover, that America took an interest in India's internal daily life. Why should she?

My price, therefore, must obviously come from the British Treasury; all protests to the contrary would be so much wasted poppycock.

But the Supreme Court of the United States (see Legislative Assembly Debates, 1926, Vol. VII, p. 278) lies under blight of the same suspicion, publicly proclaimed in the Indian Legislature. No less a personage than Mr. T. C. Goswami, from his seat in the Legislative Assembly in Delhi, on January 26, 1926, denounced our shame.

Said Mr. Goswami, with regard to those Hindus "who have been deprived of their American citizenship by a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States of America. We have reason to suspect that behind that decision was political pressure by the British Government."

So, for better or for worse, we stand pilloried together, a hireling pair—the United States Supreme Court and I—and our innocent fellow countrymen must suffer the blame of us.

"The measure of the truth you write will be the volume and the bitterness of the resentment it arouses," wrote one Indian friend, in advance of the book's publication.

That measure is now heaped up and running over.

MANY Indians, it is true, express in private letters their satisfaction that the facts are out. And a few are bold enough to declare in print that the book is all true and should be useful to India. But the great mass of comment is undiluted rage.

This sentiment at present expresses itself, aside from personal abuse of the author, in attacks upon American women. Pages are now devoted, in the Hindu daily press, to stories of the unchastity of our womanhood, arranged under striking captions, as: "What I Saw in Chicago"; "Sexual Morality in the West," etc., etc., and one Indian paper, at least, recently carried a "Want" advertisement, none too covertly asking for such stories and addressed to "America- and England-returned Indian gentlemen, particularly doctors."

Unfortunately, advertisements are scarcely necessary to the forming of a sufficient collection, for our own press, in the course of a few mails, would furnish the required material. The point that as yet wholly escapes the Hindu, however, is this:

On the one hand, the raping of girl children, called marriage, is not only sanctioned, but virtually imposed by Hindu social and religious custom. Escape from it will be effected, according to repeated testimony of the Hindu legislators, only over the determined resistance of the great body of the Hindu people.

Again, the sexual weakness of the Hindu is consistently exacerbated by his socioreligious cult; and the possibility of sexual self-restraint in face of opportunities of indulgence, whatever may be said of it in the holy books, is seriously disputed in practice.

Photo by courtesy of publishers of Mother India

Seated cross-legged is one of the thousands of Holy Men in whom India abounds. The author denounces India's spiritualism as materialism in its grossest form.

A prominent Hindu member, rising from his seat in the Central Legislature (Legislative Assembly Debates, 1925, Vol. VI, p. 556) to oppose the raising of the age of consent to thirteen years, for a married woman, could say without arousing the faintest protest from his associates:

"There is very little opinion of any respectable body of men in India which wants this reform very urgently."

In America, on the other hand, individuals may, and do, offend every law of decency and humanity, but our people as a whole are a long way from making a cult of self-destroying sex indulgence.

And a Congressman in Washington who should dismiss a bill for the protection of infant girls from abuse, doing so in the spirit of the Hindu legislator just quoted, would scarcely care to go home thereafter and face his constituents.

MR. GANDHI, labeling Mother India a "Drain Inspector's Report," argues:

"If I open out all the stench exuded from the drains of London and say, 'Behold London,' my facts will be incapable of challenge, but my judgment will be rightly condemned as a travesty of truth. Miss Mayo's book is nothing better, nothing else."

Upon which utterance Dr. Lyman Abbott's old paper, the New York *Outlook*, makes a Yankee comment, terse and sufficient:

"Perhaps. But no one has ever shown that in London they imprison little girls in the drains."

Mr. Gandhi, in a recent review of Mother India, insinuates that my affirmation of my own free agency is a perjury. He further brands the entire book as "untruthful," going on in an attempt to rally all India behind him by the baseless assertion that "practically without any reservation . . . she condemns a whole nation."

He charges that I have "taken liberty" with his words in my frequent citations, but he fails to support so grave an accusation by specifying a single such "liberty" or misquotation—for the simple and sufficient reason that he cannot do so. But he does give concrete evidence to establish to his own satisfaction my mendacity.

"She described her visit to me," he writes, "and informs her readers that there are always with me two 'secretaries' who write down every word I say. . . . The statement is not true."

If Mr. Gandhi were to look on page 222 of my book he would discover that he has inserted the word "always" into my text. I spoke only of the occasion when I sat with him and his two young Indians, one or the other of whom, like myself, took down our conversation. One young man ran after my party as we left Mr. Gandhi, offering his services to amplify and correct my transcribed notes.

Gladly availing myself of this offer, I duly received back the corrected and expanded report of the interview, over Mr. Gandhi's own signature.

THE first sentence of this document of several typed pages, now before me, is his reply to my opening question: "Have you any message for America?" It reads as it was spoken, and as I have printed it: "My message to America is the hum of this spinning wheel."

Mr. Gandhi now seeks to disavow the "message" as the invention of an enemy. "I do not remember having given the message. . . . The only one present who took any notes at all has no recollection of the message imputed to me," he says.

Trivial as this quibble is in view of the serious real issues involved, the "message" incident releases us from the necessity of further considering Mr. Gandhi's criticisms at this writing.

As years pass, Mr. Gandhi's words have less and less effect upon India, especially since his probably unwilling and certainly unsuccessful assumption of the rôle of political guide. He hopes, however, that American readers will be guided by his advice not to accept Mother India.

"I warn them," he says, "against believing this book." Yet, after all his sweeping charges, he confesses at last: "Whilst I consider the book to be unfit to be placed before Americans and Englishmen . . .

it is a book that every Indian can read with profit. We may repudiate the charge as it has been framed by her, *but we may not repudiate the substance underlying the many allegations she has made.*"

And so venerable an English organ as the Manchester *Guardian* (September 14, 1927), taking the same view, says of the book that it is "one for India to remember and for the West to forget."

Now, the Manchester *Guardian* and Mr. Gandhi may, if they can, dole out to England that selection of facts concerning Indian affairs that they hold it proper for England to receive. As to America, I believe my countrymen do not choose to have their information strained through foreign sieves.

India—with its 319,000,000 of population, 92 per cent of whom are illiterate. Three-quarters of the population of British India are Hindus, counting in the 60,000,000 "untouchables."

I also believe that, once the facts are placed before them, they are capable of forming their own judgment of what is true, what false, what doubtful, and what is useful for them to know. Especially when, as in this case, they are asked to take almost nothing on faith, but are supplied, page by page, with the means of checking each statement at its source if they wish to take the pains so to do.

If anyone could have shown me, before I set out for India, that the material I should bring back would necessitate a plunge into sexual questions in their most revolting form, I do not know if I should have found the heart to go. And, as a matter of fact, only one-quarter of the book is concerned with these raw stuffs.

Nevertheless, sex questions come first in the book, where, because of their stark horror, they arrest attention.

And there they must stand, not to ring the crier's bell courting morbid minds, but because a man's attitude toward his wife, toward his little children, and toward his own body—whether it master him or he it—must come first in any honest survey of that man from the point of view of the world society into which he asks to be received.

THAT question of "society," in its narrowest sense, is often brought up by the Indian in accusation of the Westerner in the land.

The same question would infallibly arise here, were the number of Hindus amongst us to multiply until their mentality became understood.

I once heard it exemplified in a nutshell:

"Tell me"—the speaker was a rich and highly educated Hindu gentleman, his interlocutor a Westerner long resident in India—"how can you Westerners deny that you are arrogant toward us? When we, as young men, go abroad to your universities, we are kindly received in your homes, invited about, recognized as equals.

"When we return to India and settle down, you Westerners established here still ask us to big dinners, receptions, formal ceremonies. But do you allow us to meet your wives and daughters on terms of intimacy? No—and we hold that you treat no man as an equal while you withhold from him an equal's access to your home."

To which the Westerner quietly rejoined:

"I answer your question and your deduction in kind: How many Indian men do you permit free intercourse with the ladies of your own family? In how many Indian households are you, an Indian gentleman, made free of the women's quarters to come and go as you like?" He paused for an answer.

"Why, none, of course," answered the other. "It is not our Indian custom, as you know."

"No," pursued the Westerner; "it is not your custom. But what is the foundation of your custom? Why do you Indian gentlemen guard your ladies from each other with such scrupulous care? Is it not, in bald words, because in general you do not trust each other?

"You admit that. Do you think, by chance, that my ladies are less precious to me than yours to you? Then why, I demand, in heaven's name, should I ask them to receive, as domestic intimates, men like you—men with minds so self-acknowledged, self-advertised?"

AND now that we come to brass tacks again, may I take one last bit of space to drive in a tack for Mrs. John J. Smith of Smithville, U. S. A.? It is a hateful subject, but, again and again, far away in India, seeing and hearing the things that passed before me, I silently promised her that if ever I got home, she should have this warning:

Keep away, Mrs. John, from the swamis, the yogis, the traveling teaching men.

You would need no such bidding if, for an instant, you guessed the truth.

In your innocence, in your good faith, in your eager-minded receptivity of high-sounding doctrine, in your hunger for color, romance, glamour, and dreams come true, you expose yourself, all unsuspecting, to things that, if you knew them, would kill you dead with unmerited shame.

THE END

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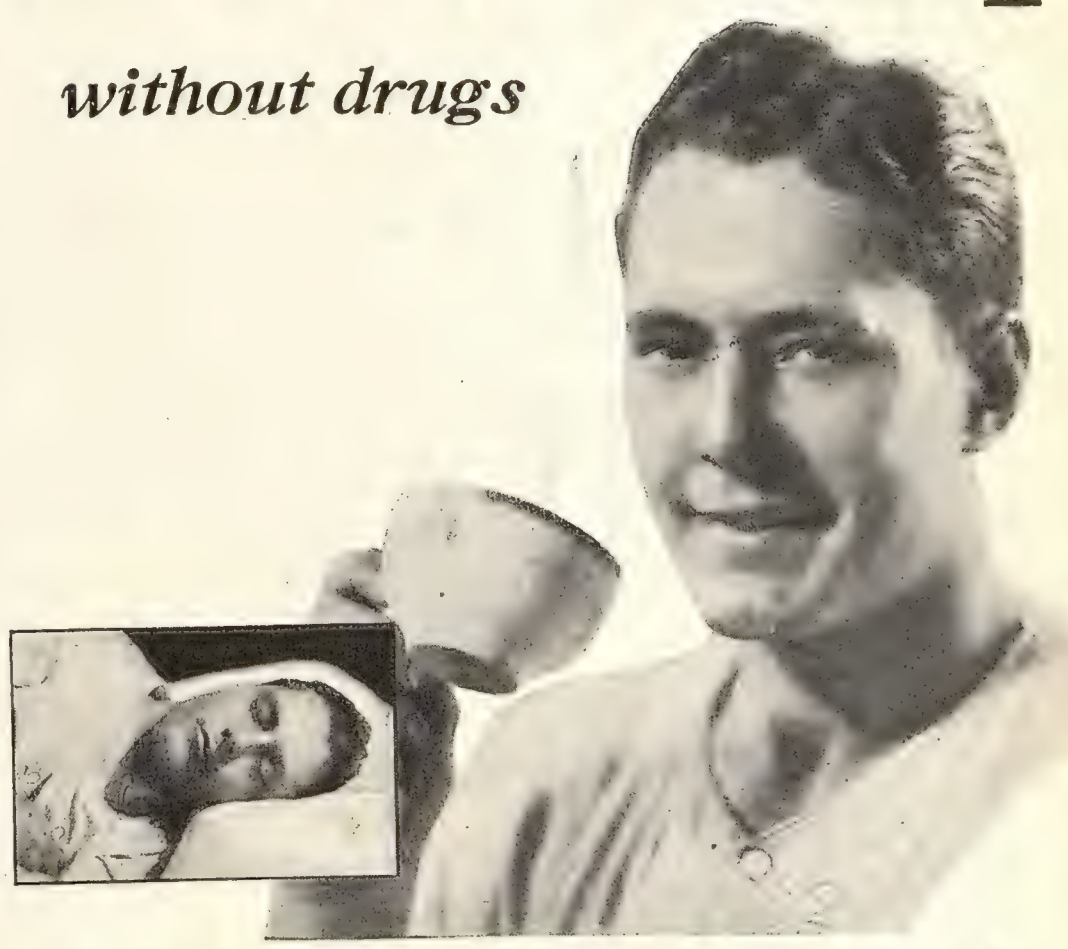

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From tonight on, you can be sure of getting instant, deep sleep—*without the use of drugs*. You will awaken each morning fairly tingling with healthy vigor.

No drug can ever refresh you in that way. For, while drugs may put you to sleep, they always leave you "logy" and befuddled when you awaken.

But science has developed a wonderful food-beverage that brings sound, restful sleep *in a natural way*. It is called Ovaltine. It puts you to sleep instantly. And as you sleep, its special food properties restore your tired mind and body—building up new vitality and energy.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

The 3-day test we offer here will prove all we claim. Note, most carefully, how good you feel when you get up in the morning.

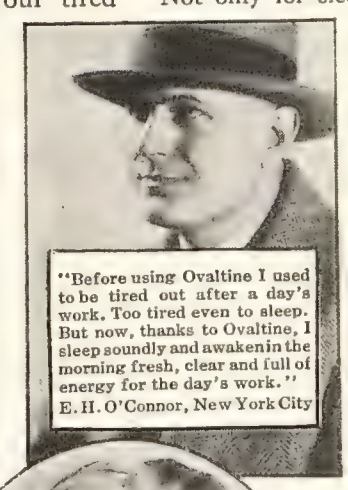
Why Ovaltine brings restoring sleep

Authorities agree that *digestive unrest* is the main cause of sleeplessness. Ovaltine overcomes this condition in two ways:

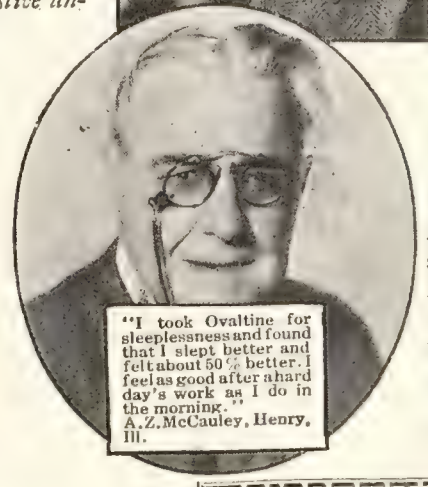
First—It digests very quickly itself. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

Second—It has the unusual power of digesting 4 to 5 times its weight of other foods you eat. Hence, it aids your digestion which goes on speedily and efficiently. Frayed nerves are soothed. Sound sleep follows.

And as you sleep, the special food properties of Ovaltine also help to restore your tired mind and body. (One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa, or 3 eggs.)



"Before using Ovaltine I used to be tired out after a day's work. Too tired even to sleep. But now, thanks to Ovaltine, I sleep soundly and awaken in the morning fresh, clear and full of energy for the day's work." E. H. O'Connor, New York City



"I took Ovaltine for sleeplessness and found that I slept better and felt about 50% better. I feel as good after a hard day's work as I do in the morning." A. Z. McCauley, Henry, Ill.

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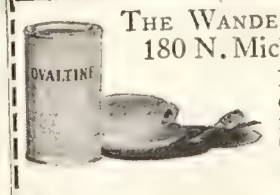

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One package to a person

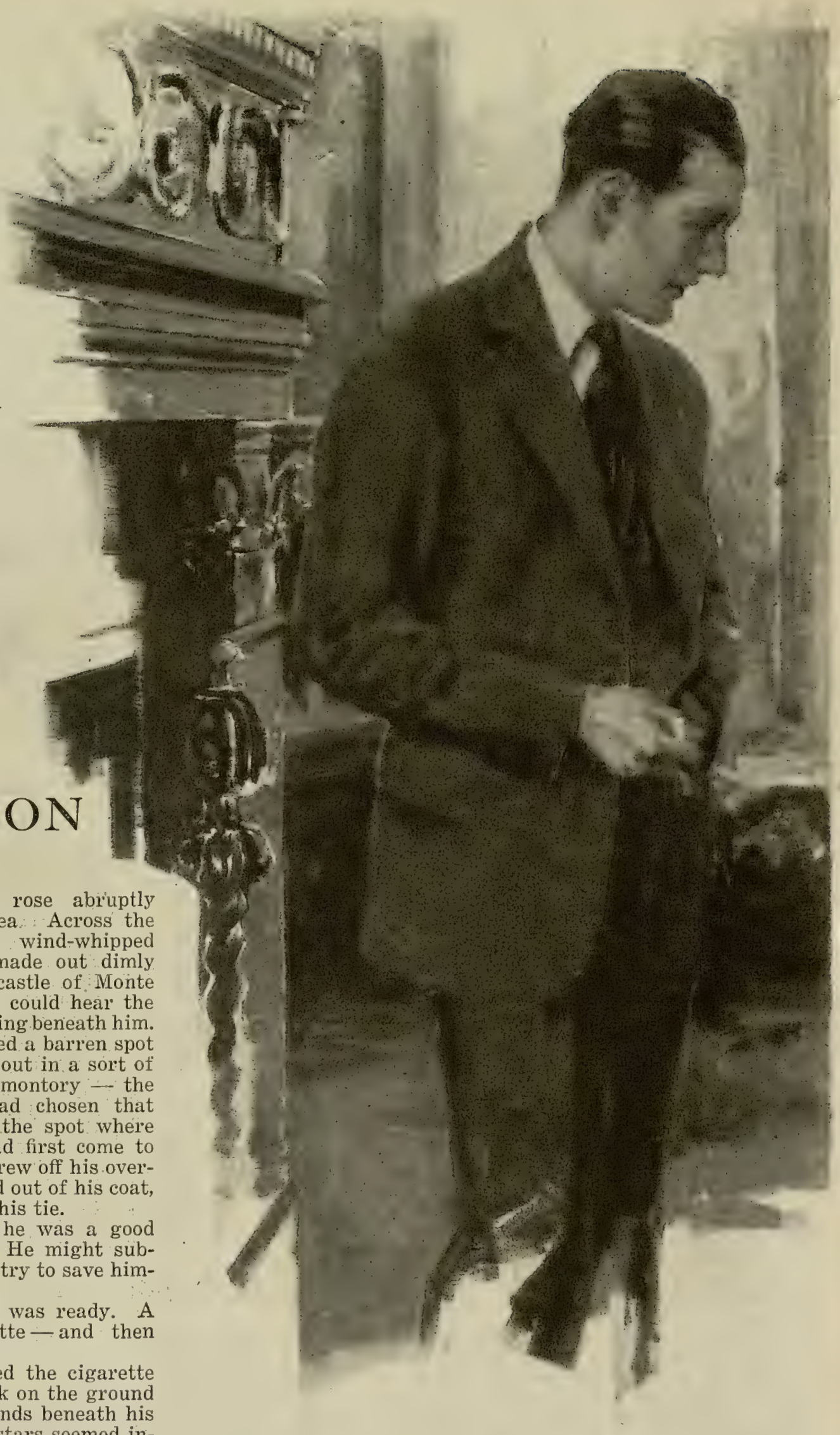
A DAY Out of Dark

The Romance of Two Who Sought Death—and Found Life and Love

A Short Story by

NORVAL RICHARDSON

Pictures by JOSEPH A. MATURO



(Reading time: 19 minutes 40 seconds.)

WHEN a man decides to commit suicide he is usually considered to be out of his mind. Whitman wondered if he were. He looked about the room, enumerated the objects in it, then glanced down at the table before him and named the things arranged there—a letter he had just written, a passport, a letter of credit, and a pocketbook.

He touched these things to be sure he was not imagining them. Then he slumped back in the chair and lighted a cigarette. Crazy? Of course not! As a matter of fact, now that the decision was made, he felt calmer than he had for ages. As for the future! Well, that would have to take care of itself.

He got up from the table almost briskly, and put on his hat and light overcoat. Suddenly he realized he was hungry. He smiled. He would gratify the desire—his last carnal impulse. But to do this he would have to take the pocketbook with him. He had intended to leave it in the hotel in payment for his bill. Instead, he took out several notes, laid them on the table, stuffed the pocketbook into his coat, and went down to the street.

A block away he entered Basso's brilliantly lighted restaurant. He went upstairs and out on the balcony which overlooks the harbor.

When the menu was placed before him, he smiled again. His last dinner. Well, why not make it something of a banquet?

The waiter suggested several famous plates. He ordered all of them. As for wine—a red one, warming, comforting; and afterward a sparkling one that would be cheering. Coffee too, specially made—*filtré*.

Finally he paid the bill, and tipped the waiter so generously that he received a gracious smile. Perhaps that would be the last smile he would ever see.

Rather nice, that warm glow in the eyes, that pleasant lifting of features which, a moment before, had been sodden. Why didn't people smile oftener?

He left the restaurant and cut directly toward a narrow, dark street, and soon emerged on higher ground—the Corniche, a road along cliffs that rose abruptly from the sea. Across the stretch of wind-whipped water he made out dimly the gaunt castle of Monte Cristo. He could hear the water plashing beneath him.

He reached a barren spot that jutted out in a sort of small promontory — the place he had chosen that afternoon; the spot where the idea had first come to him. He threw off his overcoat, slipped out of his coat, and untied his tie.

Too bad he was a good swimmer! He might subconsciously try to save himself.

Now—he was ready. A last cigarette — and then the plunge!

He lighted the cigarette and lay back on the ground with his hands beneath his head. The stars seemed incredibly near. What was it all about—this universe, this life, this suffering! Ah, well, who had ever known? Who would ever know?

He glanced from the stars to the ground. A dark shadow was moving slowly past him—noiselessly, furtively.

For a moment it was plainly outlined at the edge of the cliff, against sea and sky—a woman's form. Then it disappeared, sinking out of sight.

Whitman stirred, sat up, then sprang to his feet. He knew that the cliff shot precipitously down to the sea. He had made sure of that during the afternoon.

He ran to the edge and peered down. He thought he could make out something being tossed about on the foaming surface. He leaned forward, to make sure.

The next moment he had lifted his arms, raised his body on his toes, calculated the distance, and sprung forward.

The water was warmer than he had expected. When his head emerged and he had shaken the water from his eyes, he looked about him. Ah, there it was, the black shadow, a few feet from him!

He swam easily to it, stretched out one arm, and grasped a hand—a woman's. As he pulled her toward him he felt that he was encountering resistance. She got her hand away from him, made a desperate stroke—and sank beneath the waves.

AMAZEMENT rushed through Whitman. The woman was doing the same thing he had planned to do! What right had he to save her if she did not wish to be saved?

Her head appeared again, this time thrown back as if unconsciousness had come. He flung himself toward her, impelled now by primitive instincts, grasped her firmly in his arms, and propelled himself toward the shore.

"WHAT are you going to do with me?" she asked.

He reached the precipitous rocks easily, and paddled along until he found a small cove with a beach. His feet touched the pebbles; he stood upright, with the woman in his arms. He stared about; found a path leading up the precipice to the same spot where, a few minutes before, he had been lying.

Once there, he, for the first time, looked at the woman he was carrying. Her face was ghastly white, her eyes closed, and apparently she was not breathing. His hand pressed against her water-soaked clothes and found her heart. It was still beating.

He laid her down on the ground, reached for his overcoat, wrapped it about her, and began moving her arms about vigorously. In a few minutes he saw her eyelids flutter open.

At first her eyes showed only incomprehension, then fear. She made a movement as if to turn away from him. He saw her features contract with a spasm of despair; and then her whole figure began to shake violently, and tears gushed down her cheeks.

Whitman felt that the crisis of emotion was too intimate to be witnessed. He moved away, and stumbled against his shoes. Without thinking of what he was doing, he automatically sat down to put them on. The effort of getting them over wet socks took several minutes. Then he reached for his coat and slipped it on.

All his gestures had become definite and deliberate, as if he were merely carrying out some plan made long ago.

When he got back to the woman, he knelt beside her, and found her lying quite calm, staring up at the sky.

He hesitated a moment, wondering what language to speak to her in. He chose French: "I'm going to take you back to your home. We ought to be able to find a taxi along the Corniche. I'll carry you there—if you feel up to going now."

She turned her eyes on him in a fury of hatred.

"Why did you do this? You had no right! I knew what I was doing. I wanted to die."

He avoided her scornful glance by rising. He even went to the extent of reaching in his pocket and drawing forth a cigarette. When he had lighted it, inhaled, let a few moments pass, he turned to her.

"When you are ready, I'll take you wherever you wish to go."

"There is no place to go."

"Surely there is someone—"

"There is no one. No one knows me here. There is no place for me but"—her hand made a feeble little gesture toward the sea—"out there."

"You have tried that—and failed."

"I can try again."

"Not so long as I am here."

He felt her eyes burning at him, and avoided them.

"Why do you want to interfere?"

HE hadn't the slightest idea. Some tradition, some ancient hangover, he supposed, that made him feel it an obligation to save a life. He drew deeply at his cigarette. When it was finished, and he had thrown it away, he assumed a brisk pose.

"At any rate, I'm not going to leave you here. I'm going to take you to my hotel." He saw her get to her knees—then, slowly, unsteadily, to her feet. He was quick to grasp her hand and hold it firmly. "You've got to do what I say. I'm not going to let you try any more mad tricks."

She brushed the hair back from her face and stared at him silently. Then: "What do you want to do with me?"

"Nothing except save you—help you."

She continued to stare, coming a little nearer.

"You are not French."

"I am American."

"Ah—American!" She repeated his words in perfect English.

She wrapped his overcoat more closely about her and straightened up as if she had reached a decision.

"I will go with you." Her voice trailed off into a mere whisper. "It does not matter where."

He drew her beside him up to the road. The lights of the Corniche soon stretched on either side of them. A taxi came toward them. He hailed it, and gave the name of his hotel.

Neither of them spoke during the fifteen-minute drive.

The hotel entrance was deserted except for the sleepy *concierge*, who asked no questions and made no comments when Whitman asked for a room next his.

They went up the steps, still silent, and remained so while the *concierge* opened the door, turned on the light, and left them alone.

Under the glare of the electric light Whitman saw the face of the woman he had saved for the first time distinctly. Sharp lavender circles beneath her eyes gave them an extraordinarily intent, piercing expression. The drawn lines, especially about the mouth, accentuated a pinched, desperate look; and yet through it all was an unmistakable look of youth—all the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DAY OUT OF DARK
Continued from Page Forty-one]

more touching on account of the pallor and mournful expression.

He hurried into his room, snatched up his dressing gown, slippers, and pajamas, and went back to her.

"You must get those soaking things off at once. Put these on." He held them toward her. "And—you must have something to drink—to eat; something to warm you. Are you hungry?"

"I have not eaten anything since—since yesterday."

"I'll get something at once. You get into those things while I am gone."

He closed the door after him; then, reconsidering, returned to lock it. The key was on the inside.

"Why are you doing that?" she asked.

He tried to smile. "Lock you in until I return."

Her face contracted. "I shouldn't have the courage—again."

HE hurried out to the restaurant where he had dined a little while before. He sought the smiling waiter, who asked no questions and hurried off to fill the order.

Whitman led the way back to the hotel, and up to the room, followed by the waiter with a covered tray.

He knocked on the door. Her voice answered, telling him to come in. She had wrapped his dressing gown about her and now sat before the table with her head bowed in her hands.

The waiter placed the tray on the table; removed the napkin with a flourish.

"If monsieur will leave it outside the door, I shall call for it in the morning."

Again they were alone. Whitman removed the covers from the dishes, poured out a glass of cognac. The room became filled with the pleasant aroma of hot food. She neither moved nor looked up.

"Drink the cognac," Whitman said, his voice gentle but firm. "It will warm you. Then you must eat something—everything, if you can."

He held the glass of cognac toward her. She drank it quickly. Then she lifted her head. She had dried her short blue-black hair and brushed it back from her forehead. Its orderly smoothness made her look more conventional, though the haunted, desperate expression was still uppermost.

She began to eat slowly, then with interest, and at last almost ravenously. To avoid watching her, Whitman went into his own room and changed into dry clothes. Her voice recalled him.

"Please—I'd like most awfully a cigarette."

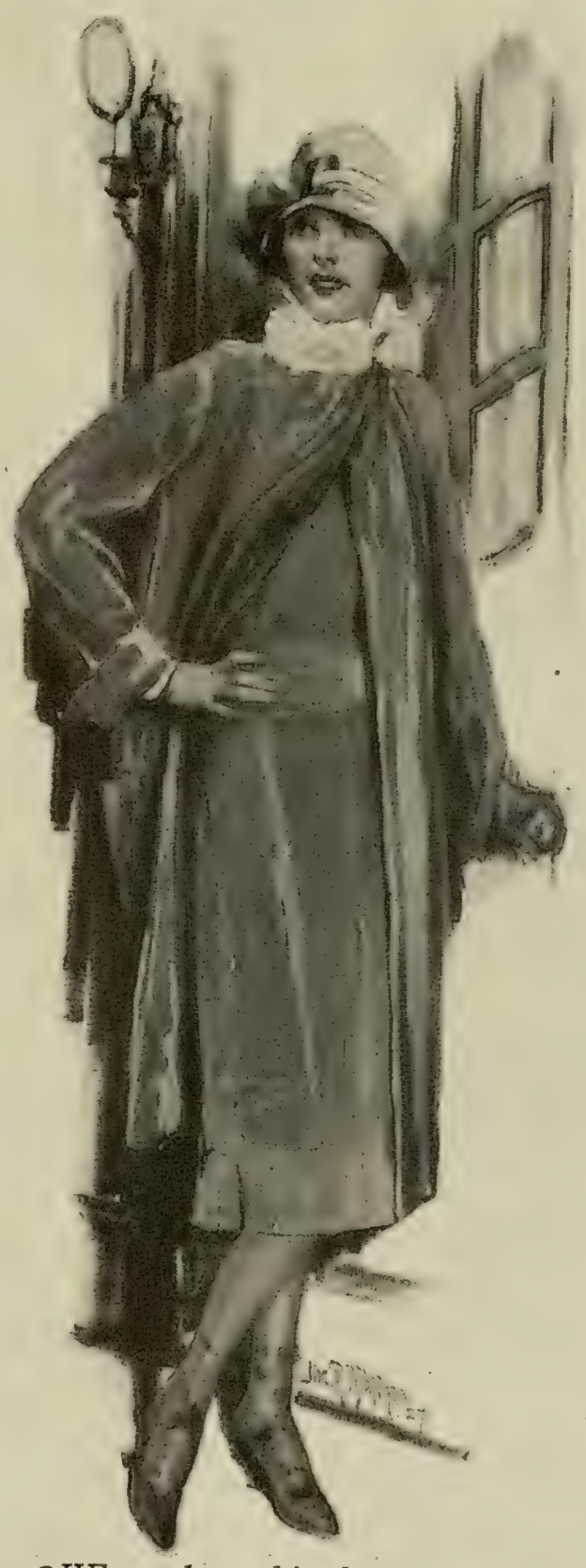
He extended her his case, immensely relieved. There was a slight color in her face now; the pinched look had gone; her whole body seemed to have relaxed.

"I believe all you needed was food," he said, a lighter note showing his intense relief. "Now—the world will look entirely different."

She looked at him with her slow, long glance. It was hardly curious any longer; it was more reflective.

"What are you going to do with me?" she asked.

Whitman took his time in replying: "Whatever you want me to do."



SHE was dressed in the new clothes—slim, svelte, extraordinarily smart.

"Are you so—so omnipotent?" There was a faint suggestion of a smile on her lips. She lifted her hand to hide an unconquerable yawn. Whitman saw her lids droop. Sudden, overwhelming sleep was getting hold of her.

"Try to think me omnipotent—at least tonight," he said softly. "And don't bother about anything in the world."

"Don't bother—" Her arm curved before her on the table and her head bowed forward and rested on it. In a few minutes she was sound asleep.

Whitman waited a long time; then went softly across to the bed and turned back the covers. He went back to her, saw that she was sleeping heavily, picked her up, and carried her gently to the bed. He arranged the covers over her, removed the tray from the table, placed it outside in the hall. Then he returned, opened the window wide, pushed a chair up to it, sat down, and stared out into the night.

THE same bright stars were hanging in the sky—the same he had looked up at out there above the sea. But now they seemed even brighter and much, much nearer.

And here he was in this same old world, when he had counted by this time on being—God alone knew where. He had actually not thought of his own problem since the weird encounter.

He had only thought of another—that piteous little creature lying there.

He rose quietly and stood beside the bed, looking down at her. How young, how childlike, how helpless! And how wonderfully delicate and fragile—even beautiful.

He leaned nearer and studied her face. There was the unmistakable look of race in her finely molded features. Who was she? What was she? Without friends—nowhere to go—alone in the world.

A warmth spread slowly through him as he gazed at her. She would never be able to say she was alone in the world again. They were now linked with a binding cord. He owed her his life.

Good God—what a fool he had been! Not only a fool—a coward. And it had been given to this forsaken child to show him the depths of his weakness.

In those quiet, mysterious hours which precede the dawn Whitman touched the profound depths of his spiritual existence.

When a faint light began to outline the bare mountains surrounding the city, turned them into lavender and rose pinnacles, changed the towering pile of Notre Dame de la Garde into a fairy castle, sketched the city with glowing tints, he got up stiffly, opened his arms wide to the new day.

Then he stole toward the bed. She was sleeping quietly. He touched her hair.

She opened her eyes and looked up at him. Their glances crossed, wavered, then settled into a long, deep look. He turned away with an effort toward doing something practical.

"I'll ring for coffee."

"You've been here all night?"

He nodded silently.

"How good you are! Why are you doing all this for me?"

"I haven't begun yet," he answered lightly.

He rang the bell and gave an order to the waiter. Then:

"The first thing to do is to get you some clothes. You can't put those wet things on." He stared about a little helplessly. "I suppose I can find what you need in the shops—if you'll give me a list."

She was looking at him again. "And then?"

"Then you must tell me what you want to do. There must be someone who belongs to you—to whom you belong."

"Only one person now in the whole world—my brother."

"Where is he?"

"In New York."

"Then you must go to him."

She covered her face with her hands, shuddering. "They will not let me."

"Who will not?"

"The Soviet authorities here. I have no passport. I went to the consulate yesterday. They laughed at my request. They know who I am—who my family was. All they asked was how I had escaped from Russia. When I told them I had no money, that I was starving, they told me that I could find plenty of food, even luxury, in the *vieux quartier* of Marseilles. It was the thought of that that drove me last night—"

She turned her face away.

"But your brother in New York?"

"I have only heard from him once: not directly—through friends. He and I escaped after our father and mother were murdered. We had got to the Finnish frontier when I was caught. A few months ago word came from him that he was in New York, and that I must make every effort to escape. He could not come to me, but he would wait for me there.

"I finally found a moment when I could run away. I walked until I crossed into Poland. From there"—her voice broke and it was several moments before she could begin again—"from there I have begged my way—through Austria, Italy, here."

"But surely there is some way for you to get to your brother. The American consul—"

"I went there. They could do nothing."

Whitman straightened up resolutely. "I'll find a way."

He hesitated, his hand on the door knob. "I can trust you? You will promise me—you will be here when I return?"

She lay back with a little sigh.

"I will promise anything—unless you don't come back."

WHITMAN crossed to her and picked up her hand. "You know I shall come back—and that I'm going to do everything in my power for you. But I may be gone all morning."

Her hands closed over his.

"I shall be waiting at the window."

He smiled down at her with a warm glow. "You are nothing but a child."

"I am eighteen."

He pressed her hand again; then raised it to his lips very gently.

"But—that list," he said quickly, digging in his pocket for pencil and notebook. "Write there everything you need. And give the numbers—or whatever you call them."

At the shop, he handed over the list to a sympathetic saleswoman, paid for the garments, and had them sent to the hotel. Then he went on to the American consulate. An hour there brought little encouragement.

"This girl's case is probably only one of thousands," the consul told him.

Whitman rose impatiently. "There must be some way to help her."

The consul smiled. "The only way I know

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

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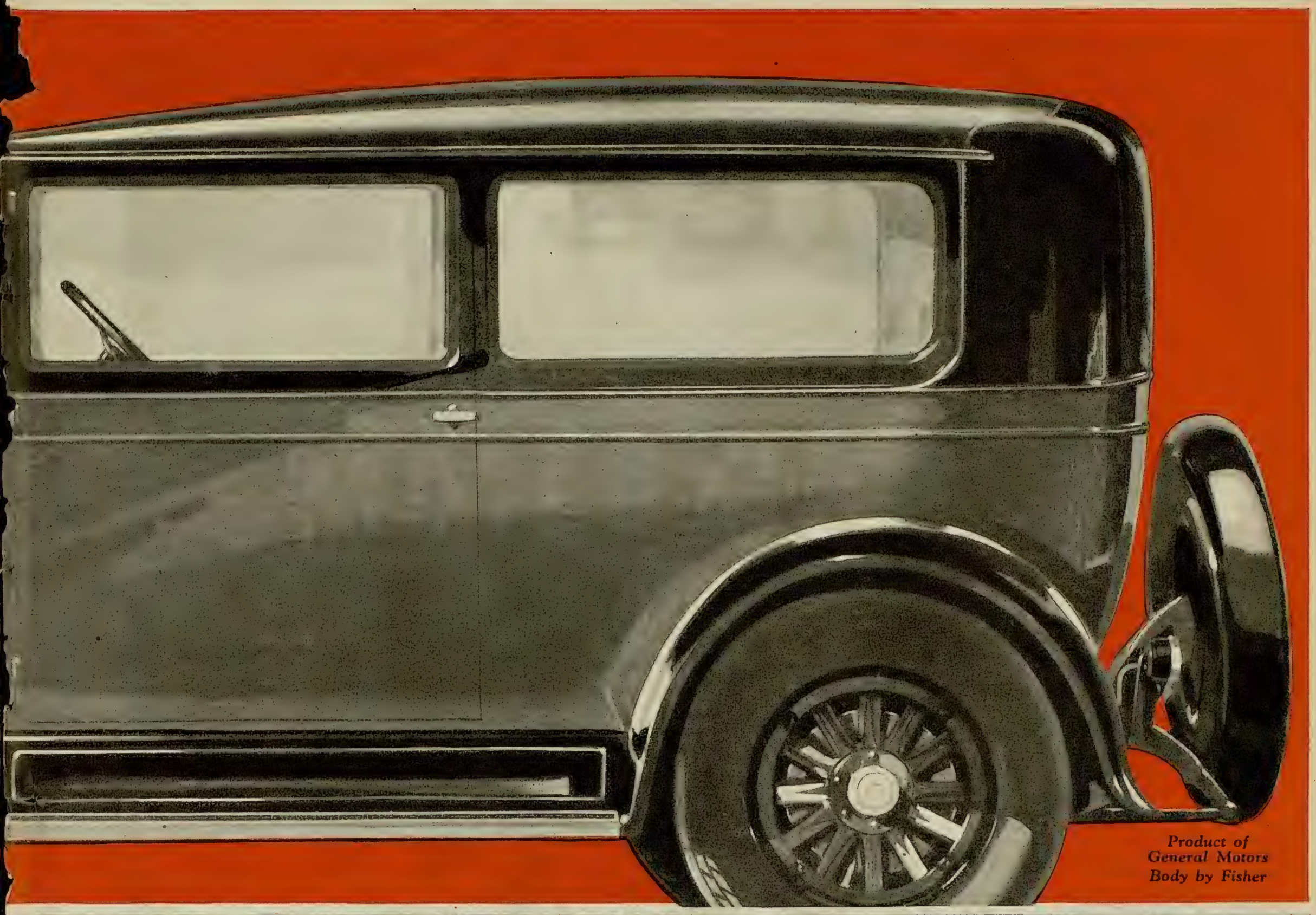

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO]

of by which she might enter the United States is for her to marry an American. I am authorized to add the name of a man's wife to his passport."

At noon Whitman was back at the hotel and before her door. When he had entered the room, he stopped precipitously. She was standing facing him, dressed in the new clothes —slim, svelte, extraordinarily smart. She was extremely pretty; but, more, she was distinguished looking.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed; then hurried on: "I've found the way for you to get to America."

She came toward him impetuously. He held up his hand in warning. "But I don't know that you will consider it." The haunted look rushed back into her eyes. "You'd have to trust me a lot to see it through."

"Trust you!" Her eyes softened into whimsical wonder. "How can I show my trust in you more than I have?"

Suddenly the color mounted into her face. "Perhaps you think—"

"I might have thought all sorts of things if I'd had time to," Whitman said slowly. "As a matter of fact, I suppose I did wonder why you trusted me."

Her glance evaded his and wavered toward the window.

"Don't you judge people by their faces? I do. And then—when you told me you were American—that made everything different."

"What is there different in an American?"

She thought this over a few moments. "You have built up a sort of tradition for yourselves—especially since the war. Your standards—your kindness —your attitude toward women. Last night I knew I was safe—at last."

Whitman turned away abruptly. "Let's go to luncheon somewhere."

"Before you explain?"

He nodded and held the door open.

"PLEASE," she began, when Whitman had ordered the luncheon, "tell me. I can't eat a thing until I know."

Whitman smiled grimly. "Your trust in an American is going to be put to the utmost test. The only way for you to get there is to go with one as his wife."

The haggard, desperate look was once more in her eyes.

"I thought you had found a way."

"I have. I have just told you. I have even found the man."

Her lips curved scornfully; then tears sprang into her eyes. "I suppose you have a right to think me as low as that."

"I mean myself."

"You!"

"Do you imagine I'd have thought of suggesting anyone else?" He leaned forward, pushing a plate out of his way. "Look here. This is the only possible way for you to get into America. We can be married here today or tomorrow—a legal marriage, you understand, by law, not by the church. There is a boat sailing for New York in three days. We can go on that."

She stared at him without speaking.

"The first step after we arrive there," Whitman hurried on, "will be to find your brother. The second will be to see about legal steps for obtaining a divorce."

She drew in her breath quickly. "Ah. Then —then—it will only be a *mariage blanc!*"

"Of course—only that."

A fresh course was served—which she did not touch. Whitman made an obvious effort to pretend to eat.

He stood upright, with the woman in his arms. He stared about; found a path leading up the precipice.

"Why are you willing to do this?"

The question caught him unprepared, particularly the low, vibrating voice in which it was asked.

"That has nothing to do with the matter. I *am* willing—that's all there is to it. Aren't you?"

"No. If there were some reason—if I had some claim on you—"

Again Whitman leaned across the table. "Listen to me." His voice was no longer steady. "You *have* got a claim on me—the greatest claim in the world. Last night I went out there where I found you, to do the same thing you tried to do."

"Kill yourself!"

"Yes. I had just received a message that made the world—this one—the last place I wanted to remain in. If it hadn't been for you—"

"What did I do?"

"You made me forget myself. And later—while I sat beside you last night—you made me realize what a coward I had been. You made my own case seem trivial—feeble—childish."

"Will you tell me what it was?"

"Does that matter?"

"It does to me. It is more important than anything else. On it"—a slight color began to show in her cheeks—"rests my decision to accept or refuse your offer."

WHITMAN drew back sensitively. To tell his secret to an utter stranger— An utter stranger! Could he call her that, after what they had been through together? People might live together for a lifetime and never reach the spiritual intimacy that a few moments had created for them. His words came distinct and cold:

"I have been living with one object before me for six years. It was to make enough money to support a woman I loved. It was what she demanded—a fortune. I had to start from the bottom. But I didn't mind; I thought she was worth it. It took me six long years to do it. At last, risking everything, I won. Today I am rich. I cabled her—she was over here at Cannes—and she answered that she was waiting for me; to come.

"When I arrived yesterday, I found a letter from her telling me that she had been married while I was on the way—to a titled Englishman—a man no doubt who had inherited his fortune, not made it."

Whitman had avoided her eyes. Now his glance came back to her and found her looking at him gently, sympathetically.

"If you've lived with one idea for so long a time—an idea that has become a part of you—and then suddenly find it no longer exists—I suppose it's only natural that you should go off your head a bit. Don't you think so?"

She considered this. "I'm not so sure; but I don't yet see how I have helped you."

"You got me by the bad moment. You actually saved my life. And you've given me something I don't think I've ever had before—a great, overwhelming desire to help someone else."

His face lighted up.

"You can't imagine what that means to me!" His voice grew eager. "As far as this marriage goes, don't give it a thought. It's merely form, routine, a means to an end. It's wholly impersonal."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[DAY OUT OF DARK Continued from Page Forty-seven]

She held his eyes gravely. "It is that to you—I mean, wholly impersonal?"

"I give you my word it is. There's my hand on it."

It seemed a full minute before she laid her hand in his.

"Ah—good! Then you'll go through with it?"

"Yes."

Whitman spent that afternoon tipping drowsing officials; and the next morning the legal ceremony took place. A duly authenticated paper was delivered; a photographer produced what he claimed was a speaking likeness of the bride; and, at the American consulate, this photograph and the bride's name—which Whitman realized, with a start, he had not thought of before—was added to his passport.

That afternoon they engaged two staterooms on a boat leaving the next morning.

The third day after their strange meeting, they sailed from Marseilles bound for New York.

That evening, after land had disappeared and only the blue Mediterranean stretched about them, Whitman found her standing by the rail, tightly clutching it, her gaze fixed with intensity upon the rushing water beneath her. He laid his hand very gently upon hers.

"Marisa."

She started; then slowly turned her head until their eyes met. At first hers were blank; then a look of warm wonder flashed into them. "That is the first time you've called me by my name."

WHITMAN laughed easily. "I never knew it until yesterday. Since then I've been saying it over and over to myself. It's very pretty." Then, anxiously: "What were you thinking of just then?"

He felt her hand shiver beneath his. "The water—that horrible water. I know now how it feels—how cold, how cruel it is when it meets over you."

He swung her about so that she faced him. He tried to make his voice stern.

"You've got to promise me to forget all that. We've got ten days before us in which to think only of the life that is awaiting us—a new life for you—and for me. It's something of a job, isn't it?"

"A job?" She looked up questioningly.

He laughed gayly. "I mean arranging and planning and dreaming of what we're going to do with ourselves."

"Do you know?"

"Haven't the slightest idea. You must help me. But you won't help me unless you're gay and happy, not thinking gloomy thoughts or worrying over things."

"I'll promise you not to," she said softly. "I'll promise anything you want. It's only right."

"That's the last thing I want—things that are right—that you feel you must do. All I want is for you to be happy. That's my job—making you so until we find your brother. And, if you don't mind, don't be so much a—what do you call it?—woman of the world. I like thinking of you as a kid more—as you were that first night and the next morning. Sometimes I wish I hadn't bought you those clothes. They make you entirely too grown up."

"All right."

She smiled—the first really carefree smile he had yet seen. And with it came the change he had demanded. She was at once years younger. "For these ten days I'll be only a kid—as you call it."

And she kept her promise. Every morning, when he met her on deck,

"You'd have to trust me a lot to see it through."

she was sparkling, radiant. She talked gayly of everything under the sun. Little by little, she told him scraps of her life.

He began to catch glimpses of an existence that was perfectly in accord with her suggestion of distinguished surroundings—of the country in which she was reared; of a vast estate surrounded in winter by endless wastes of snow, in summer by sunny fields of grain. An ancient fortress-castle had been her immediate setting. Of a pageant of retainers, serfs, servants, foreign governesses. Voyages to famous resorts—Biarritz, Cannes, Paris, London, Rome—seemed mere incidents in the routine of years.

Then the war, terror, hardships, starvation, the necessity of fleeing for life—a flight into the unknown.

It was only when she reached these latter incidents that Whitman stopped her. He insisted they no longer were a part of her life—that they must be pushed aside and forgotten.

THE last evening out, they were sitting on a sheltered part of the deck. They had been silent a long time—so long that Whitman thought she had fallen asleep. His thoughts sailed out into the unknown into which the next day would once more thrust her.

A pang of loneliness shot through him. How was he going to get along without her? Could it be possible that they had merely passed, like people on a dark road, exchanged greetings, and were now to go on into the darkness as if nothing had happened?

He began to wonder if she felt at all as he did. Since they had sailed, nothing could have been more impersonal than their relationship—at least, hers with him.

Not that she had failed to show him in a thousand ways that she appreciated what he had done for her. "Exquisite American chivalry," she had called it.

The phrase annoyed him. In pulling her out of the water he had pulled himself out, too. They owed each other nothing. Unconsciously he sighed deeply.

Almost instantly he saw a hand emerge from the steamer rug and rest on the arm of his chair. In the dim glow of the deck light, he saw the meaningless wedding ring on her finger glitter.

"You made me promise to have only happy thoughts." Her voice reached him softly. "Yet I heard you sigh just then—a deep sigh—a far from happy one. Tell me—you are still thinking of her?"

"Of her! Who?" he asked, startled. He shot a glance at her, saw a slight smile curving her lips.

"Never mind," she answered, almost a whisper. "You've answered me."

"Oh—that!" His voice showed that his surprise at her inference was sincere. "That seems like a horrible dream. I wonder if it was ever real. This," he touched the wedding ring on her finger, "is the only thing that is real to me now."

"And tomorrow, I suppose, I must stop wearing it."

"No, not tomorrow—not until we are divorced."

"Ah—I'm glad of that. Without it—that would mean—" She rose.

"What?" Whitman asked.

"That I no longer had any claim upon you."

Before he had time to rise, she had gone swiftly down the deck and disappeared.

HE found her early the next morning, standing at the rail, watching the silhouette of New York harbor.

As their glances crossed, he saw the shadows once more in her eyes—the dark, grave glow that had been absent during the voyage. She turned away quickly and nodded toward the tall buildings.

"Your country—your home," she murmured. "Yes—it is like the spirit of the American men. It is symbolic. Structures of steel reaching far up into the heavens."

She drew off her glove and slipped the wedding ring from her finger and held it out to him.

"I've thought—all night—of what you said about wearing it until we are divorced. I have decided it is best not to do that."

"Why not? What harm—"

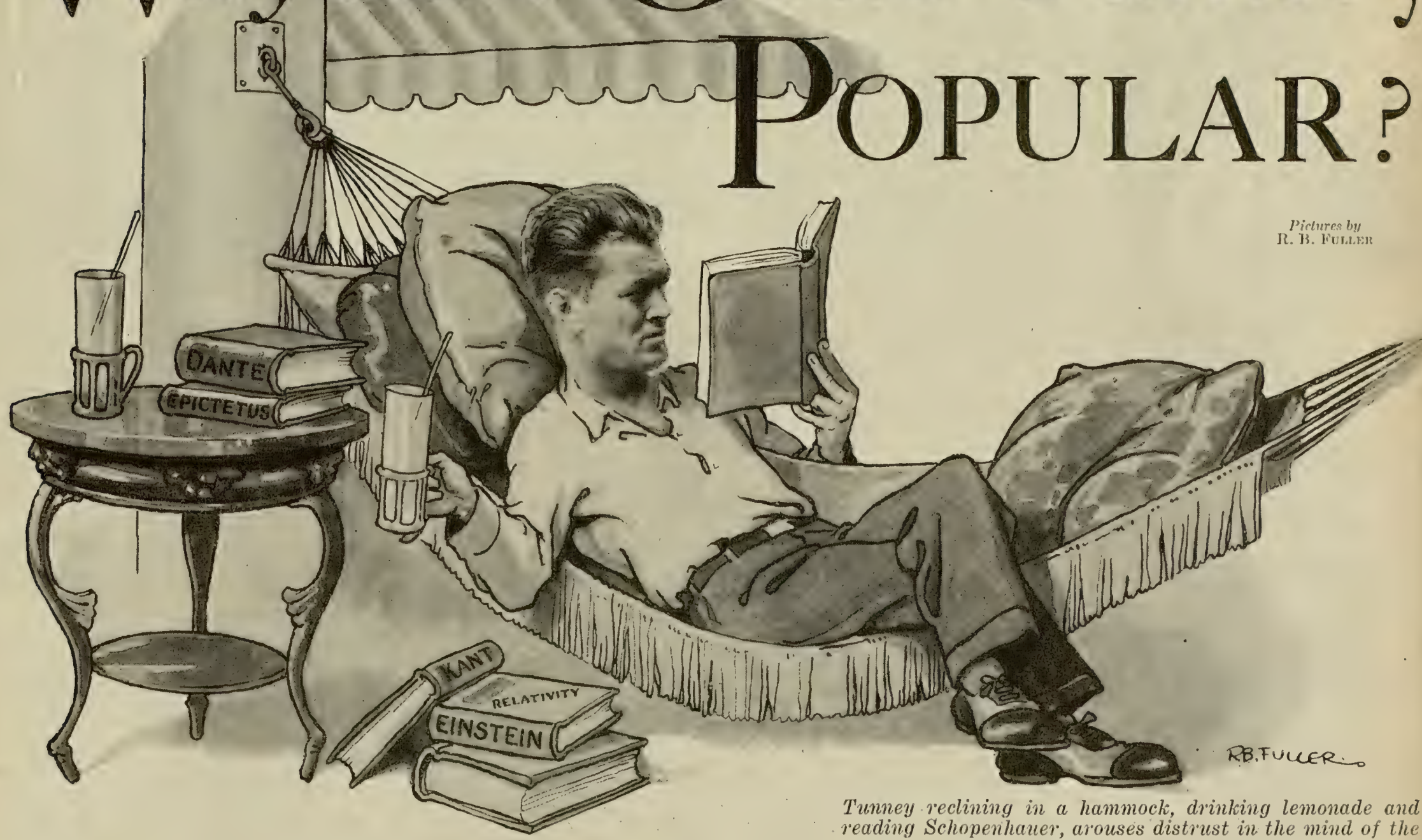
She grasped his arm, holding to him with a violence that fairly took his breath away.

"Don't treat me as a child any longer. I am a woman—with a woman's strength to battle for what she wants. Don't you see—don't you understand—if I wear this ring any longer I'll—I'll contest the divorce!"

When Whitman got hold of himself again, as he would have expressed it, he reached for the ring and took it from her, lifted her hand, and slipped the ring back on her finger. Then—braving convention and the crowd of passengers about them—he leaned forward and kissed the ring.

THE END

Why Isn't Gene Tunney POPULAR?



Pictures by
R. B. FULLER

Tunney reclining in a hammock, drinking lemonade and reading Schopenhauer, arouses distrust in the mind of the fight world.

The Strange Case of a Winner Losing and a Loser Winning the Public's Esteem

An Article by SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

(Reading time: 11 minutes.)

IT would be incorrect to title this article, Why Is Gene Tunney Unpopular? It's much worse, from Tunney's standpoint and from Tex Rickard's. For if the heavyweight champion were genuinely disliked the boxing promoter could pack his arena with customers eager to see the former marine knocked out.

It's worse than merely being not popular, because it simply means that Tunney is generally regarded as so colorless in private personality, so destitute of ring magnetism, and so unspectacular in fighting deportment, that the public is neutral, indifferent, neither liking nor disliking the man it should, by all sensible reasoning, cordially acclaim as a gentleman and an athlete whose conduct both within and outside the amphitheater has elevated the sport of boxing from the gutter to the status of a drawing-room topic.

It is idle to discuss popularity, save from a comparative basis. How does one know that Tunney isn't popular? Simply because one knows that Jack Dempsey is.

And before we paint the curious paradox of a scholar and a man of honor failing to inspire admiration and affection after winning the title, and of a former hobo and a lifelong fistic roughneck capturing world-wide popularity after his dethronement, it is opportune to report the composite opinion of the public today in words of one syllable—words that, after all is said, exactly express the answer to the title of this article:

"Well, Jack socks 'em and chills 'em; Gene spars and wins on points!"

That isn't precisely complimentary to a civilized world (*sic*); but it is fundamental, and the sentiment comes down to us from the jungle and the cave; and it explains why Dempsey is the idol of the masculine contingent, and why Tunney inspires only a mental shrug there, even though he is exceedingly popular with many women. We'll go into that feminine angle presently. Jack socks 'em—and Gene doesn't.

There it is, the answer to the puzzle. Paid vast sums therefor, Jack does openly and legally what every man longs in secret to do—sock somebody and drop him with a punch.

The man who backs into the elevator and steps on our toes; the chap who shoulders us in the street car; the autoist who cuts in ahead; the neighbor whose Fido bites our Rover or whose Sonny slaps our Junior; the rival who wins our girl's smile—oh, there are a million men each of us would like to wallop on the jaw and watch writhe on the ground at our feet!

There isn't a man in the world who secretly longs to outbox another man; there isn't one, from the pigeon-breasted clerk to the bare-armed truck driver, who doesn't yearn within his timid or law-awed bosom to park a soporific punch on the other man's chin.

Every man in the world who knows him knows that when Jack Dempsey whirls in his corner at the sound of the opening gong and leaps toward his opponent, something's going to happen and happen quickly, something fearsome and primeval and ruthless and altogether convincing in its finality.

EVERY male among the scores of thousands around the ring, and the scores of millions around the radio sets at home, feels something awaken and stir within his breast when the Manassa Mauler races across the canvas; something that sees red and heats the blood and makes the skin prickle on the back of the neck where once hairs stood erect in the presence of a foe; something that tightens the flabby biceps and compresses the lips and twitches at the vestigial muscles that once pulled our ears back flat against the sloping skull.

That is, every man *knows* that Jack Dempsey, once that bell clangs, is about to do something every one of us wishes he could do.

And whether you admire Tunney's war record and feel contempt for Dempsey's; whether you indorse Gene's innate honesty and decency and disapprove of Jack's earlier excursions into brothels and his shiftiness in match-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[WHY ISN'T GENE TUNNEY POPULAR? Continued from Page Forty-nine]

making and his undeniably rough fighting; whether you like the Freud that Tunney peruses and sneer at the *Police Gazette* that Dempsey revels in—nevertheless you do love the primordial battler that the Western gladiator is, and you either actually dislike or are indifferent toward the safety-first, light-hitting boxer and would-be sesquipedalianist that is the Greenwich Village Adonis.

If Rickard tossed Dempsey into the ring with a reincarnated Jim Jeffries or with the biggest set-up that ever accepted it on the chin, he would be sure of packing any arena, because everybody knows Jack is going to start launching those crushing rights and lefts the minute the battle commences, is going to knock his opponent flat or be knocked flat himself.

If Rickard put Tunney in the ring with anybody else in the game today except Dempsey, it's an odds-on bet they wouldn't draw enough to list the battle among the ten biggest gates of pugilistic history. Ask Rickard: he knows!

Why should anybody declare a private holiday, close up his office, spend large sums on a special train and a ringside ticket, and journey to a distant city, to see Tunney defend his title against anybody—except Dempsey? What would happen in the ring when you got there?

Well, of course, something *might* happen. But it's a hundred to one nothing would, save that Tunney probably would win the decision on points at the end of the bout.

But why will governors and mayors and millionaires and ordinary business men and gangsters and old *Pro Bonehead Publico* procrastinate and plot and lie to their wives and enjoy any cost and inconvenience to get a ticket, any time, anywhere, to watch a fight in which Jack Dempsey is one of the principals? And care not who the other one is?

Simply because they have the assurance, guaranteed by his past performances and his genuinely great fighting heart, that something *will* happen of a stunning and sensational character when Dempsey weaves his combative way toward his antagonist. (You can ignore the Tommy Gibbons and second Bill Brennan bouts: Dempsey was saving the former for a return contest; and he stopped Brennan twice, anyhow, once hitting him so hard on the jaw that he broke Bill's ankle.)

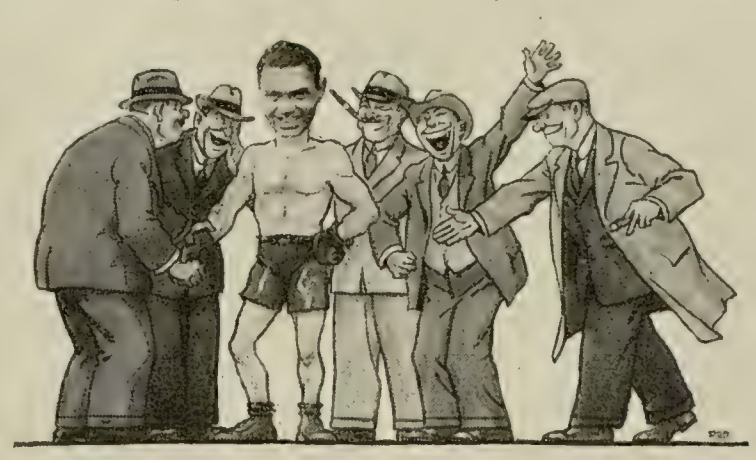
Dempsey is a fighter and Tunney is a boxing strategist; and the world always did, and quite likely always will, love the fighter.

Dempsey has not always been popular. Tunney never has been. Time was when the nation revolted at the sight of the great Colorado heavyweight staying in America while America was at war in France.

And few, except denizens of the boxing world, had any use for Jack Kearns, Dempsey's astute former manager, simply because Kearns was smart enough to pilot his charge swiftly to the top and cunning enough to appraise our opulent era and drain the traffic of all it would bear.

Kearns was a brilliant manager for a potential champion, and Dempsey owes much to him, even if the general public visited on the title holder much of the odium inspired by his guardian.

The world loves the guy with the punch. Napoleon Lajoie was a far better all-round baseball player than Hans Wagner; but the fans loved Honus. Cobb was infinitely superior in almost every respect to Babe Ruth; but the Bambino pulls 'em through the turnstiles. He packs the wallop.



DEMPSEY is the idol of the masculine contingent because he does openly what every man longs in secret to do—sock somebody.

Benny Friedman was a greater football player than Harold Grange; but Red will be a green memory when the Michigan quarter-back tactician is forgotten. Grange, you see, had a definite way of settling the score.

Corbett was the master boxer among the heavies; but John L. Sullivan will tower above him as long as men squabble over prize fighting, because the Boston Strong Boy knocked 'em kicking and Gentleman Jim would jab and run away.

The boy with the sock always has captured the fancy of a world which longs to lay finger tips on the pinnacle, if only vicariously.

THE world doesn't like Tunney because he is trying to elevate the roughest game of them all. The world doesn't want to be elevated; it has always been elevated against its obstinate will. Tunney's just a reformer, after all; and we've hated reformers since the first one meddled in hoi polloi's affairs.

Tunney represents mentality and a degree of culture, and the lowbrow world fears and dislikes the educator and his education. We hate to be shown up, and we are afraid of anybody we suspect is capable of showing us how really dumb we are.

Tunney aspires to be a gentleman, as he interprets that appellation; and the world never has had much use for gentlemen, because it fears the gentleman is in some occult way a superior.

The idea of Tunney reclining in a hammock on the estate of a wealthy friend, drinking a lemonade and reading Schopenhauer, arouses distrust in the mind of an uncouth world which, reprehensibly yet stubbornly, insists on preferring its prize-ring champions to be gorillas who look the part, who are willing and able to destroy anybody they don't like with a wallop on the jaw.

And therein lies the secret of the strange esteem in which most women hold Tunney.

Tunney represents to womankind her triumph over the masculine. Man is tamed at last; he'll stand hitched; the polygamy is wrung out of him; she can count on his coming home at night; he is broken to the halter; and her provender and rooftree and wardrobe and offspring will be guaranteed by the domesticated male.

Dempsey is the abysmal Neanderthaler who commanded his woman to sit in the cave till he returned and wouldn't tell her where he was going. He might have started out with his stone club athwart his hairy shoulder in the direction of the water hole, where he could sneak up on an antelope, brain it, and drag it home for food.

But, on the other never-to-be-known hand, he might run across a comely young woman of the tribe and wander away with her, or grasp her by the hair and haul her to his cave, toss her in with the wife he already dominated, and order them to get along without quarreling.

Since we dropped out of the tree and began to walk erect, woman, poor devil, with two strikes on her from birth, has tried to amend the rules of the game of life—the game in which the male was both player and umpire.

For untold cycles she has with cunning tried to do what she could not do with physical strength and mere attractiveness, since she didn't have enough of the former and the latter inevitably faded beneath the hoofs of the years. She has tried since Time began to tame the demon whom Nature made it impossible for her to get along with—or to get along without.

Tunney is the tamed male, the smiling boy with the part in his hair, the reward to woman of her countless ages of domesticating conspiracy. She knows where he is at night. And, since he is tamed and likes to drink buttermilk and read books, she is relieved of one dreadful fear—that he will beat her.

She has hypnotized his fury and withered his arm and made him gentle at last; and, having brought him to her knee, she can now step across his prostrate body to new liberties, to new interests, to a hitherto masculine world from which she had been excluded.

She can take Life apart now and see what makes it tick. Heretofore man merely let her listen to the ticking, and gruffly told her to tend the hearth and he'd go out and wind Life up so it would keep on ticking. Every woman has always feared within her heart that some other woman was helping him wind it up.

That's why she has always been suspicious of every other woman, and why she hates them all, unless they are manifestly less attractive, less desirable than herself.

Well, if Tunney is the feminine

triumph in the eternal war between the sexes, Dempsey is still the incorrigible, heavy-handed, night-prowling, unreliable devil of the tribe.

Modern women have been apprehensive about him and the thing he represents. The fact that the men of today have admired him and raved about him is sufficient to have set the women against him; for anything the male likes excessively the female is afraid of.

She has understood that in her husband's heart some old dead fiber has been resurrected by the slashing, fearless, brutal Dempsey; and that deep within himself he wishes that he could do with impunity the things he is glad to pay Dempsey for — the privilege of watching him relive in himself the big bully of the tribe each domesticated boob dreams of being.

TUNNEY is the tamed male. Therein lies the secret of the strange esteem in which most women hold him.

And woman, collectively, is afraid that if the faint and feeble stirrings of that old tyrannical fiber could be resuscitated today on a wide enough scale, the whole structure of contemporaneous sex equality might be endangered.

So, each woman has distrusted Jack Dempsey and has openly voiced abhorrence of him, because he is a formidable figure in her secret mental processes, if any.

But, so long as he continued to sock his opponents and knock 'em stiff, there was little she could say to her weakling spouse when he babbled about the Mauler, since he *was* backing the winner. Then the years tugged at Jack's flanks and pulled him down, and along comes a second-rate heavyweight who outpoints the shell of a once great champion.

AHA! Forgetting that Dempsey was harried by lawsuits and possible danger to the person of his wife, since he knew the type of rascals hounding him; forgetting that he might have seen fit to make a financial arrangement that increased his profits then and later, if he pulled his punches and let the Marine win; forgetting, even if the first bout were on the level and the long count in the second contest legitimate, that the years had as much to do with the outcome as Tunney did; forgetting everything except that at last the Bruiser of the Jungle was beaten, and by a gentleman, a tamed male —the women of the civilized world leaped to their pretty feet with a shriek of pleasure and a twittering of vindication and a pæan of triumph, speaking thus to their dumfounded husbands who had bet on Jack:

"Well, thank God, Franklin, that old slacker Dempsey was beaten. And a nice, handsome, clean-living boy who went to war and who is good to his mother is the man who beat him. I'll bet, if Gene marries, his wife will have a mighty good husband, a husband who won't play stud poker and make his own gin and stay out late and lie about being in the office like some husbands I know.

"Mr. Tunney is a gentleman because he says he doesn't like to fight, that he only boxes, and that he hopes to teach clean living to young boys. I'd rather our little Rollo would be like him than to try and act like your old Dempsey and the rest of those hard punchers, as you call them and seem so stupidly to admire."

And yet, womankind's preference for Tunney is not natural—for deep down in her heart every woman loves the outlaw. The mother loves the black sheep of her flock; the woman who really loves her man will follow him through a garbage-strewn path down to hell.

No woman ever hated the man who struck her—unless, of course, by some chance she didn't deserve it. If she had it coming to her, and got it, she recognized the justice of the discipline that began a myriad ages ago and prevails today in his heart and hers, even if she has made it unlawful for him to beat her.

TUNNEY, indeed, is the tame gander. Dempsey is the untamed eagle. Therefore, collectively, woman does prefer Tunney, because he symbolizes permanency to the altogether delightful matriarchy our modern Amazons are surely fashioning out of a once wholly masculine world.

The men subconsciously resent that preference for the second-rate fist fighter. The fact that women say they like Tunney is enough to convince the men that there's something wrong with him.

But, being men and addle-pated, they are unable to express their reasons for not liking Tunney, and are quite unreasonable in continuing to admire the Battling Brute who knocks 'em kicking.

In other words, Tunney is not popular with the men because he has no socks appeal; and he is popular with many women for that very reason, that he isn't likely ever to sock a lady on the beezer.

And Dempsey is popular with the men and with women unencumbered with husbands and ideas about their rights, because he most decidedly has a socks appeal, and is likely to sock any gent or jane who irritates him; and because every man would like, far more often than women suspect, to wallop some woman.

Ergo: Tunney is not popular and Dempsey is, and the reason lies in the fact that there has ever been and always will be a war between the sexes. Jack's is the victory of the male; Tunney's is the triumph of the female.

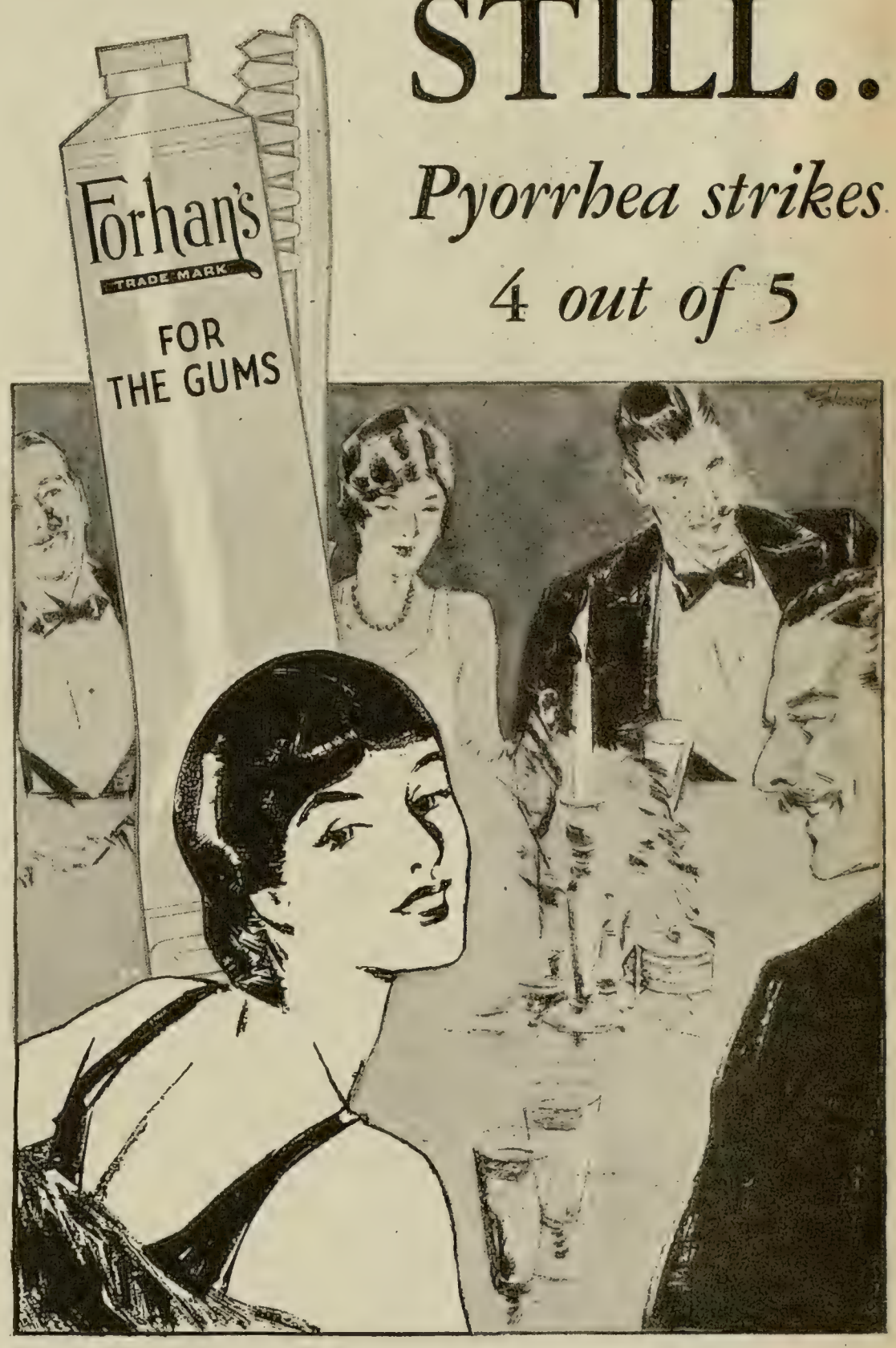
THE END

Although teeth are white

STILL..

Pyorrhea strikes

4 out of 5



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YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

The TRAP

A Story of Love and Hate in the Mountains

By

CLINTON DANGERFIELD

Pictures by H. T. Fisk

Then he saw that Broad was rocking in agony, the smoking muzzle of

(Reading time: 18 minutes 42 seconds.)

ABSORBED and soothed by his own tenor song, the clan chief's grandson, young Glen Buchanan, was unaware of the tall, gaunt figure moving with ominous caution toward him through the shielding white oaks.

Under Glen's lithe body, gray sandstone jutted up from the mountain's escarpment, forming the narrow peak on which he perched. His forgotten rifle rested against a twisted, dwarfed pine which writhed out of a cleft near him.

Below him lay Dipper Valley, a warm green cup filled with the wine of sunny, fragrant air. Between the main valley and the flat-topped mountain's miles of cliff, sweeping slopes of emerald were starred with great bursts of white dogwood blossoms.

The "handle" of Dipper Valley was shaped by the squeezing in of the valley head, narrowing the land to a secret, sullen trough. Across it, on the opposing mountain wall, lived his hereditary enemies, the McCombs.

Glen's gray eyes rested now on the cloud-softened curves of the horizon beyond the valley, where range faded into range, all their harshness lost in dreamy beauty. He sang on. A brief, sardonic voice sliced off his verse:

"Fool!"

Glen started violently up, diving for his rifle, then straightened, flushing. His grandfather had the weapon! The old man's knotty fingers closed savagely around both rifles.

"Is this ther way," snarled old Buchanan, "that you watch for them goat-thievin' McCombs?"

Glen recovered himself, and smiled whimsically.

"Grandpappy, I believe it's wildcats, not the McCombs, gettin' your goats." As he spoke he stepped down and gently recaptured his weapon. "They've a herd of their own."

"So you'd argy that if a man had a ten-dollar bill he'd never steal no ten-dollar bill from no one else," the ancient retorted with acrid irony, looking down his hawk-nose at his grandson's rifle lock, which seemed to old Buchanan to need oiling.

"That's jest the kind of argumentation one of them 'dustrial schools would teach ye, in yore years thar. You've come back six feet tall, powerful well set up in muscle an' bone, straight as a poplar. But you ain't no sense whatever! Kain't even guard a goat from a McComb. It's a wonder you ain't callin' on 'em!"

Glen flushed again. His father had already gone the way of all flesh—sped by the bullet of a revenue officer. Young Buchanan commenced slowly:

"Grandfather, for years and years you and yours have bested the McCombs. So—"

"Yes, the Lord has shorely prospered me in my fights," interrupted the patriarch with a grim smile.

He stroked his flowing, silver beard with his left hand while his right clutched the rifle tighter yet.

Glen, who'd been about to preach peace, changed it to:

"But if I *had* seen a McComb wandering around down there on our land, not touching the goats, what did you aim for me to do about it?"

His grandfather looked the disgust he felt over such a naïve inquiry. He answered with sharp dryness:

"I aimed for you to kill him."

Glen shrugged his powerful young shoulders.

"Do murder for possible peril to fifty cents' worth of common goat!"

"Killin' a McComb ain't murder. Murder is killin' somebody you got nothin' agin. But you ain't no call to worry about slewin' ary McComb long as you warn 'em by caterwaulin' out them furrin songs! They ain't deef!" He added with grim censorship, "Some of them songs is godless. You been learnin' 'em from that graffyphone that you brung home with you."

"Grandpappy, those records are standard classics, and—"

The clan chief interrupted him coldly:

"Arter you left this mawnin', I done my duty by that devil box. I took hit, and all them records, out to the choppin' block—"

Glen surged forward. For a moment his face had the killer's look.

"You never *dared* to break—"

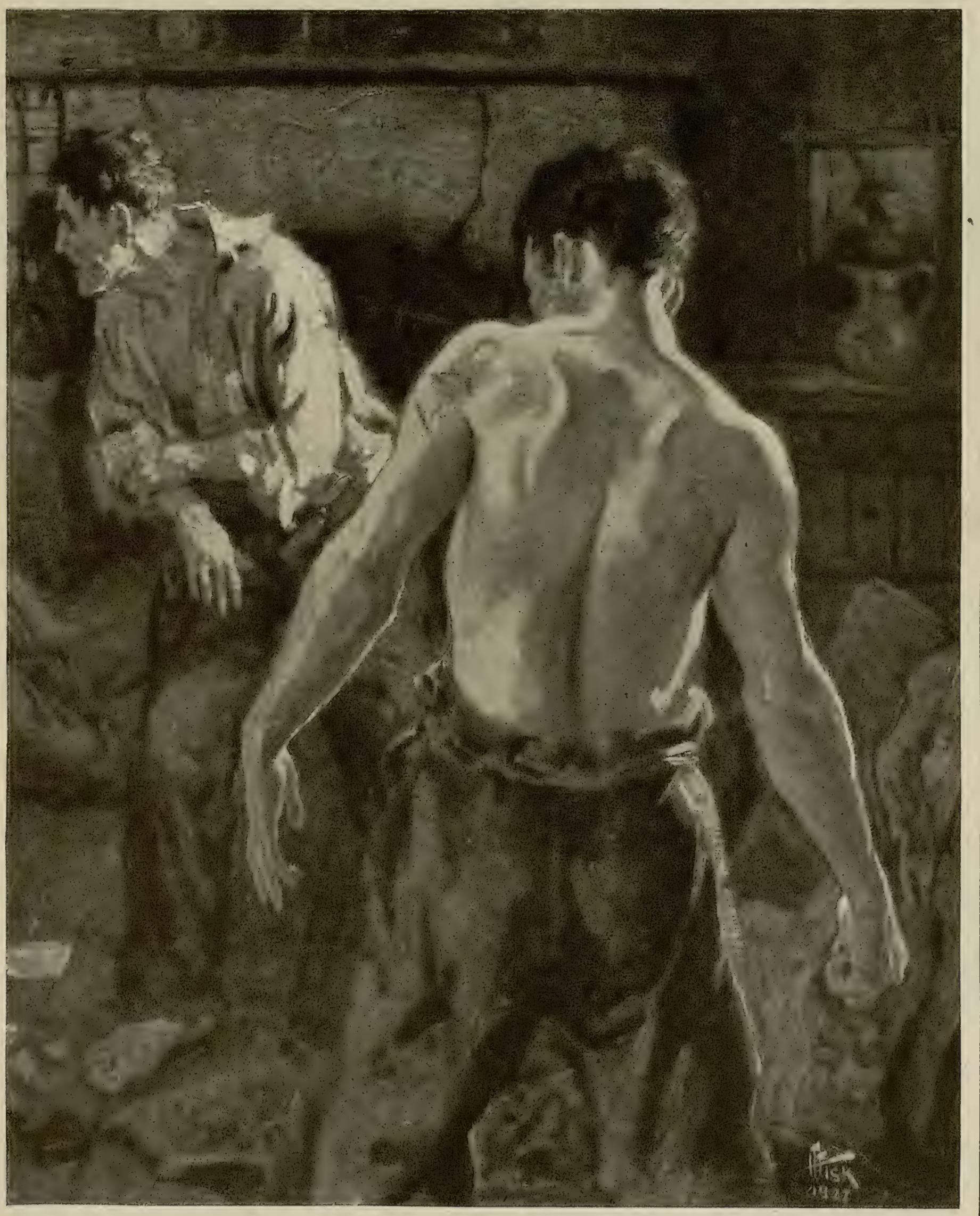
THE patriarch's gray orbs flashed at the word "dare," but his tone was even and cold as his mountain waters as he cut in:

"'N' I busted the devil box an' all them godless records to kindlin'."

"Damn!" gasped Glen, crimson with rage.

The clan chief watched him scornfully, then asked with acid challenge:

"Wal, what you goin' to do about it?"



nursing a jarred arm. On the floor lay his big revolver, the lock smashed by a bullet from Wes' gun—in the hand of the enemy-woman.

Glen recovered himself after some struggle.

"When I've finished that bit of plowing, I am going away from here. Going for good."

"You won't be no great loss, for no McComb will ever be a scratch the worse off 'count of *you*. I wisht you mighter been—more of a man. Fer of them McCombs thar's three big bad uns left—Wes an' Broad an' Colt. When you was comin' home, I sent up a prayer that you might be selected of the Lord to finish 'em off for me, seein' I'm turned eighty-seven. But you ain't no real Buchanan. You're a sheep in a catamount's hide. You're afear'd!"

"If I listen to you any longer," burst out the boy, "I'll forget what—"

He turned on his heel, hurried recklessly down the cleft in the escarpment, and plunged on toward the mountain foot—anywhere—just so he got away from the insulting old ancestor above.

In his rage, he did not realize he was traveling in an oblique line, until he found himself down at the edge of the Handle's sullen trough.

HE was glad to be there. This was one place his sardonic old relative never entered. Glen sat down by a white-pebbled spring. Its water fled like a scared rabbit past shrouding ferns toward the open sunlight of the valley.

In the nearest tangle of tall white honeysuckle, sinuous wild grapevines, like twisting snakes, bound the thicket together. A good place to shelter a McComb!

It did shelter one—who was secretly watching Glen's every move.

Sharply through the white oaks came the drumming of a red-headed woodpecker. The sounds were as hollow as if they were a devil's tattoo on a coffin. But Glen felt again at peace, though he kept his rifle close beside him. He never carried a revolver.

The long, sweet cooing of a wild dove overhead suggested to him La Paloma. He began to sing again, although softly. Through his voice ran the scared hurrying of the little stream.

When he had reached the second verse, the McComb, without a trace of noise, slipped past the honeysuckle, through waist-high fern, and appeared on the opposite side of the water, directly in front of him.

GLEN swallowed his unfinished song, and stared in amazement. The child seemed about seven years old, and was so fragilely lovely that he thought she was like one of the delicate wild lilies he sometimes found on the slopes. She wore a short "kalliker" dress of faded blue, patched in places. No sunbonnet on her curly golden hair. Turquoise-blue eyes twinkled at him fearlessly. Lips red as wild strawberries smiled at him. He said quizzically:

"Hello, elf!"

"My name ain't Elf. Hit's Little Sereny McComb, 'cause me an' Sister Dely been livin' with my aunt, Big Sereny McComb, ever sincet we was orphins. You sing awful good. Sing some mo'!"

Belated caution rose in Glen.

"But are you alone, Little Serena?"

"Yes, I'm ahuntin' my little pet goat, Milda May. I'm feared oner them damn Buchanans done stole her. What you laffin' 'bout? What's your name?"

"John Song. Sit down by me. I'm an orphan too."

She dropped lightly down, close to him.

"Sweet and low, sweet and low!
Wind of the western sea,"

sang Glen. She cuddled against him, as though nestling into the gentle heart of the melody.

But as she listened, another McComb, who had trailed the runaway, was stealing noiselessly toward them, on feet lithe and light as a catamount's, and with pulses drumming to the poison of hate.

Through the dark shadows cast by a tangle

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE TRAP
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of locust and grapevine, the figure slipped. Then Glen caught the glint of sun on metal, and all the woodcraft of his childhood took alarm.

He slung Little Serena behind an oak and seized his rifle, drawing a bead where the glint had been. Little Serena had inherited feud knowledge. She screamed shrilly:

"Don't shoot! Hit's Dely!"

Glen's finger fell from the trigger. A girl stepped out from behind the copse and walked coolly toward them. Little Serena's cry had told her she was discovered. Glen rose in some confusion.

Little Serena said, with an air of bland innocence:

"Did *you* wanter hear him too, Dely?"

Delia McComb looked indignantly at the small runaway, ignoring Glen as she did so. His keen gray eyes swept her. He felt her surprising beauty like a strain of gorgeous music. He had not seen her since their childhood, and even then but rarely—a mere flash of long legs and sunbonnet.

But now—why, she was like a splendid sunrise! thought Glen. She held her sunbonnet swinging from a small left hand, and the light shafted on the auburn magnificence of the glossy hair which framed the rose-and-cream oval of her face. Her eyes were strangely beautiful in color—iridescent amber in iris, flecked with violet—set in long, curling, black lashes. Her nose was high-bridged, with haughty young nostrils. Her lips curved enchantingly.

SHE, too, was dressed in faded blue calico. At her bosom an old silver brooch gleamed dully. With a shudder Glen realized it was this bit of metal which had sighted his rifle.

She looked disdainfully at him with hate-shadowed eyes. He looked sternly back, waiting for her to speak, hoping her voice would be harsh as a crow's.

But she reproached Little Serena in tones honey-sweet as the wild bees' stores, though shot with fire:

"Oh, Serena, dear, how could you do it?"

Little Serena hastened to create a digression:

"Dely, make you acquainted with Mr. John Song."

"You little ninny!" her sister retorted bitterly. "This man's a Buchanan—Glen Buchanan."

Little Serena cried wildly, "You ain't no Buchanan, air ye, John Song?"

Glen answered the child quietly:

"The Buchanans themselves will tell you, Serena, that I've ceased to be one. That now I'm merely—'a furriner.'"

"Serena, come home with me at once!" her sister said sternly.

Temper flashed in the child's eyes.

"Not till John Song has done sung me two mo' songs."

"Very well," the enemy-woman conceded coldly.

Glen glanced at her and sang Tosti's anguished parting.

As the rich, passionate love song rushed from Glen's lips, Delia started. Her eyes widened. She let her sunbonnet fall. She knew a great many hymns and a few bits of doggerel like Walk Old Ball, but Glen was singing the first love song she had ever heard.

THE hand from which the sunbonnet had dropped crept up to her heart and pressed against its quickening pulsations of strange pleasure, of delicious pain. Gifted herself with a delicate ear, able to whistle in marvelous imitation of her sweet-toned forest birds, able even to catch from occasional circuit riders better modes and inflections of speech, Delia now received like rain into her thirsty soul a sensuous splendor of sound which voiced all the stifled longings of her own baffled and buried life.

All her own secret young despairs, christened by vain tears under heedless stars, all her aching and nearly desolate hopes, these she heard voiced with an almost unbearable beauty through the yearning of the Buchanan's tenor.

She struggled against her rising emotion. The loveliness of the song enmeshed her deeper—deeper.

"Good-by . . . summer . . . good-by . . . good-by."

Pain caught at her throat so sharply that she put her small hands up to it—delicious pain and wounding joy. Tears that she could not check sprang out on her lashes and jeweled them.

She sank down on an old log; her hands rose to her face, covered it. She wept silently, racked and torn, her haughty young reserve scattered.

Seeing this, Glen was, in his own turn, shaken and exquisitely touched by the highest tribute any singer can win. In his boyish innocence, he thought instantly that such sensitiveness to song must prove a soul generous and worthy of trust.

He ceased now, his song finished, and stood looking silently down at the enemy-woman as she crouched there. How lovely the curves of her shoulders—how bright the burnished glory of her auburn hair!

He hesitated over what the second song should be, and while he hesitated she started up, in the clutch of violent reaction.

"I hate you!" she gasped. "Oh, how I hate you, Glen Buchanan!" and fled down into the cedar ledges, running toward home.

Little Serena looked after her with a disapproving air.

"I'm sorry she called you outer your name, John Song."

"You come tomorrow, same time," he coaxed artfully.

Little Serena nodded agreement and vanished in the wake of her discomfited sister.

That night Glen slept little. He spent his feather-bed hours in wondering whether Little Serena would come again. Would the enemy-woman let her? And if the

THE hand from which the sunbonnet had dropped crept up to her heart.

child came, might not—might not—

They came—the two sisters—the elder sullenly beautiful, reluctant, ashamed. But the spell of that song was on her. Almost she felt that she would die if she did not hear that voice again. Not the man. Oh, not the man! Just his voice. As one heard and hungered for the first hermit thrush in spring. Arriving, she said haughtily, carrying herself with the poise of a young doe:

"I have to look after Little Serena. I worry when she's alone. The—the rattlers—"

With grave young courtesy, he agreed with her that Little Serena must be guarded from rattlesnakes. And again the sisters listened to the magic songs of the mysterious "furrin" lowlands.

That night he told Grandfather Buchanan that he'd decided to clear up a sedge field, but in the afternoons he would continue to keep an eye on the goat herd. The old clan chief merely nodded, but reflected that perhaps Glen was coming to his senses. The boy's rifle might show a notch or two yet.

FOR nearly a week the two sisters secretly joined Glen on the mountainside. He sang to them, told them of the lowland world and its ways. They were interested in everything, even in his account of a strange mode of fighting he had learned down there—boxing, though Delia wondered why a man should use his fists when he owned a gun.

Little Serena was always at her ease, but the enemy-woman was not. A dark shadow brooded in her eyes, yet her beauty grew in allure and splendor until Glen felt dazzled by it. Once her foot caught in a three-day brier, and he seized her just in time. As he held her in his arms and felt the startled throbbing of her heart, the soft, virginal firmness of her bosom, the warmth of her, was like a sweet, stinging fire.

But she tore herself violently away from his aid, rose color running to her temples as she declared angrily:

"I wouldn't have fallen. You'd no 'casion whatever to help me!"

She was all defiance, and he was too dizzy with her effect on him to note that she trembled—yet not with fear.

Next day they did not come. Nor the next. Nor three days after.

Glen wandered dismally over top and side, to quiet the restless pain in his heart. He no longer deceived himself with thoughts of Little Serena alone.

He loved the enemy-woman—and knew it. It was no mere passion of the drumming blood, but a call entangling him body and soul. But she did not love him. She had gone away to mock him on the hate-shadowed McComb hearth!

Well, he had one remedy left—flight to the lowlands, where he'd try to forget. He would leave at dawn. Yet, when it came, he could not go until once more he had wandered down to the grapevine tangle where they usually sat. In the afternoon he went to it—and found Delia there alone.

She was white-faced and anxious-eyed. As he lifted his hat with grave courtesy, suppressing the surge of relief he felt, she said hurriedly and without greeting:

"Little Serena's been mighty sick. I thought she would die. But now she says she can get well if only you come and sing to her—there at our house."

Incautious as he was, Glen stared at her in amazement.

"Come and sing to her! When you know just what would happen to a Buchanan in a McComb's cabin!"

She came closer. She had on a new gown now, but still it was blue "kalliker." As usual, she took off her sunbonnet to talk. She said nervously:

"Yes, I know what would happen if the men were there. But all three, Wes, Broad, and Colt, left two hours ago. Ma McComb — Big Serena, you know — went with them. They are 'tendin' court, to witness in favor of Blink McComb who lives 'crost second range. They're his alibyes in a 'stillin' case."

He still hesitated. She said imploringly:

"This may be Little Serena's dyin' wish. She seems better—but I can't tell. Her fever has jest been bilin' up these past days."

Then, as he still debated with himself, she said with steady scorn:

"Are you afraid—of two girls 'n an empty house?"

Who now came to the enemy-woman's aid

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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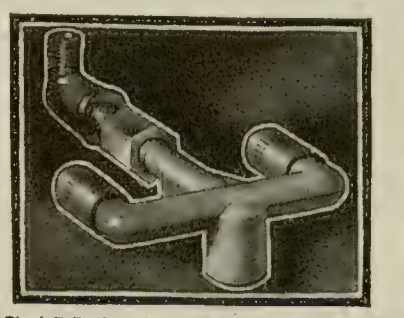

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against Glen's caution? Who but the patriarch Buchanan, the clan chief. For that word "afraid" was locked in Glen's memory with his grandfather's taunt, "You're a sheep in a catamount's hide. You're afear'd!"

He struggled to be cool and cautious in spite of his goaded pride. And against pride alone a man may win, but against pride and love as allies, never!

He would go; he would sing to the child; and before he left the McComb house he would take the enemy-woman in his arms and kiss her until she loved him, until she promised to follow him far—far—to the sea-kissed lowlands—to a life of light and love. He smiled.

"I'm trusting you. Let's go."

INSTANTLY she led the way. With Glen's first step after her a swinging grapevine caught on his shoulder. Delicate vine tendrils, like fingers, had to be torn loose from his collar.

His memory flashed up a warning signal from his cabin childhood—when he'd been told such a thing was a "sign" against whatever one was about to do. Mentally he tore loose from the recollection, as swiftly as he had freed himself from the vine.

His feet followed the swift feet of the enemy-woman, and again, in the innocent generosity of his heart, he swore to himself that, because of her sensitiveness to the music he so loved, she *must* be worthy of trust. On such little things is faith built where faith is urgently desired.

So came a Buchanan unchallenged into the clean swept yard before the weather-grayed log dwelling of the McCombs.

An ancient hound guarded it, being too old to tend court at his masters' heels with the other dogs. The old dog rose sleepily and yawned as they approached, recognizing Delia. A speckled guinea hen, in swift suspicion, potracked at them.

But the house seemed to preserve a cold neutrality, Glen thought, as he went up on the rough-planked porch, following Delia. Before him an open hallway, doorless at the east and west ends, ran through to the back yard. Here a broken saddle hung, ropes, a blunted plowshare, and a couple of worn felt hats. Near the saddle a catamount's hide, fur against the log wall, was drying.

He followed her into this hall. Then she led him into the best room, which was the right-hand front bedroom. On its double bed a hand-woven coverlet, in black and red squares, exhibited beautiful handwork in weaving. An organ, though small, stood out prominently. Well thumbed hymnbooks lay on it.

At the fireplace the split-bottomed rockers had cushions. There was a knit rug on the floor. On the rude little center table, with its blue hand-woven cover, sat a glass vase with dried grasses in it.

A staircase so steep as to be almost a ladder slanted over the mantelpiece and ran up to the second story.

Delia said:

"I'll slip up 'n' see if Little Serena's asleep. You wait down here a minute."

He nodded. As she vanished upward, his eyes swept the room. It had two ground-floor exits, the one leading into the hall, the other connecting with the back bedroom—the door of which stood open revealing only the bare necessities of sleeping quarters.

He had taken off his hat and had thrown it down on a chair. Now, with a young lover's natural vanity, he grew disturbed about his thick, glossy, dark hair. Was it sticking up ridiculously?

He passed a supple hand over it; then, with a gesture of boyish impatience, he leaned his rifle against the organ, strode across the room to a little cracked shaving mirror. Its small, blurred surface reflected only his own face and the rude mantelpiece.

He smoothed down rebel locks of hair and turned to retrieve his rifle. He must take it upstairs with him when Delia called him to Little Serena.

It had vanished.

FOR a second Glen thought he had forgotten precisely where he had rested it against the wall. His gaze ran along the wall—to the exit leading into the hall. Framed in that doorway, barefooted, soundless as a dream figure, stood Wes McComb. The cruel brilliance of his cat-yellow eyes gleamed with feline amusement. His gun covered the unarmed Glen.

The warmth of her was like a sweet, stinging fire.

The Buchanan, mutely returning the stare of Wes, felt that here must be only a projection from his own recent thoughts of the McComb men, but he instinctively looked toward the second exit.

In this doorway, barefooted also, bulked the giant Broad McComb. His hideous harelip split grotesquely the snarling smile which malignly lighted his vast, ugly face. His heavy arms brushed the door jamb on each side.

Over Broad's right shoulder leered, in vindictive enmity, the handsome, rakish face of the dark-eyed Colt McComb. Raising himself on tiptoe to do it, Colt had rested the blued barrel of his pistol on Broad's shoulder.

All three men were clean shaven. Like Glen they were in shirt sleeves and jean trousers. Colt's shirt was blue, and his red tie was like a splash of blood on it, the Buchanan thought, realizing in a stupefied way that the men were real. His gray eyes moved slowly from one to another—yes, these were the three big bad uns.

The Buchanan was stunned with Delia's treachery. His love for her had been a high, holy thing—and she had blasphemously butchered it. But his reason reached out swiftly—pondering, in this deathly leisure, what was best to do.

He realized that, except for his usual carelessness with his rifle, he would have been dead seconds ago, shot in the back as he smoothed his hair in front of the blurred little mirror. As it was, they could follow every line of his figure and see he had no pistol.

Broad's smile widened to a gargoyle grin of slow cruelty. Wes' cat-yellow eyes shone. The bold dark orbs of Colt danced in his handsome tanned face.

GLEN'S spine began to stiffen with a cold, prickly sensation. He felt that their trigger fingers were itching. He almost wished they would fire and have done with it all, but he clung to these last sorry seconds. Then he heard a plank above them crack sharply under a light foot.

A wild, sweet voice rushed down like an arrow from the stairhead:

"Little Serena's dyin'! You can't shoot in here—the noise would kill her right now. Lay hold on him and drag him out to the woods."

Then, as they hesitated, the voice, cool and cutting, asked with biting contempt, "Are you three McCombs afraid of one man, and him the smallest in the room? It'll be a joke on courthouse days!"

"What if he's got a knife?" snapped Colt.

"Let him turn out his pockets," rushed down the voice from the stair.

Glen was swift to obey. He also ripped his white chambray shirt wide open, stripped it off, and tossed it to the floor.

"You see, I'm the same as naked." Secretly he felt a grim, exultant hope. For now he would have his man's chance to use a weapon they did not know he had—his lowland training in boxing.

He did not waste an eyeflash on the stair, although he now heard the enemy-woman come softly halfway down. He followed, with the swift gaze of his own mountain eagles, every slightest move of the three big bad uns.

He saw Colt, with an assured insolence, holster his gun. Broad and Colt wore side holsters. Wes wore a tied-down thigh holster. Broad followed Colt's example, never taking his eyes off the Buchanan. Then Wes put up his gun.

Now they rushed him.

As the three closed on him, Glen ducked, dived between Colt's legs, rose, and pitched Colt into the post of honor as storm center, where he caromed into Broad's stomach. Crediting Colt with idiotic blundering, the enraged Broad, in acute pain, took time to seize Colt by the neck and sling him aside, then turned just in time to see the Buchanan's fist drive from the shoulder past Wes' futile guard, and plant a trip-hammer blow over the McComb's heart.

Wes reached out blindly, staggered across the floor, and dropped at the foot of the stairs.

Colt, scrambling up from the floor where his giant brother's strength had sent him, yelled in fury:

"Damn you, Broad! ain't you no sense, you—"

Broad did not answer him. He was trying, by sheer strength and fury, to beat down the Buchanan's guard. Over went the center table. The vase shattered.

Broad McComb sprang back. Blood streamed from his cut lips. He spit out a couple of teeth and incoherent oaths with them.

He heard Colt screaming in berserk bitterness:

"I'll show ye—ye —— Buchanan! I'll—" and saw the threat cut off by a blow behind Colt's ear. The handsomest of the McCombs pitched to the floor and lay there—sprawled and still.

The Buchanan, who had a forehead cut, snatched a second to wipe the blood and sweat from his eyes. Two were down—were out. There was hope!

Then, with his cleared vision, he saw that he looked into the muzzle of Broad's gun. The giant McComb sputtered through his bloody harelip:

"N—no more devil's dance from *you!* I'll d-d-drill ye n-n-now—n-n-now—"

A flare of orange flame. The room bellowed to the sound. The acrid scent of powder filled the air.

Broad, noted as a shot, couldn't, Glen knew, miss at such close quarters. This, then...was death ...and yet...no pain.

Then he saw that Broad was rocking in agony, nursing a jarred arm. On the floor lay his big revolver, the lock smashed by a bullet from the smoking muzzle of Wes' gun—in the hand of the enemy-woman.

She crossed the floor with the sweep of a swallow, jerked the senseless Colt's gun from his side holster, darted to the Buchanan's side and thrust the gun at him.

"Here!"

Their eyes met, fused, and flamed in a common understanding. In that second her glance asked:

"You understand that I was true?" And his answered "Yes!"

One eyeflash of exquisite joy he gave her, then violently swept her and the guns behind him. For Broad was her near kin. He could not shoot him down.

Broad, whirling up his giant arms, rushed the Buchanan again. The vast, harelipped face, with its open snarl of teeth, wrung a scream from Delia McComb.

THEN she saw Broad crash to the floor, caught by a direct drive to the point of his heavy chin.

The Buchanan reeled back against the organ and leaned there, panting for breath. Battle-wise at last, his gaze searched his prostrate foes.

Not one of them stirred, though in due time painful consciousness would wake in them.

Delia rushed softly to his side. She thrust the guns into his hands. She brought an empty belt with holsters and strapped it round him. He holstered the guns, drank the cold water she hurried to his lips, then snatched her into his arms.

Against his hammering heart, she gasped:

"Somebuddy spied on us, 'n' turned 'em back! But—oh, Glen!—I rickolected 'bout your fist-fightin'—'n' I pretended Little Serena was—"

Pattering bare feet and a shrill, sweet voice interrupted:

"Git away from John Song, Dely! He's mine!"

They turned. Glen caught Little Serena up.

"Dely, we'll take her with us to the lowlands—I've money in this belt. No! Not a minute! Down through the Handle to Dipper Station—then the train. Come!"

So fled the lovers and the child they loved. After them the guinea hen potracked in suspicion, but the old foxhound scarcely stirred in his dreams.

THE END

THEY came—the two sisters—the elder sullenly beautiful, reluctant, ashamed.

Blue Band VELVET PENCILS

Used by Millions

A soft and black easy writer

5¢ *At all dealers*

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The Lead has special strength with perfect smoothness and softness, is very black, yet it is readily erased.

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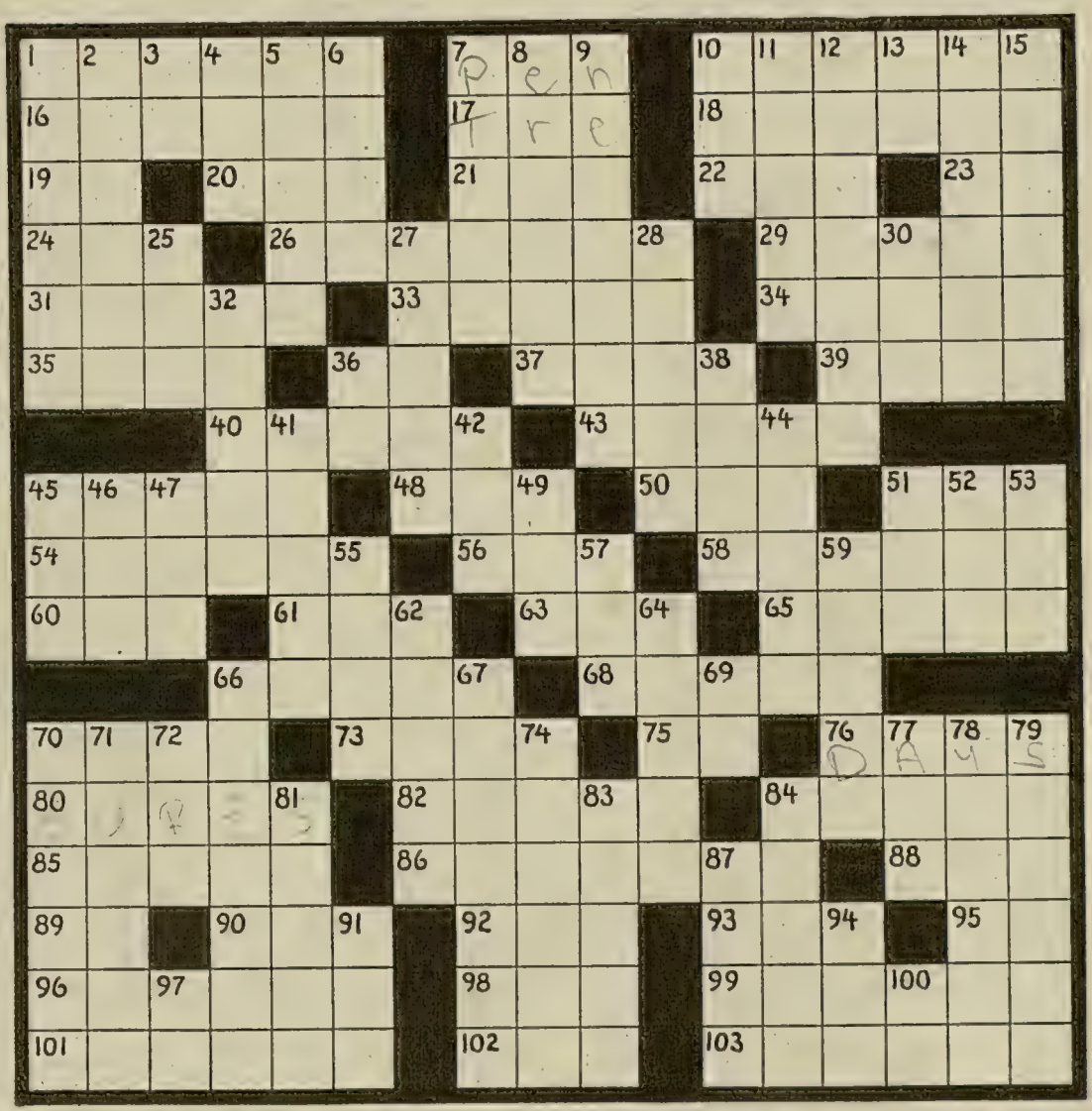
A delicious precaution! 5c Two Kinds: S. B. or Menthol.

Double Diagonal PUZZLE

IN biblical days, when large families were the rule, being the father of ninety-eight children brought no distinction to the parent, for the character at Horizontal 70 is mentioned only twice in the Scriptures, and then but casually. His identity need not long remain a mystery, however, for he is surrounded by cross-word-puzzle acquaintances of yours who will serve you well in unmasking him.

Since this design contains no unkeyed letters, the solver's task should be a reasonably easy one.

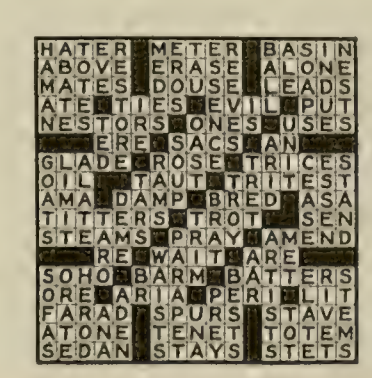


HORIZONTAL

1 Tramples
7 Animal inclosure
10 Negligent
16 To have recourse
17 Italian word for three
18 A prayer
19 By
20 Insect
21 Lubricate
22 Offer to pay
23 That is (initials)
24 Excavate
26 Coils
29 Feminine proper name
31 American Indians
33 A fruit
34 Smooth
35 Tore
36 Scoriated lava
37 Swing from side to side
39 Terminates
40 Suspends
43 Goads or urges
45 Subsequent
48 Devour
50 Artful
51 Malt liquor
54 Whiskers
56 Small cushion
58 Religious festival
60 Moreover
61 Propeller
63 Sack
65 An ancient language
66 Yells
68 Lively
70 Biblical name (Ezra 2. 16)
73 One hundred thousand rupees (plural)
75 Public notice
76 Periods of time
80 Painful spots
82 A nut
84 Off the main way
85 Leather strip
86 Made a rough, nasal sound
88 Bend
89 Note in Guido's scale
90 Sailor
92 Stray
93 Augment
95 Note of the scale
96 Withdraw
98 Brazilian coin
99 Netter
101 Expunged
102 Measures of length (abbreviation)
103 Steps

VERTICAL

1 Barterer
2 Withdraw
3 Like
4 Disorderly assemblage
5 Exert pressure
6 Pace
7 A supply
8 Tests
9 Colors
10 Plunder
11 Silkworms
12 Central portions
13 Exists
14 Dirty
15 Proceeds furtively
25 Liquor
27 A representation
28 Breaks suddenly
30 Poetic form of even
32 An anæsthetic
36 One indefinitely
38 Christmas
41 Enthusiasm
42 Juice of a plant
44 Former English coins
45 Sleeveless Arab garment
46 Bog
47 Small child
49 A flap
51 Siamese coin
52 Hawaiian wreath
53 Eagle
55 Glide smoothly
57 To tap
59 Final causes
62 Harvests
64 A former United States President.
66 Makes
67 Stage equipment
69 Fish of the carp kind
70 Insure
71 Stand unsteadily
72 To sin
74 Marked with lines
77 A bone
78 Worshiped
79 Drains
81 Garden tool
83 Angle in edge of a molding
84 Viper
87 Compass point
91 A color
94 Cease to be
97 Symbol for calcium
100 Initials of a continent



Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

And they can't take to the bottle as brazenly as you can to forget their troubles.

Introducing TEDDY

As Dictated by TONI, JR., *to* ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

(Reading time: 3 minutes 15 seconds.)

DEAR TEDDY:

Seeing as how you're only one week old, I thought maybe you might like to hear from an old-timer of three with some friendly advice.

One of the troubles with us old-timers, Teddy, is that we insist upon giving friendly advice to the younger generation whether they want it or not. You can't stop us. So you might as well get used to it as soon as you can, for you're going to have a lot of it before you get through. We " elders " think because we've romped around and had a few ex-pe-ri-ences that we are in duty bound to pass them on for the benefit of those who come after us.

But my idea, Teddy, wasn't so much to fill you up on advice as to give you an idea of what a baby is up against once he's popped his little head out of the nowhere into here.

I don't want to discourage you into going back to where you came from, because it isn't as bad as that, really.

In fact, looking back over my spent years, I must say that if I had it to do over again, I'd do it. I'd ask to be borned again, because it's more fun being alive than not, and, on the whole, if you're only a bit pre-pared about what to expect, it's a great old life, and, if I were you, I'd just roll over in the crib and tell the old folk to go ahead and have a good time while they may, for it won't be long before you'll be on your feet and able to defend yourself.

No, I wouldn't say that the first hundred days are the hardest. Looking back on mine, I remember that I slept the best part of them.

When you come to think of it, it is really very con-sid-er-ate to let babies have those first three months to sleep off the surprises they are bound to get and the in-dig-ni-ties to which they are sub-ject-ed, such as having their eyes washed out with boric acid, and their mouths swabbed with cotton, and being bathed when they haven't been in the world long enough to get soiled.

Oh, there are a lot of reasons, Teddy, to be glad for that state of coma that you are allowed when you make your début here in our midst, only, of course, you won't realize them until later.

Just think of how awful it would be if you got shoved into the world and were expected to sit in at the table with the rest of them, with no manners, no talk at your command, and no backbone to keep you from crumpling up under the strain of it all. Instead of which, they let you sleep until you can hold your head up with the best of them.

So, you see, Teddy, right from the start there are things to be thankful for, and if you just keep your head you'll find it's like that all the way through.

Only you must try to train yourself not to take things too seriously. Even when they're fighting over whose eyes you've got, and whose nose, all you need do is to turn over and take another little snooze, safe in the knowledge that when you wake up you'll have your own features, no matter how much claiming may be done about them. And, what's more, you've got the priv-i-lege of changing the color of your eyes and hair if you don't like what you brought along with you.

I fooled 'em by turning into a redhead when the argument got hot.

But if you want to do any changing, you know, you have to do it in the first few weeks.

The worst part of being a brand-new baby, to me, is that you can't laugh out loud until you are about four months old, by which time parents and relatives aren't so funny as they were at first. By that time they have become pretty nearly sane again, and more or less settled down to the business of letting you grow without so much argument about whom you take after in looks.

Otherwise, you certainly could have some hearty laughs when you know you don't look like much of anything, while Granddad's going round bragging that you are the living image of him.

But, of course, you are permitted to smile long before that, and perhaps it is just as well for the peace of the household that you keep your amuse-ment quietly sub-dued.

If I were a boy, though, I think I'd try to look as much like my Daddy as possible, because there isn't any music so sweet to his ears as to be told that, and he's a pretty good person to get on the right side of from the very start. It is nicer for a girl to try to look like her Mom, because that tickles her to death and Daddy will have a new girl to fall in love with again.

I just wanted to tell you, Teddy, that even though Mom hollers at him, you needn't be scared to death when Daddy goes to pick you up. He may not follow the directions about grasping the clothing below your feet with the right hand and letting the left slip beneath your body, but he will hang on for dear life and go down with you, if necessary.

He may not follow the directions, but he will hang on for dear life.

And if he does seem to have gone a bit loony over the event of your coming, don't think he's a bit different from other daddies. They're only different in their versions of what " My son said to me this morning at breakfast."

YOU see, Teddy, they're all just kind of barking to keep their courage up—daddies are. New babies ought to be specially kind to them, because even if fathers didn't have much say around the house before, they have less after baby arrives.

And they can't take to the bottle as brazenly as you can to forget their troubles.

It isn't Mom's fault exactly, either, that father gets sideswiped.

You're such a young tyrant that she hasn't time for anything else.

And speaking about bottles, you'd better get all the gurgles you can out of yours. Pretty soon they'll begin slipping cod-liver oil over on you. And that's beginning to taste the bitters of life—

But I shouldn't mention such a thing when there's

So much to make you happy,
So much to make you glad,
That a spoon or two of bitters
Shouldn't make a body sad.

" They were friends of Auntie's," says Toni, Jr., and tells in next week's LIBERTY why the Higginses may not be now.

"PARIS? *Never Heard of It*"

How France Looked the Second Time to 25,000 Yanks

An Article *by* HENRY WALES

Pictures by RALPH BARTON

(Reading time: 12 minutes 25 seconds.)

PEOPLE are a very peculiar thing; especially French.

They got hot about the debt; then Lindbergh cooled 'em off.

They seemed to be boiling over Sacco and Vanzetti, and then the American Legion holds its convention in Paris and everything is jake again.

Four mugs on a roof replacing busted chimney pots across the street from Claridge's was the sum total of all the trouble manifested against the Americanos in their parade through the Arc de Triomphe and down the Champs Élysées.

Doumergue (he's President), Poincaré, Briand, Foch, and eight or nine million others heaved sighs of relief when that procession ended and everybody went to bed without a massacre that night.

Especially Monsieur Chiappe, Prefect of Police, who would have been guillotined without mercy if anything had happened.

The four mugs on the roof were sore at having to work the day of the parade, anyway. It was a holiday, but the chimney pots must be fixed, so up they went.

They got to kidding the parade right away when the Florida contingent in orange make-ups came along.

"They look like a lotta yeller kids," barked the four Frenchmen.

"Never heard of it!" they roared when the big banner marked "Florida" came along.

Then they took a nip at the bottle of *vin rouge* they each carried and began to think up other wise cracks.

"*Vive Sacco et Vanzetti!*" they yelped, forgetting that those two gents had ceased viving several weeks before.

Some Yanks down on the sidewalk heard that and so did some French dicks hiding in the trees, disguised as horse chestnuts.

In about four minutes the detectives, aided by some harness cops in blue capes, were hauling the four mugs off the roof and heading them toward the *violon*, which is French slang for jail.

Venerable French gents rapped the quartet with their umbrellas, and aged French ladies socked the same four with their hand bags for acting ungentlemanly toward *les Américains*.

But the Legionnaires deserved a good reception because they sure behaved themselves great. "The dryest and most orderly convention we ever held," they declared, and all those who were veterans of other conventions agreed with them.

Of course the French had good reason to welcome their guests. There were 25,000 of them, say, and a fair estimate of what each one spent is $300. That makes 7,500,000 berries, which, at twenty-five to the dollar, makes 187,500,000 francs, which, laid end to end, would reach from the North Pole halfway.

No drunks, no battles, no accidents.

Lots of talk, lots of advice, lots of criticism. You know, good constructive stuff, not just knocking.

"So this is Paris!" they barked, getting off every train.

"Never heard of it," the wise-crackers rapped back.

The visitors were a little jealous, maybe, of the members of Paris Post No. 1, who speak French and know how much to tip a taxi, and what *couvert* means on the restaurant bill, and the addresses of the "funny places" around Montmartre.

"On the left bank is the Eiffel Tower," explained the genteel though shabby ballyhoos in the rubberneck wagons touring the town.

"Never heard of it!" the fat man in the front seat beside the chauffeur would roar.

No battles, either. The Yanks mingled around at all hours of the day and night without slugging each other or anyone else over arguments.

"I never saw such a quiet and orderly crowd in my life and I been running this place ever since the Armistice, and we certainly do the biggest business on the hill," said Joe Zelli, whose emporium is equipped with 300 dancing girls and an automatic wine hoist from the champagne cellar.

"Never heard of him," remarked an Idaho man.

Pershing said it, and Howard Savage said it, and Milton Foreman said it, and Foch said it, and they all said it.

"No sooner than we landed at Cherbourg we knew the show would be a success. *Vive la France* and Hooray for Paris!"

"Never heard of it," was a Texan's sole comment.

Paris was all decorated for the show. More flags and bunting were on display than at the Armistice even, and it was all Stars and Stripes and the Tricolor. No English flags, or Russian, or Italian, or Jap.

Big trelliswork studded with electric lights spelling out "Welcome" marked the intersections of principal streets. And the cops who could speak English, with "Interpreter" marked on their sleeves, worked twenty-one hours a day during the convention.

Up on the edge of the Seine, in the Cours Albert Prémier, was the Hut, about a mile long and 200 feet wide, with a canvas roof and cheesecloth walls, all subdivided inside.

It had a reading room, writing room, arithmetic room probably, and a Salvation Army chow factory serving coffee, doughnuts, and "hem" sandwiches.

There were also a Knights of Columbus section giving away cigarettes, an information section and travel bureau, where the last car to visit the front was just loaded up, and a first-aid station for the Red Cross, and mail and telegraph and cable stations with a big sign:

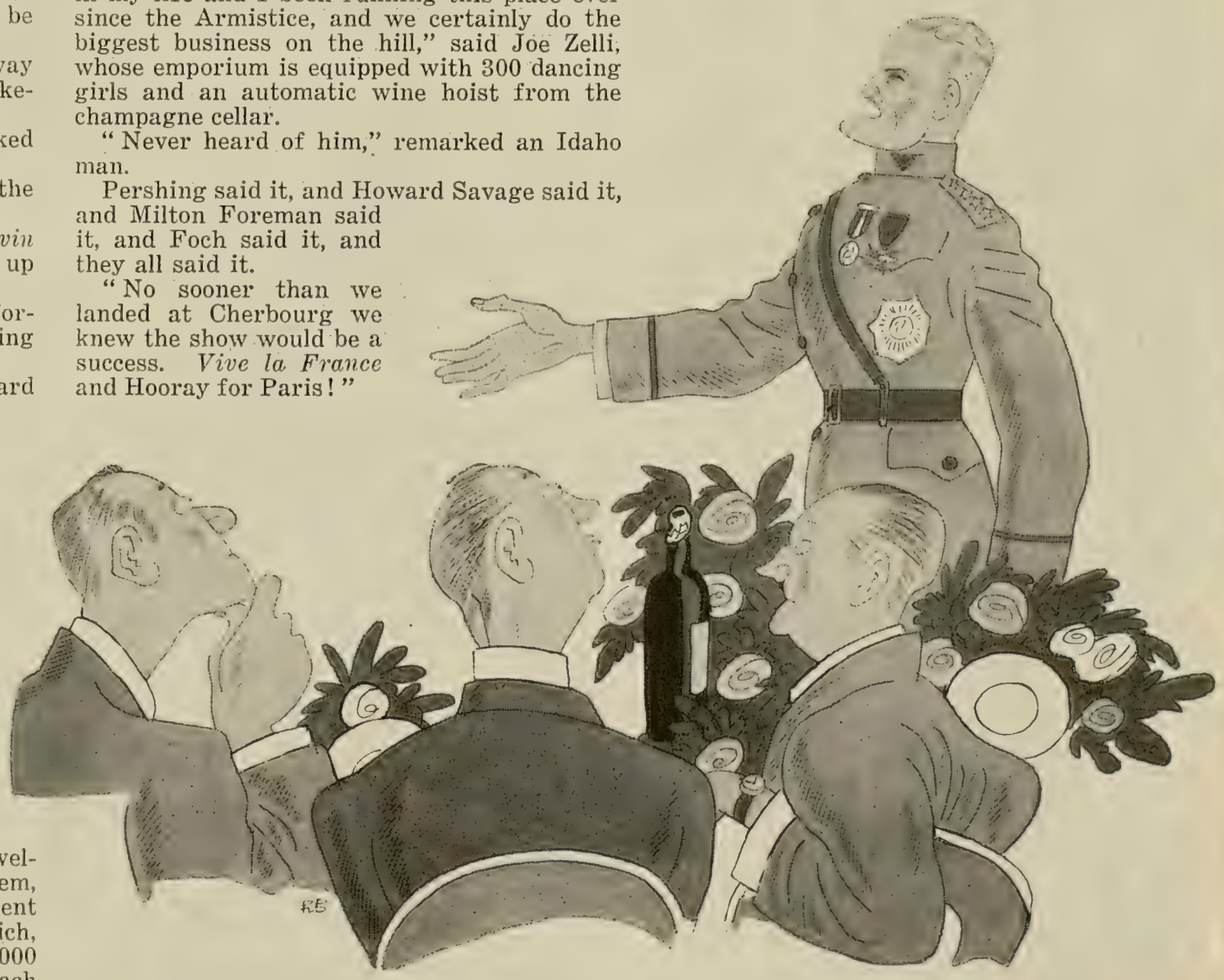
"Send Your Personal Greetings and Encouragement to Your Favorite for the Big Fight—Gene Tunney or Jack Dempsey—One Dollar."

"Never heard of them," snorted a flat-nosed feller with an Arkansas accent.

LOTS of Legionnaires, especially those with wiffs and kids and other relatives along with them, spent most of their time and dough in the big Hut.

It got pretty thick in there with bad air, as there was no system for ventilation and 230,000 cigarettes were consumed per day. But it was the only spot in town that was free.

Parties would climb in first thing at eight in the morning and stay right through until ten at night, when it closed. They would park mamma in an armchair at the big table with



Ex-doughboys maintaining a listening attitude during the General's speech.

What ten years of peace have done for Clarence.

Ethel wants to know why Arthur brought her to Paris if he isn't going to do any shopping.

Val brought the Little Woman and Junior.

Three ex-Top Sergeants boasting.

Miss Potts of the Auxiliary sees someone who hasn't heard that she speaks French.

Two who aren't having as much fun as they expected.

Legionnaires and Legionnairesses in Paris.

pen and ink and paper and envelopes, and, using that as a base, the kids would gallop up and down through the long rooms, or out at one end in the garden and lamp over the stone wall at the Seine and watch the river traffic.

Pop would talk with buddies he knew and lots he didn't know and figger things out with the others—"Yeh, the Shomzileezay is a good handsome street all right, but too wide—too wide."

To scoff, you helped yourself with a tray, and could choose whatever you wanted as long as it was coffee, crullers, and ham sandwiches. And little paper napkins. There were four or five old Frenchwomen whose job was to clear off the tables after the Legionnaires had eaten.

But they seemed discouraged or tired or something, as mostly the tables were piled with those paper napkins, squeezed into neat little balls about the size of ping-pong balls, and the tin trays and armor-plate coffee cups and plates all scattered in together.

"Hundreds, I should almost say thousands of Legionnaires and their families took every meal they ate in Paris in the Hut," said one of the officials of the organization who made a study of the thing with figures and charts.

"Never heard of him," said a man who overheard this statement; "but it's sure the cheapest place to eat, even if there ain't much variety."

SOME folks had to live and eat in the Hut because they were broke, and others lived and ate there because they didn't know their way around and were timid about exploring by themselves.

"That feller over there lost nearly all his jack coming over in the boat, shooting crap," a Wyoming man confided, pointing out a youngish lad whose wiff and child were sitting at a writing table. "They've been living on doughnuts and ham sandwiches ever since they got here, but I guess that won't hurt 'em."

"I can't get anything to eat in these French restaurants because they don't speak any English and I can't read the menu, and anyway you hafto order all sorts of things you don't want," complained a Gold Star mother. "You can't get a short order like an egg sandwich or a glass of milk and some buns."

Some of the visitors came with too short bank rolls and without accurate knowledge of what it cost to get about. Others relied too much on "French hospitality," whatever that is, although no French people invite even other French people to their houses, much less foreigners.

It was tough trying to make the auto trips to the battlefields, too. Seemed like the last seat in the last car was always just sold, although pop and ma and the kids would stand in line for hours trying to get places.

WHEN they did get out to the old "front," like on the occasion Pershing and Pétain went to Verdun, they were opened up and jammed so full of speeches they couldn't register for hours after.

The boys uncorked the *vin blanc* and the *vin rouge* and sailed in at the luncheon in the market place at Verdun, and long before the first course and the fish had been disposed of, all the wine was drunk, and the cheese and the cakes and fruit on the table were consumed.

So the lads yelled, "*Encore le vin, garçon!*" and the waiters got bow-legged lugging in wine. And then everyone got a check for eight francs a copy for each additional bottle he had ordered, and for some it was *beaucoup.*

"*Monsieur le Président* Poincaré is now going to speak," said a stuffed-shirt at the guests' table doing the interpreting.

"Never heard of him," said a New Mexican. "Hey, *garçon, combien* do I owe you, and why is it, when they said this was all paid for in advance?"

Monsieur le Président Poincaré unbuttoned a short speech lasting fifty-seven minutes while the Yanks slowly clattered away and Pershing, sitting next the speaker, gave them dirty looks for busting up the party.

"Say, during the war we hadda do what old Black Jack said, but now he don't mean a thing," rapped a tall man with a wart who probably had been a corporal.

"Never heard of him," chirped the lad next to him. About twenty-three he was, and it was probably true.

The sun was beating down and it was around a hundred in the shade, a feller said who had found some shade, but after Poincaré's long one, Pershing uncorked another sixty-minute speech, and by that time the audience had nearly all gone.

It was all entirely and quite gone a few minutes after when the plate was passed around for the dear Americanos to kick in with some more dough to pay for the completion of the Douaumont Ossuary, built to its present stage with American donations. "*Pour le monument,*" suggested the gents passing the plate.

"Never heard of it," said a Legionnaire with a gold tooth, coughing up a franc. "Gee, we came up to see the front and the old battlefields; not to listen to speeches we can't understand anyway and then get pestered and asked to put money in the plate besides."

MAYOR WALKER gave a nice party in his suite in the Hotel Crillon overlooking the Place de la Concorde where the parade passed before the official reviewing stand. There was a nice big balcony to watch from, and waiters passing among the guests with trays with bottles and glasses, and cold chicken and cakes, too.

So the Mayor got up early to join his guests and see the parade pass at two-thirty, and was watching the Florida boys, in uniforms the exact color of oranges, swinging around the Obelisk, with former Ambassador Moore and Ina Claire and Mrs. Dorothy Caruso and Claire Briggs explaining it all.

Then Captain Hôpital, aide to Marshal Foch, who has more medals than any man in the world, except an animal trainer for Hagenbeck's whose name escapes the writer, piped him off from the grand stand.

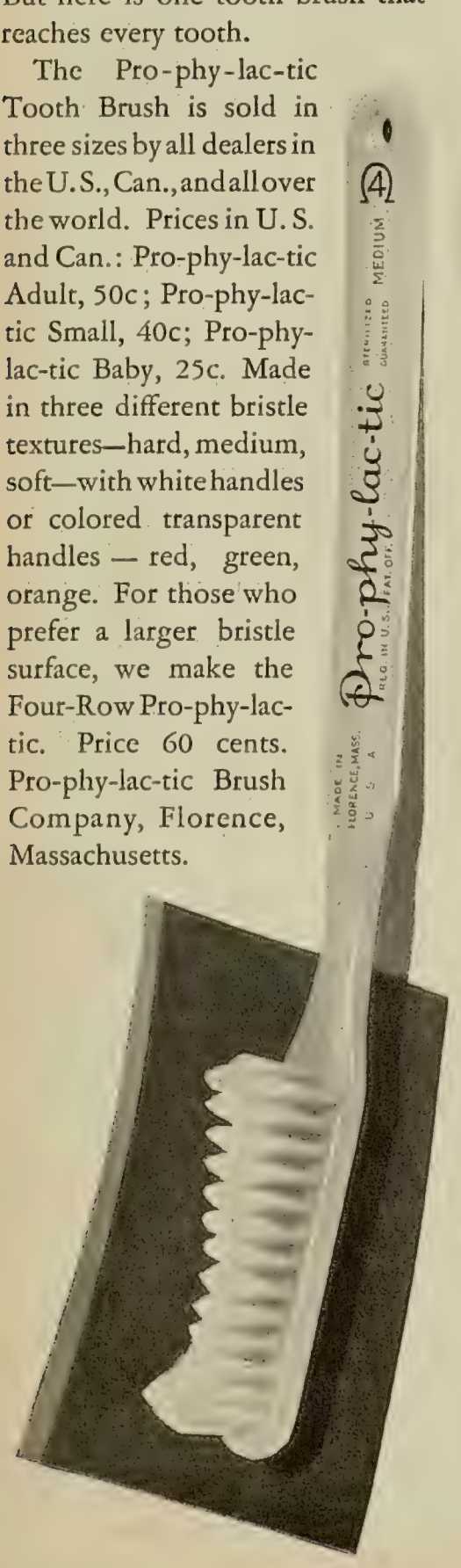
The Cap busted through the police lines and rows of soldiers with rifles bayoneted, and then through the crowd jamming behind them, over to the Crillon, where the Mayor's aide,

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

This tooth brush
reaches every tooth
every time you brush

THE way to keep all your teeth is to brush them all. Some brushes won't let you do this. But here is one tooth brush that reaches every tooth.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is sold in three sizes by all dealers in the U.S., Can., and all over the world. Prices in U. S. and Can.: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, soft—with white handles or colored transparent handles — red, green, orange. For those who prefer a larger bristle surface, we make the Four-Row Pro-phy-lac-tic. Price 60 cents. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Massachusetts.



["PARIS? NEVER HEARD OF IT"
Continued from Page Sixty-one]

Major William F. Deegan, clapped the two-quart iron hat on His Honor's brow.

Then they trickled through the crowd and right over to the reviewing stand, where the Mayor sat down between one-armed General Gouraud and Commander Howard Savage.

"There's our Jimmy!" yelled the New York cops leading that State's delegation.

"Never heard of him," snapped back the Oklahoma boys just preceding them, as they filed out of the square.

"Oh, you Jimmy!" called the New York girls, blowing kisses to the Mayor, and, "*Vive la France* and General Pershing!" they added as an afterthought.

His Honor wore the brim off the big silk hat acknowledging salutes, and the movie and still-picture men shot him 10,000 times.

There was a taxi famine in Paris when the parade disbanded near the Hôtel de Ville, which isn't a hotel at all, but the town hall. The tired marchers chartered cabs, opened up the tops, sat on the upper rim with their feet on the seats, and drove around through the crowds.

THEN they went to Montmartre. "Don't give a damn for the whole State of Iowa!" sang a gang from Dubuque in the Abbaye de Theleme, just after the unclad Russian dancer had done her stuff and her beads had dropped off accidentally as arranged.

"Never heard of it!" came back a chorus from an Illinois group on the other side of the room.

"Whadda ya mean, you gotta order champagne here? Can't we get some Scotch?" they thundered, aghast at the idea of being forced to buy wine at 175 francs a bottle, but perfectly content to consume highballs at thirty-five francs a copy, plus cover charge.

Those who fetched evening clothes with them went to banquets and the Perroquet, where Albert gives away beautiful dolls free to all lady guests and sometimes match boxes and cigarette holders to the gents.

"These French gals don't wear much clothes," a tired bootlegger from Buffalo complained, pointing to a well known New York woman dancing with her gigolo, in a backless and nearly frontless gown which came way down nearly to her knees.

"She ain't French. That's Mrs. Whoozis—lives in Park Avenue," corrected his wiff, who knew her society stuff.

"Never heard of her," was husband's only comment.

Filet of sole, filet Mignon, *poularde de Bresse* (that's chicken), flaky ice cream and wafers, beautiful fruit for looking at but not eating, probably because it was always snatched away by the vigilant waiters before anyone could grab any; plenty of *vin blanc* and *vin rouge* and a choice assortment of *liqueurs*—all colors—and often a big Havana cigar, then speeches, and how!—that was the life for the banquet guys.

You could tell the guest table because the mugs there wore red sashes across their gleaming shirt fronts and plenty of metal—medals, and plaques, and door knobs, and curious old coins held on by ribbons.

They sandwiched a Frenchman between every brace of Yanks so he couldn't get away but had to stick for the orations. The speeches were all fine and long. Even the waiters found them good—and long.

MAN after man would get up and pledge France that America will always be behind her and beside her and with her in any war which ever comes off, and they dug up Lafayette and led him through, and recalled 1917 and 1918.

It was "glorious allies" and "friends of France"—not France to rhyme with pants, but France with the *a* like an *o* and drawled somewhat and made very impressive, especially if the speaker could get the trick twist on the French *r*.

"These frogs are sure great guys," the man at seat No. 9, table Q, would remark to his neighbor, after a big cheer for Foch.

"Never heard of 'em," the other would answer.

Most bets on the Tunney-Dempsey fight were to be settled when they got back home.

"Say, this Tooney could lick Dempsey the best day he ever lived," said the champ's backers.

"Never heard of him," snorted the challenger's supporters.

Then arguments over odds.

"It's ten to nine on Tooney in New York, a guy told me."

"Even money or nothing doing," was the answer.

Living old times over again: "It was just here—back in November, 1918—that—"

"All right, I'll take you for a hundred and send you a check if Jack don't click."

"Say, did that bet go?" was the usual comeback among the all-night watch parties in Ferlee's and the New York Bar and the Montmartre joints after the returns were in.

Owing to the six hours' difference in time, it was almost 4 o'clock in the morning when the bout started, and meantime the boys and girls had kept their interest keyed up with songs, conversation, and occasional libations of various concoctions.

"Tunney down for eight seconds!" bellowed the broadcaster, after phoning newspaper offices for flashes of proceedings in Soldiers' Field.

"Never heard of him," came back from the crowd.

Quiet strolls on the boulevards whiled away the crisp autumn evenings for some of the bolder spirits, all surprised, too, at the lack of adventures there after what we had all heard.

The Prefect of Police was responsible for that. Just before the convention opened, he told all the bad little girls who do their strolling there generally to take a vacation and go back to boarding school for two weeks.

They gave the guides who promise people to show them all sorts of interesting and uninteresting sights warning to keep off the streets, too, and closed up certain ill-famed establishments, notorious for unmentionable orgies for shocking the dear tourists.

Cops were told Legionnaires were always in the right, and if they got too boisterous they were all to be taken, with extreme care and without any brutality or coercion, to the Champs Élysées police station. Magistrates were on duty there night and day, with American judges sitting beside them.

Thus no one was locked up, unless he was so stiff he needed time to sleep it off, and minor cases were disposed of at once with small fines and dismissals.

IN 1937 the Legion will hold its third pilgrimage to Paris. There won't be so many next time, for two reasons. First of all, a decade hence there will be a certain number who have fallen by the wayside and some more who will be too old to make the trip.

Secondly, there will be a lot who were tempted to try this visit on too little money who will think a lot before attempting it again.

"Europe again in nineteen-thirty-seven?"

"Never heard of it!" say the Legionnaires.

THE END

Things We REMEMBER

War Throws a Barrier Across the Dancing Road to Fame

An Autobiography by

IRENE CASTLE

(Reading time: 16 minutes 45 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The theatrical season of 1914-15 found the Castles riding the crest of a high wave of popularity. Their stage success, Watch Your Step, was in full swing, and all their available hours out of the theater were given over to exhibiting and teaching the new Castle dance steps. But Great Britain was at war, and only Mrs. Castle's insistence kept Vernon from joining his country's forces. In this installment of her autobiography the famous dancer tells how she finally capitulated to his desire, and of her efforts to carry on without him while he was in service abroad and after his death on a Texas flying field, where he had been assigned as an instructor.]

© Moffett

Rastus, "the most adorable monkey that ever lived," reciprocating Irene Castle's affections.

PART FOUR

WE had occasionally dropped into vaudeville, whenever our funds needed a stimulant, but we never took more than a three- or four-week engagement at a stretch, as we disliked two shows a day and felt our dancing was not vaudeville material.

It wasn't fast enough to appeal to vaudeville audiences, and it was difficult for us to fill in the time for my changes of costume. During these intervals Vernon sometimes gave a short exhibition of drumming, or a little talk on the new dances, their adaptability to the crowded ballroom floor, etc.

Silver and Friedman photo

It cost the Castles a week's salary to rescue the skating Teddy from vaudeville persecution.

When movie villains were tough and the heroine trod a stony path. Mrs. Castle and Warner Oland in the serial Patria.

These engagements were much more like work to us than any others, but they provided quick money and had to be done whenever we had allowed ourselves to become altogether too extravagant. We hated the fact that they took us away from our lovely Manhasset home and some of our pets—though a great many of them traveled with us.

Vaudeville held one serious complication for us which we finally had to eliminate, because we got back from these tours owing ourselves money. We were both passionately fond of animals and consequently were made miserable whenever we found ourselves on the bill with an animal act.

As it was impossible to alter the conditions under which these animals lived and the fear which they necessarily felt, in most cases, to do their tricks unhesitatingly, we invariably ended up by buying the animals.

Of course, while this seemed the simplest solution, it had its drawbacks—not the least of which was the fact that at the end of the week we were often very little—if anything—ahead.

Trained animals come high and it isn't always easy to work them into the family circle. Dogs and monkeys are all right, but when it comes to roller-skating bears, one begins to regret one's tender heart.

IT was in Chicago that we worked a whole week for nothing—though we had not started out with any such intention—so that Teddy, a brown bear, might retire from public life.

Some enterprising young reporter thought up the brilliant idea of having me pose with Teddy, supposedly teaching him to dance. He had been roller-skating on the bill with us, though not in our act, of course, and his little whining moan under the stage had distressed us for several days.

We had noticed how tiny his cage was—not even large enough for him to turn around in—and it was so dark and dismal all day long in the basement of the theater. We waited, after our performance, several times to see him skate. He did it so beautifully.

He could do figure eights on his hind legs in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THINGS WE REMEMBER Continued from Page Sixty-three]

and out of a lot of bottles with a little white poodle in his arms.

I envied his ability, but realized he did not do it from choice. To get the skates on Teddy, they had to set him on a chair in the wings and give him a bottle full of honey or syrup. By working fast, they could just get the skates on while he was busy with the upturned bottle. Then he was pushed on to the stage to do his turn.

On Wednesday afternoon we waited in after the matinée to have the pictures taken. Poor Teddy was led out on to the stage and made to stand up in front of me. I held his front paws and the flashlight went off. Naturally, that gave him an awful start, and he growled and snapped at me.

His keeper, prepared for just such an emergency, came down on the poor bear's head with a baseball bat. Now we knew why he roller-skated! This was the instrument which had coaxed him into performing so cleverly.

The man assured us he had to use it, and showed scars all the way up his arm to prove it. The result was, we bought the bear. We agreed that he should finish out his week's engagement, but on Saturday night, after the curtain fell for the last time, he was ours!

I WAS perfectly confident I could place him in some comfortable zoo. With this in mind, I wired the Bronx Zoo, in New York, on Thursday. I was sure he would receive the finest care and be placed in the largest pen there.

I even pictured a bronze tablet attached to his bars, telling of the donation of this handsome animal by Mrs. Vernon Castle, and letters of thanks from the directors.

On Friday I received a wire from them stating that they were overrun with *brown* bears and were selling some young ones at fifteen dollars apiece. This was my first setback, but I was far from discouraged.

I then wired the zoo at Washington, where I felt familiar with conditions, having gone to school at Forest Glen close by. My love of animals had taken me to the zoo in almost every city I had ever visited, but so far I had been most favorably impressed with the Bronx and the Washington ones.

To my horror, on Saturday I received a wire from the Washington Zoo stating that it could not accept an ordinary brown bear, but that if I had a grizzly or black bear, they would be glad to consider it! In a few hours Teddy was to be ours—with no love for us and no baseball bat in our home.

Sunday began to look full of possibilities. In desperation we rushed out to the Lincoln Park Zoo, after our matinée, and called on Cy de Vry, who then was in charge. Our hearts sank when he told us he had no vacant bear pens; but he hastily added:

"There's an old black bear out here that you can put your bear in with, if you want to take a chance on their hitting it off together."

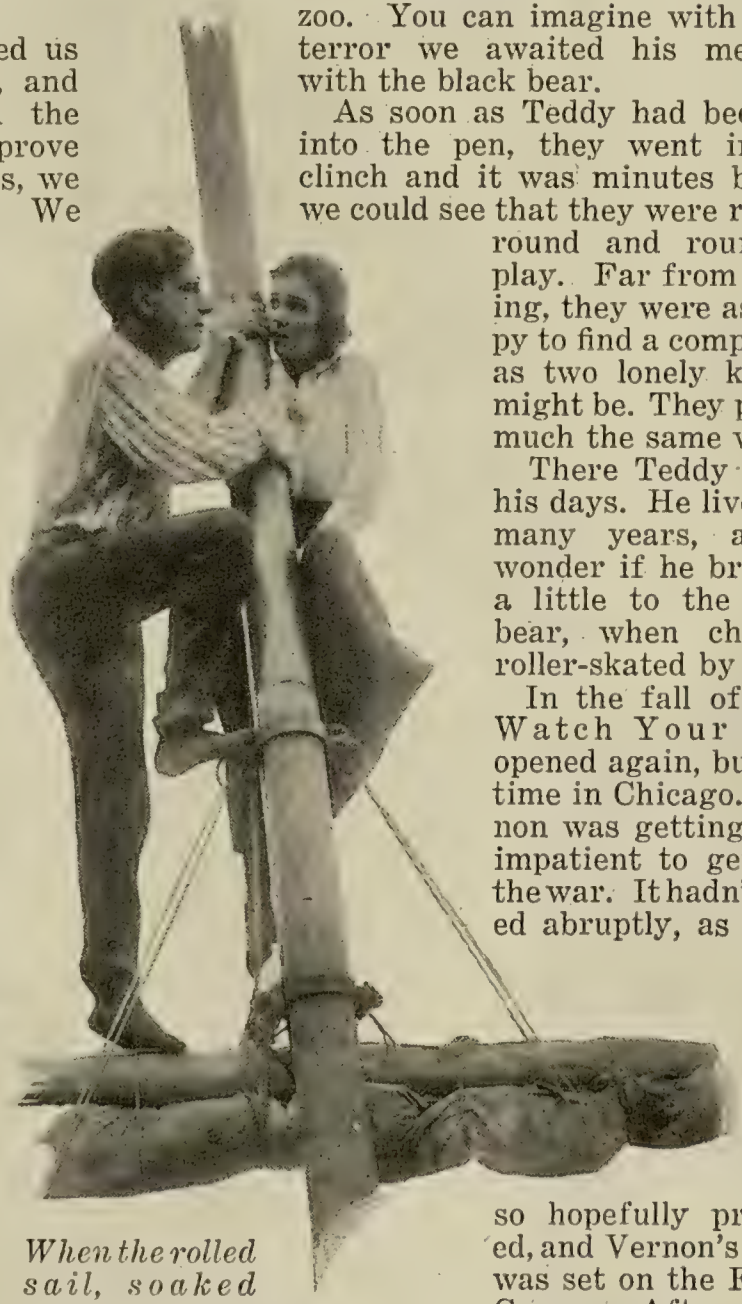
Did I? Well, I figured our poor fellow would prefer fighting his own kind to fighting a losing battle with a baseball bat in the theater twice a day, so it was arranged that we should drive out the next morning with our bear.

WE got Teddy into a taxi Sunday morning and headed for the zoo. You can imagine with what terror we awaited his meeting with the black bear.

As soon as Teddy had been let into the pen, they went into a clinch and it was minutes before we could see that they were rolling round and round in play. Far from fighting, they were as happy to find a companion as two lonely kittens might be. They played much the same way.

There Teddy ended his days. He lived for many years, and I wonder if he bragged a little to the black bear, when children roller-skated by!

In the fall of 1915 Watch Your Step opened again, but this time in Chicago. Vernon was getting most impatient to get into the war. It hadn't ended abruptly, as I had so hopefully predicted, and Vernon's heart was set on the Flying Corps. After some coaxing he had agreed to play in Chicago and Boston with us—two most important road cities—and then Charlie Dillingham had promised to let him out.



When the rolled sail, soaked with kerosene, was set afire to put a thrill in Patria, Irene Castle and Milton Sills narrowly escaped burning with it.

With Rastus—"the most adorable monkey that ever lived," as his tombstone reads—five griffons, and Tell and Ajax, Vernon's police dogs, we went to Chicago. We played there about six weeks and danced in Rector's after the theater.

Carl Hyson heard that Vernon was soon to leave the company, and came to see me about taking his place. I liked his dancing very

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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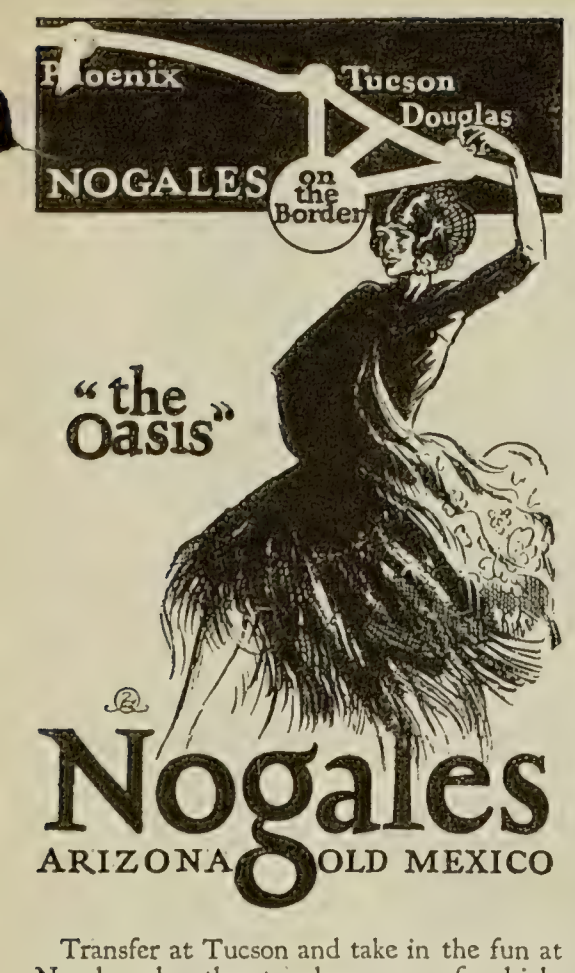

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

much, but was afraid he would appear too short. I learned afterward that he and his wife, Dorothy Dickson, had attended practically *every* performance of Watch Your Step in Chicago.

It was while we were there that mother and I had our first airplane flights. Some fellow whom Vernon had flown with took us up in a hydroplane over the lake. We both loved it, of course.

My mother had been up in a balloon at the age of thirteen. In fact, she was the first woman—or child, if you like—to make a balloon ascension in this country. Her father was an advertising man for Barnum & Bailey's circus at one time, and therefore got this opportunity to make the ascension himself; but he gave his place to my mother, his only child.

I've heard there was quite some difficulty in getting her mother's consent, which doesn't surprise me. In those days air travel was considered anything but safe.

On the allotted day they rose out of a hole in the roof of the Great (or Grand) Roman Hippodrome in New York. There was no knowledge of air currents, nor the advance information on storm conditions that the aviator today depends on, and so the second they had passed the roof, they were swept sideways with a rush of wind.

The basket struck the Gilsey House flagpole with such force that it broke in two—the flagpole, I mean.

Of course, the shock of such an impact made the basket sway madly from side to side, creating anything but a comfortable sensation, my mother told me. She said her greatest interest was in the sea of upturned faces below.

When the basket began rocking, a coat and hat that hung on its side shook loose and sailed down among the spectators. They thought it was a person falling out, and my mother said the crowd split in two and raced for safety for fear of being hit.

THERE were several men on that trip, but no other women, and mother was put out a little after dusk, somewhere in Connecticut, after they had dragged the anchor, let out gas, and gesticulated wildly to farmers in an effort to get their help in making a landing.

People were so afraid of the unfamiliar sight of a balloon that the anchor had to bump along through stone walls and haystacks for several miles before anyone could be induced to take hold of it and help fasten it to some firm foundation.

Professor Donaldson, who took my mother up, started his semi-weekly ascensions on April 30, 1874, a week after the opening of the Great (or Grand) Roman Hippodrome. P. T. Barnum brought him back from Europe with him, and has written of him and these ascensions in his book, How I Made Millions.

Wide World photo

"My lovely daughter has crowded more happiness into every good-night hug than I thought the world could hold for anybody." The writer, now Mrs. Frederick McLaughlin, and her little girl.

FROM Chicago we went to Boston for a short run with Watch Your Step. At the close of this engagement, Vernon left us and went to Newport News to get his pilot's license. The whole company gave him a farewell party in Boston, at which there was much speech making, toasting, and not a few tears.

He was the only one to drop out of the original company. We had all played so happily together since our opening a year before. There were no petty jealousies, and every member of the cast, chorus, and crew adored Vernon.

I felt quite lost, of course, but did not feel I could urge him longer to ignore his duty to his country. It was arranged that I should dance alone in the last act, where we had done a one-step number together.

I arranged a waltz for this spot, and we simply took out the little polka we had done in the opera-box scene. My dancing-teacher number was done with the chorus men anyway, and the syncopated-walk number was more walking around —open dancing—than teamwork. This I did with Bernard Granville.

It worked out fairly well, but was not the show without Vernon that it had been with him. Two Castles were certainly worth a hundred times more than one, and I realized it more every day.

I hated the responsibility of starring alone, although I can remember the time when the pride I felt in my position got me up on my feet when I wouldn't have believed I could possibly stand, much less dance.

I had tonsillitis so badly in Louisville that, under doctor's orders, I had to stay in bed and miss the matinée.

After it was over, I learned that they had announced my absence from the stage and offered to refund the money of those who did not wish to stay and see the show without me.

When I heard that over half the house rose and collected their

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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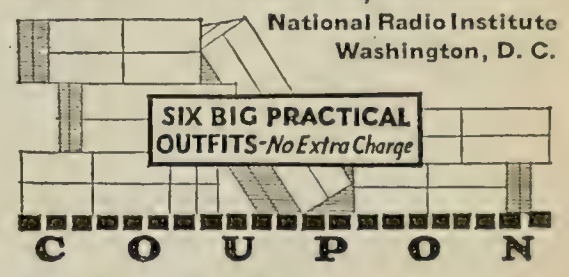

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[THINGS WE REMEMBER Continued from Page Sixty-five]

money at the box office, I got right up, though feeling like death, and tore for the theater to get ready for the night's performance.

I thought if they wanted to see me that badly in Louisville, I'd better give them a chance, and do my level best, too.

It was at about this time that we sold our divine home at Manhasset. I was afraid to keep it. Vernon would not be working for nobody knew how long. I was only making $1,000 a week, and the upkeep of the place was enormous. The mortgages were the reducing kind that fell due often, some dates being only two weeks apart, and in large chunks. I just didn't dare face them.

I felt sure I would lose the place through not being able to meet those mortgages one day, and I had no idea what I was going to do when our tour closed. Vernon had saved nothing. I had given him $1,000 to get his pilot's license and bought one of his cars and ponies, but he had turned right around in his impractical way and bought me five lovely big pearls that more than ate up his small capital.

I felt the bottom had dropped out of everything and saw hunger practically staring me in the face. Our teamwork was broken up and I felt that offers would be few and far between for me alone.

The future loomed up, a very gloomy uncertainty, and through lack of courage—no gambling spirit—and poor advice, we sold our Manhasset home, as it stood, for the remaining mortgages, just $49,500.

We never saw a penny of this, of course. It went to those holding the mortgages and we didn't have the heart to go near the place, even to see if there was anything personal we might wish to remove. I believe I read not long ago that it was sold again—for $250,000.

HAD I only been able to gaze in the crystal!

Patria, a motion-picture serial, lay just ahead, and was accompanied by a salary of $1,500 a week for about six months.

As soon as Watch Your Step closed, I made a round trip to England to spend six days with Vernon before starting my picture work. He had come out to Indianapolis to say good-by to me before going overseas.

The parting had been heartbreaking for both of us, but he soon had his pilot's license and was impatient to try for a commission in the Royal Flying Corps. Luckily, soon after he landed in England he met Robert Loraine, who got him a second lieutenancy.

He had written home so proudly of this, and before I landed in Liverpool he had won his wings. In other words, he had done enough flying over there to permit his wearing the wing emblem on his uniform.

I HAD a tiny Flying Corps uniform made for Rastus, our monkey, and took it along because I knew it would please Vernon.

He got leave to come down to Liverpool to meet me, and then the days flew by. We spent most of them at a little town called Pewsey, near his flying station.

This scene in Patria demanded that Mrs. Castle's clothes be soaked, so frequently she was "dipped overboard by the nape of the neck." (At right) Milton Sills.

All too soon I was sitting in a railroad carriage, headed for Liverpool, with a lump in my throat and a picture of Vernon saluting on that little station platform as the train pulled away!

Patria, which was made by Mr. Hearst, was rather anti-Japanese in character, but then one has to have villains in movies, and whatever nationality you make your villains, they are bound to make someone mad.

It was a thriller—full of explosions, train wrecks, and burning ships! Just the kind of story I could do, for there was no time for long, emotional scenes, but lots of riding, swimming, etc. There were so many water scenes that we were soaking wet at least half of the picture.

Milton Sills played opposite me and Warner Oland was one of the Japanese villains. We made the first ten episodes in Ithaca, Newport, and Buffalo, and the last five in Hollywood. Twice the picture was held up for a week while I recuperated from water scenes.

In Buffalo I had been kept in the water all day. All of my scenes had to be done in a dripping wet costume, and as the sun was very hot, I dried quickly. Then I was dipped overboard by the nape of the neck. The drying of my clothes on me so many times congested my lungs, and that night I went to bed with a fever that developed into a mild case of pneumonia.

In November, when the water was still colder, Milton Sills and I had to do some scenes in the lake at Ithaca, clinging to a spar. Lake water is always cold, and at that time of the year it is paralyzing.

Before I dove in, they gave me a whole tumblerful of whisky. This made my heart go like a trip hammer, and when I hit the icy water, it just stopped. I was unconscious for some time, and they had to cut off my clothes. My maid said afterward that my flesh was as white and hard as marble.

Then followed another delay while I got over the shock of that experience. We drove cars in front of onrushing trains and dove forty feet from the deck of a large freighter off Buffalo, but the worst experience was on the mast of a supposedly burning ship.

The mast wasn't on the ship at the time they took the close-ups. It had been erected on a sort of rocking-horse base, to give the impression of riding the waves, about twenty-five feet above a hard roadbed. We were to stand on the crossbar with the rolled sail just beneath our feet—soaked in kerosene—*aflame*.

The mast was put in motion and all the property boys hurled burning embers at us to make it more realistic. A flame slapped across my eyes and the grease paint on my lashes almost sealed them together. Our feet literally felt on fire.

We scrambled to a nut about a foot above the crossbar, which offered only room enough for one large toe. Milton had his arms around me and the mast, but every time we came to the end of the rocker to which the mast was attached, we stopped with a jolt that sent our feet flying off the nut, and then snapped back to the mast like a rubber band.

It was a harrowing experience. The heat was downright painful, and we screamed for someone to put out the flames.

REALIZING that the stiff wind had carried things far beyond their expectations, those below began squirting fire extinguisher at us. Someone ran for a ladder to get us down. The extinguisher fluid blinded me in both eyes and, between not being able to see at all and the suffocating heat, I threatened to jump.

I realized I would probably break both legs. I couldn't even open my eyes to see where to jump, but I was so miserable by this time that nothing mattered.

Milton held me tightly and assured me someone was on the way with a ladder. When it finally did

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE SIXTY-NINE]

In the radically different Eveready Layerbilt the cells are flat, and the battery is assembled under pressure into a solid block, eliminating waste space, packing a maximum of active materials within the battery case, and making those materials more efficient.

In the EVEREADY LAYERBILT

we have put the holes to work

Radio is better with *Battery* Power

There is a kind of radio reception that is radio at its very best. Clear. Hum-free. True in tone, faithful. Reliable. Reception from a receiver that is working under exactly the conditions for which it was designed. For such reception, use batteries. For batteries provide pure D. C., Direct Current, the only kind of current that is silent and unnoticeable in radio. For utmost results, undisturbed enjoyment, and unalloyed delight, use Battery Power.

Each cell in the cylindrical type of "B" is a unit connected to the others by soldered wires. The space between the cells is wasted, useless. Illustrated is the Eveready Heavy Duty "B" Battery No. 770, Eveready's highest development of the cylindrical cell type.

THE ordinary dry cell "B" battery is full of useless holes—waste spaces between the cylindrical cells. The wasted space may amount to more than 30 per cent of the total.

A number of years ago we set about correcting this state of affairs. Dry battery traditions were dropped. An entirely new kind of dry cell was developed. It was flat and square, like a book, instead of cylindrical. Such cells were pressed together into a solid battery block with no waste spaces. The new invention was patented, thus making it exclusively Eveready. The Layerbilt embodies the first radical improvements ever made in the dry cell.

But before this remarkable battery was ever sold, it was tested for several years in the laboratory. Then it was put on trial in home service in all parts of the country. Several remarkable things were discovered in this way. The most remarkable is this: In the Layerbilt from a given quantity of materials you get more current than you would if the same amount of chemicals were put in a cylindrical cell battery. The Layerbilt construction makes the materials produce more electricity.

That is why the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486 is the longest lasting of all Evereadys. It is a heavy duty battery for use on all loud-speaker receivers. Hundreds of thousands of people have found it to be the most economical battery they ever used. For convenience, as well as economy, use the longer-lasting Eveready Layerbilt.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York — San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

Tuesday night is Eveready Hour Night
East of the Rockies
9 P. M., Eastern Standard Time
Through WEAF and associated N. B. C. stations
On the Pacific Coast
9 P. M., Pacific Standard Time
Through N. B. C. Pacific Coast network

EVEREADY Radio Batteries
—they last longer

The air is full of things you shouldn't miss

© 1926, D.-W. Co.

"Then, gallants, since ev'rything here you may find
That pleasures the fancy or profits the mind,
Come all, and take each a full dish of delight,
And crowd up our Coffee House every night."
—JAMES MILLER

"The flavor is roasted in!"

Dining was an art in Colonial times. Coffee houses—the clubs of their day—were to be found in all the larger towns. And what good coffee they served! You, too, can serve delicious coffee every time if you will use White House—the coffee with *the flavor roasted in*. Seventy-five years of coffee roasting have shown us just how to capture and preserve all the rich, rare coffee flavor and aroma—the caffeol which is the very soul of coffee. Try White House and know how *good* a coffee can taste.

WHITE HOUSE COFFEE

DWINELL-WRIGHT COMPANY BOSTON, MASS. CHICAGO, ILL. PORTSMOUTH, VA.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SIX]

come, I had to feel my way down it. Such was serial life twelve years ago.

Mr. Hearst had promised me I would be through in time to spend Christmas in England with Vernon, who had been out at the front for several months and was due for leave the last of December. But this proved impossible at the last minute.

Weather had been against us, and changes in directors, etc., caused more delay, so that I reluctantly stayed on until the middle of January to make a few smiling close-ups to use at the end of each episode. The picture was far from finished when I left, so I appeared very seldom in the last five episodes.

I WAS very nervous for fear I should miss Vernon's leave, and of course he could not move that around to suit his convenience or mine. I dashed back from Los Angeles and sailed the day after I arrived in New York, at the height of the submarine danger. Crossings were very exciting in those days and London was very depressing.

The railroad stations in England were full of men going off to the front or coming back on the casualty trains, crushed and still.

Vernon and I danced at a benefit matinée for Lady Greville, which the royal family attended. Tuck, Mills, and Johnson, our old friends, were playing in a London café, and they accompanied us.

Queen Alexandra leaned over the side of her box and applauded so long after our number that we were sent out again and again, to bow to her and then to the audience.

We had had no time in which to rehearse, but the old familiar tunes brought the routine back to us, and after the first few nervous minutes had passed, we felt as though we had never stopped. It didn't seem possible that there had been so long an interval since our last dance together in New York.

That had been at the farewell performance staged by Charles Dillingham at the Hippodrome, a couple of weeks before Vernon went overseas. Sousa had accompanied us on this occasion, and such love and loyalty as the public had showered on us!

An enormous airplane made of flowers was sent up over the footlights. Crowds had waited outside the stage door and the applause had lasted so long we both had cried.

This was given on a Sunday night, so that I would not have to miss a performance of Watch Your Step.

Then I had been whisked back on a special train—only one car and an engine—through the night to Pittsburgh, where my show was playing Monday night.

It was now the early part of February, 1917. Vernon had gone back to the front and I was struggling to get back to America. A law had been passed forbidding British women subjects to leave the country, because of the appalling damage the submarines were doing.

© Ira L. Hill photos

Light feet carried a heavy heart when the dancer played in Miss 1917 after Vernon (at left) had gone to war. He was killed that year on a Texas flying field.

My marriage to Vernon, who was British, brought me under this ruling.

I was frantic, because my mother was not well and I had a Pathé contract to fulfill. By pulling all the ropes I could, drawing heavily on some friends in the War Office, I got my passport and that of my maid's viséd.

We sailed home on the Aquitania—the only women on board—and with only thirty-five first-class passengers. It was a most amusing experience.

Everyone had bits of lucky jade and blown-up waistcoats that friends had sent them when sailing.

I had been given a little silver brandy flask which had been loaned to the King of England when he had been thrown from his horse at the front the year before.

When an aide returned it to the Flying Corps officer in Vernon's squadron who had rushed out with it to the scene of the accident, he claimed the doctor said it had been instrumental in saving the King's life.

This was probably a slight exaggeration, but I felt that having done the King a good turn, it might prove lucky to me.

In case of accident, I felt sure I would be quite safe with my flask and a ship's life preserver, while those with all the trick going-away presents would drown while trying to blow up their patent floating palaces.

We did not see a submarine, though we had the thrill of hearing and feeling the ship's forward gun go off when someone sighted one in the distance.

I got back in time to make about nine bad pictures for Pathé and to add to the failure of one of the biggest flops in theatrical history, Miss 1917. But none of that mattered, because Vernon had been sent over here to teach fliers, and I thought I could breathe freely once more. How little we know of the day, or even the hour, just ahead.

I have had a busy life since—made a couple of pictures, crossed the country on concert tours, even played in vaudeville.

THEN I married again, and I can honestly say I have never been happier or busier in my life.

My lovely daughter has crowded more happiness into every good-night hug than I thought the world could hold for anybody, and of course, with a thirty-five-acre place to take care of, the days just fly by.

The part of my life covered by these reminiscences is most fascinating to look back on, but I think I can safely say I'm glad it's behind me, not ahead of me. I feel I have learned the true value of things in experiencing the divine privilege of motherhood.

I never want to face an audience again, and I'm sure that anyone who sees a picture of my adorable daughter will know why.

THE END

Love and resignation in a Chinese civil-war setting make Indulgence of the Eyes, by Will Levington Comfort, one of the many stories in next week's issue of LIBERTY you can't afford to miss.

Two months ago She was a Wallflower ... Unnecessarily!

She loved to dance . . . danced, in fact, divinely. She was charming and had been popular.

Lately, however, she seemed to tire easily, was getting nervous . . . irritable. Gradually she became a wallflower.

Bewildered, unhappy, she did not realize that her breakdown was traceable to auto-intoxication . . . accumulated poisons in her system. But she knew enough to seek advice.

She heard, for the first time, of the corrective power of radio-active or health spring water . . . and about the Revigator, a jar that restored to ordinary drinking water its lost radio-activity. The Revigator, she learned, was a health spring in one's own home.

That same day . . . she began to drink her way back to health.

* * *

Every year many thousands of people flock to Arkansas Springs, Vichy and Baden-Baden, to drink the healing waters of these famous spas.

After years of fruitless search by scientists, the secret of the waters was found to be the Natural Niton or radium emanation (radio-activity) that these waters contained.

Based upon this discovery, the REVIGATOR was invented. It is a radio-active water-jar that restores to any water its lost Natural Niton, giving it the same high healing power possessed by the waters of the famed health resorts. The REVIGATOR is in effect a perpetual health spring in your own home.

Like health springs, Revigator seems to NORMALIZE. Thus, users are alike enthusiastic in directly opposite conditions like high and low blood pressure, over and under weight; and almost uniformly beneficial results are reported in such systemic disturbances as constipation and indigestion; nervous, stomach, kidney and blood disorders.

Revigator success is easy to explain. We have to drink water anyway. So why not always have handy a proven health water and thus aid nature to make health automatic. Radio-active health spring water is nature's prescription. Why try to improve it? Revigator does not improve nature, but Revigator does duplicate nature—and that is the sole reason Revigator so often brings happy results.

Our booklet, "Restoring Water's Lost Element" tells about the valuable discovery that has brought health and happiness to thousands. Its message may prove of vital interest to you. Send the coupon for your copy. It is free.

Radium Ore Revigator Co.

Revigator Building, San Francisco

Mallers Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Park Row Bldg., New York City

Start the New Year Right!

Did you ever stop to think what better water means to the permanent health of your family? What better time than NOW to get in touch with the Revigator dealer in your town . . . he is listed in the phone book under Radium Ore Revigator Agency . . . if not, send the coupon.

RADIUM ORE REVIGATOR CO.

Address envelope to nearest office or consult phone book for your local dealer.

Please send me my copy of your booklet "Restoring Water's Lost Element," No obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Lib. 2

Paris Styles That Have a Piquant Past

By BETTINA BEDWELL

The bouffant skirt of this black taffeta frock from Chanel and the fitted bodice are Victorian. The jabot and the ruffles are edged with cream lace.

Paris, December 18, 1927.

MANY things gain fascination from having a past. Wine, women, and furniture, for instance, are often much more sought after when it is known that they have histories. There are, of course, pasts and pasts. A past that is of absorbing interest to the police is not a particularly desirable thing to have. And when it comes to clothes, a suggestion of any bygone age is a ticklish quality.

The alluring sort of past for clothes to have is an ancestral background; some fascinating historical epoch. The newest style, being the last descendant, should recall, by subtle suggestion and no more, its first ancestor. The latest fashions of Paris have this intriguing family resemblance to the clothes of other eras.

Straight-line fashions are wholly modern, being the seed of what will, perhaps, in centuries to come, be a magnificent family tree. Newer than these are the fashions that trace their ancestry back to the Victorian era and to old Spain.

Victoria, Queen of England, Empress of India, and what not, reigned for more than sixty years, so that Paris modes have a large past from which to choose fashion inspiration of that epoch, from the fichus, puffed sleeves, whaleboned bodices, and bouffant skirts of the Forties, to the princess frocks and shirt waists of the Naughty Nineties.

Like most descendants, these new styles reproduce exactly no feature of their progenitors. They let you know that they have a romantic past without going into details about it. Fichus, ruffles, puffed sleeves, jabots, bouffant skirts, and quaint fabrics are direct descendants of the modes of the Victorian era, with about the same likeness you observe between a débutante and her grandmother. However, it is worth while to watch this Victorian trend, because you are going to see more of it when spring styles come.

Sleeves are, at the moment, the most affected by the Victorian influence. They are wider and decidedly more decorative. Especially sleeves with puffed insets are coming into smart popularity. You may remember the Chanel lace evening frock with puffed sleeves that Erickson sketched for LIBERTY in the November 19 number. This was the first and now there are many.

The latest thing that Paris has done is to put the puffed sleeve into the coat, and I am showing you this idea, developed from the Victorian. This coat is from Paquin, who ranks first among the creators of coats in Paris, and this coat is his very newest creation. The material is broadcloth, a fabric with a distinguished past, and the fur trimming is mink, one of the favorites of smart ladies during Victoria's reign.

By putting two puffed bands of mink on the sleeves of this coat, Paquin places it among the real innovations of the season. The collar is round and puffed out, and revers of broadcloth, reminiscent of the jabot, outline the closing. The ruffle at the bottom of the coat is trimmed with three bands of mink.

The Chanel evening frock has three piquant points of resemblance to the evening frocks of the Victorian era. They are its bouffant silhouette, its ruffled skirt, and its lace trimming. Black taffeta, of the same stiff quality as used in that epoch, is the material of the gown, contrasted enchantingly with the creamy lace that borders the double-ruffle skirt and the cunning jabot. Chanel uses onyx-and-crystal pins to hold the jabot in place, and her very modern tailored belt is fastened by a buckle of crystals.

The coat dress of beige jersey from Paul Poiret is trimmed with bands of chenille embroidery, worked very much like the hook rugs

(Above) The fitted girdle and dipped hemline of this frock from Paquin are of Spanish inspiration.

(Left) Woven chenille trims this Poiret frock of beige jersey.

Puffed sleeves, black broadcloth, and mink recall the romantic clothes of the early Victorian era in this newest Paquin coat.

our grandmothers used to make. The bodice is fitted, and the sleeves have flaring inverted cuffs of brown chenille. The skirt is accordion plaited and banded with chenille at the bottom.

While the Victorian element in Paris fashions is most evident in daytime clothes, the Spanish ancestry that I mentioned earlier in this letter is more important for evening. The tulle frocks with their long skirts entirely covered by tiny ruffles are definitely of Spanish origin, as are the fitted wide-in-back girdles. And the smartest of evening skirts that dip to the floor in back are nothing but a younger generation of the old Andalusian dancing costumes.

OUR evening dress from Paquin shows just how the Spanish line is achieved by Paris. This frock, of robin's-egg-blue stiff satin, has a tightly fitted girdle that descends to a deep point in back, and is lifted to the normal line in front, tying there in a flat bow.

The skirt is cut into deep petals at the bottom, dipping to the heels in back, where it is shirred on to the girdle. The simple blouse is given distinction by its décolletage in back, the deep curve being crossed by three blue satin straps fastened at the center in flat bows. The armholes are squared at the bottom.

Spanish Influence in Evening Frocks

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

THERE is a creeping in of Spanish influence. We all know that it prevails in furnishings. People hurry away to the sunny kingdom to bring back wrought-iron grilles for decorating their apartments. In addition to these, they return nowadays with a strong inclination for Spanish motifs in evening clothes. The dress they are likely to choose when under this seductive influence will have a skirt that is all ruffles, of the kind that visiting music-hall stars wear and swish about the stage in.

There are dresses cut with an upward movement in the front and a drop in the back that carries them almost to the ground, after the manner dear to Louiseboulanger, who is not Spanish, but very French. These are incrusted with overlapping rows of crisp little ruffles (often cut on the bias) which follow the same movement, and this is not French in feeling, but very Spanish indeed.

Dresses of this type come in every color; but for those following closely the Latin dictates red is popular; and although there was a strong inclination on the part of dressmakers to discard it, too many women love to wear its bright shading to permit it to go.

They say that red is the color of self-assertion, popular with those who are sure of themselves. It announces for the wearer, without a word being spoken, that here she is! She has arrived—sometimes in more ways than one. Sometimes she has arrived as a great prima donna or writer. The color is popular with both of these, so the French say. And sometimes it merely signifies that she would like to arrive.

If all this that the French tell us is accurate, there are more self-asserting women in the world today than usual, for never before has red been so treasured as an evening shade.

TWO evening dresses of grace and distinction. The one on the left has a skirt of champagne-colored tulle, the bodice being of slightly darker velvet. That on the right is of black satin.

For all those not self-confident enough to appear under its bright signal, and for those who are for other reasons unsympathetic with its shading, there is the other color, almost the world apart from it in significance or any impression which it creates.

This is the tint of blue that has green in it—or maybe you would describe it as the shade of green which has blue in it—and goes under the beautiful name of aquamarine.

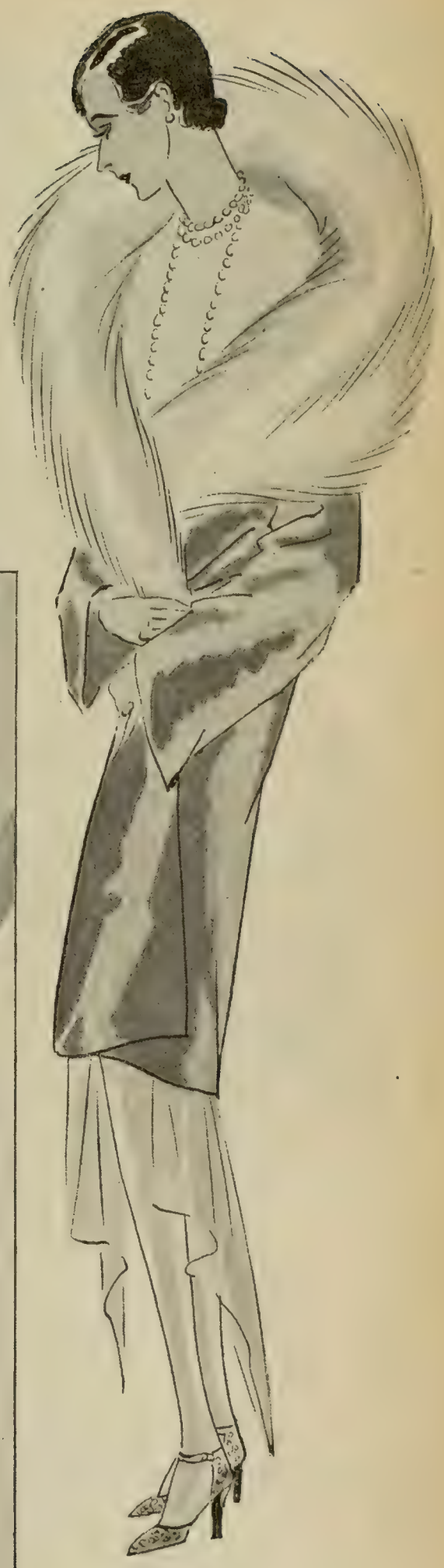
Chanel, as usual, started this Spanish movement with the use of some bright red taffeta, which has a Spanish feeling to it. She, as well as others, gets a further sense of Spanish influence with a lot of lace. Pale beiges, pale grays, and the off whites, such as ivory and oyster, are good now for these effects, and will undoubtedly get better as the season goes on.

Here are two dresses illustrating all that we have been trying to say. The one on the left is in the new shade for evening, which is a lovely soft beige.

Heretofore we have thought of pale tan as distinctly a color for daytime, especially appropriate for sports. Only last week we were remarking on how they were getting the hours twisted round. Sleeves for evening (or for demitoilette) and bare arms for daytime seem to be a popular new motif that is pending.

The skirt of this dress is in light beige tulle, topped with a velvet bodice. It is made very full, with the prevalent down-in-the-back movement of most evening things.

The other is ruffled also, but is much slimmer in outline. You could wear it on many occasions, of course, when the other would be inappropriate. It is in black satin. Or it would be awfully nice in transparent velvet. Its skirt is cut diagonally, so that it is longer on one side than on the other. It has the diagonal cuts and pieces that are on everything, but the outline of the silhouette is straight.



AN evening coat of red velvet trimmed with white fox fur.

EXCELLENT with either of these dresses is the accompanying coat. So many people get their wraps as irregular in line as their dresses, and this gives the impression of being too fussy. The straight line across the bottom of the coat is especially good with the irregular hemlines of the frocks now popular.

This coat is of brilliant scarlet velvet, trimmed with white fox. Velvet and lamé share honors for wraps of this kind. Fur wraps, of course, are in a class by themselves, and, except when made in distinctly the sports manner, are appropriate enough for evening.

Valuable Book-FREE

The latest ideas on window and door draping treatments

Read this valuable book before buying your curtain rods and drapery hardware. Get the latest ideas on window and door draping treatments before selecting your drapery materials and deciding on how your curtains and draperies should be made. It will save you money.

Money Saved

Whether you plan your own draperies or use the services of an artist-decorator, you will get valuable ideas from the draping treatments pictured for every room and every kind of window.

Ask your dealer to show you the Kirsch "Modern Draping" 160-page book, and the Kirsch catalogs on Kirsch Extension Curtain Rods, Kirsch-Kraft Drapery Hardware with or without Perfected Draw Cord Equipment, Atavio Work (Ornamental Decorations) and Better Wood Poles. Kirsch stands for "The Last Word" in Drapery Hardware. Over 100,000,000 Kirsch Rods giving satisfactory service.

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Send me your free book on latest Window Draperies and Drapery Hardware.

Name.....

Address.....

Book Shows Style Trend—

For instance, draw curtains that open and close noiselessly and overlap four inches when closed.

Draw cords entirely concealed.

Drapery Hardware finishes that blend with woodwork—either invisible or decorative.

Ornamental metal and wood poles, etc.

For Bad Complexion

Never again need you be ashamed of your complexion. The admiration lavished upon the vivacious, beautiful woman can be yours to enjoy. The cause of your trouble is probably constipation. It ravages the system, destroys beauty. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, better than calomel, is a vegetable compound mixed with olive oil, known by their olive color. Will eliminate constipation, cleanse your system, give you health that makes beauty. A famous, sure but harmless corrective used for 20 years. Non-habit-forming. No bad after-effects. Take nightly. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

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Free Book "The Truth" *Tells How Men* Reduce *from 4 to 6 inches!*

This 16-page illustrated book is packed with proof that the Little Corporal "Elastex" Belt for men reduces waistline girth, improves personality and efficiency. The belt is guaranteed one year. Write for free book today!

Women!—Ask about our new creation the "Elsee" Reducer.

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OHIO ACCREDITED CHICKS

Shipped C.O.D.

See your chicks before you pay for them. Especially selected, accredited stock. Every breeder banded.

Beautiful Catalog Free

Send for details, prices and catalog. Write today. Our chicks are highest quality. Our breeding birds are carefully selected by an expert trained and supervised by Ohio State University Poultry Dept. You will find none better.

South Kenton Poultry Farm, Box 30, Kenton, Ohio

JOB in your community to sell overcoats, blankets, sweaters, under garments, and everything to wear, direct to consumer. Good steady income. Real opportunity.
Manhattan Woolen Mills, Duluth, Minn.

The Great *Auto* Show

Honk! Honk! Honk! Look Out for the Jenkinses!

A Chapter-on-Wheels in LIBERTY'S Famous Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By LESLIE THRASHER

METROPOLITAN thrills! Sandy's unexpected business trip to New York!

"So this is Paris," he told Lil, escorting her from their hotel de luxe, which they were patronizing at his firm's expense.

"I'm so glad you brought me, dear," Lil yelled above the street din. (She wasn't missing a thing in the exclusive little shop windows.) "I can get a lot of nice new clothes. This is the season for bargains."

They were walking along slowly; in fact, their waning energy fluttered rather near zero. A *table d'hôte* dinner—twelve courses, counting the dreadful-smelling cheese—had punctuated a great day of days:

They'd rubbernecked, shopped, counted steps up the Statue of Liberty, addressed postals from the Woolworth Tower's dizzy heights, fed the Library pigeons, enjoyed a front-platform subway-train ride, saw another place where Washington said farewell to his troops, and discovered that the *Carassius aurati* in the Aquarium were only goldfish after all. Not to mention Lil's two-dollar wave and Sandy's combination haircut-facial-and-manicure.

And now they were headed for the Auto Show!

"I'd love to live here!" Lil shouted. "See that candy shaped like flowers? Only a dollar twenty-five a pound. Let's get some!"

"On the way back, dear," her husband promised, resolving to return to the hotel via another side street.

"And see that little gray hat? That's just the shape that goes nicely with my nose; it turns up and then hooks over to the side. Oh, there goes a ——!"

Sandy didn't quite hear what she said went by, but he saw that she had envious eyes upon a swell high-powered limousine. It purred past, a chauffeur and footman guarding a society stout with a spidery-looking lap dog yap-yap-yapping.

The buzzing excitement of the great Auto Show.

Music, palms, luxurious cars, rugs. And as everybody seemed to affect a wealthy "What's a few thousand dollars to me?" air, Lil was glad she had worn her fur coat!

The question of the evening became: "Shall we put you down?"

"No," Sandy said to salesmen by the dozen. "We're not buying just now. But send us a booklet—here's my business card."

By 10 o'clock he could rattle this gag off as proficiently as a subway guard's dramatic "Watch yur step" warning!

Lil didn't bother about the prices—only the lovely colors.

"Isn't that a sweet orange one?" she asked. "It would match my flannel coat. And you could get a yellow-striped blazer."

"Nothing doing until we pay for the breakfast-nook set," Sandy mumbled. And under his breath he said, "And your engagement ring!"

"Shall we put you down?" A marcelled salesman asked this original question. His voice was soft as the soothing end to a kiddie's bedtime story, but one look at the Jenkinses—and he knew the rest.

"No," Sandy told him. "We're not interested—"

"Perhaps we weren't when we came in," his wife said. "But we are now! My New Year's resolutions include a car."

The car before them was called The Little Wonder Car of the Century. "At a moment's notice it goes, and at a moment's notice it stops," the man announced.

"All right!" Sandy said, hoping to sign up before Lil saw the more expensive model near by.

And he plunged into the great Own-Your-Own-Car Sea—right off the deep end!

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

The Shopper

Jean and Laura were playing "Lady." Jean had just returned from a shopping tour.

"What did you buy?" asked Laura.

"I bought some good chewing gum that is guaranteed not to swallow," she answered.—Mary Oliver, 102 Yale Ave., San Antonio, Tex.

She Could Feel Better

Three-year-old Agnes was recuperating from a short illness. A neighbor, seeing her sitting on the front steps, asked, "How are you feeling this morning, Agnes?"

"Well," she plaintively replied, "I don't feel as good as I would if I could."—Beryl Hart, Dothan, Ala.

Don't sing a song of six-pence
A nickel is enough!
And when you bake the blackbirds
If you should find them tough
Just get a pack of Double Mint
Let everybody sing
"Wrigley's after every meal
Is just the very thing!"

MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.

LIBERTY'S
Four-Color Printing

Promotes public favor for "the flavor that lasts."

"GOOD digestion waits on appetite" when topped off with Wrigley's! Through LIBERTY'S sincerity in four-color reproduction, public selection focuses upon Wrigley's for after-dinner well being. The eye sees the package as it actually is and predetermines the buy. The public gives preference at the counter to familiar things. Use color to familiarize color in merchandise.

For this specimen of LIBERTY'S four-color printing, the advertiser's original plates from the Wrigley ad in the November 5th LIBERTY were used. The paper is identical. LIBERTY uses *58-pound cover stock* for all four-color advertising—11 pounds heavier than the paper the Saturday Evening Post uses. Paper does make a difference. *Compare the printing!*

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

The tall can, diluted, makes an overflowing quart of pure, rich milk

© 1928, Carnation Milk Products Co.

The Great American Breakfast ... Clever wives know the way to start a husband's day right. *Cakes!* And such cakes! Made with Carnation Milk. Rich and tender because of Carnation's double cream content. Fragile in texture because Carnation is "homogenized." Always delicious because Carnation's uniformly dependable quality insures unvarying success.

It's the same with all cooking. Use Carnation and you get extra-smoothness, extra-richness and finer texture. And with the use of this always-ready, always-good milk comes new economy and convenience.

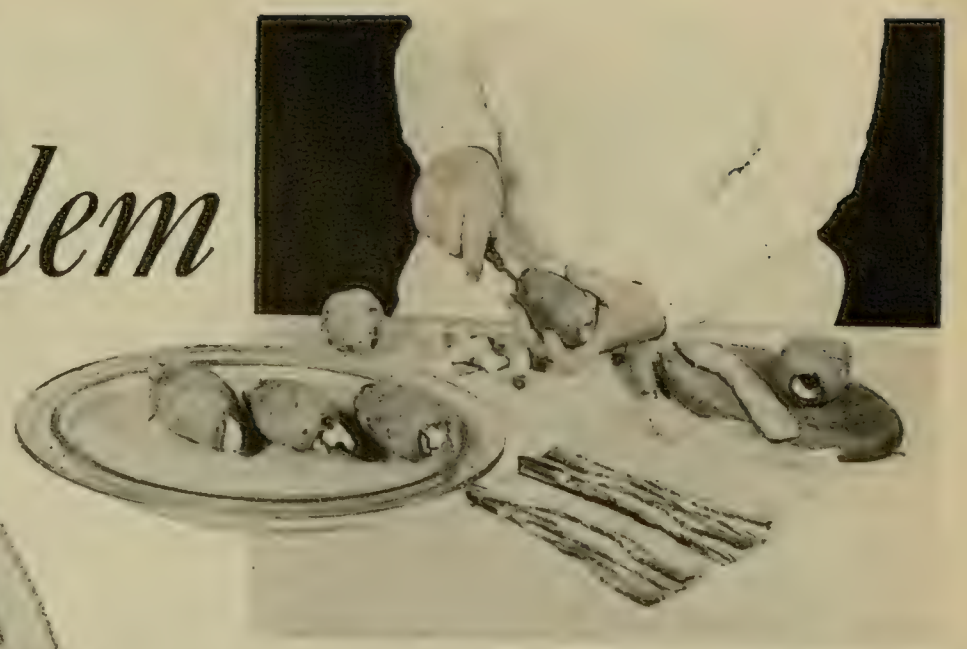
Carnation Griddle Cakes—2¼ cups flour, ¼ cup cornmeal, 4 tsp. baking powder, ¼ cup sugar, 1 egg, ⅔ cup Carnation Milk diluted with 1⅓ cups water, 4 tbsp. butter, 1 tsp. salt. Sift dry ingredients; add well beaten egg to diluted milk and melted butter. Stir liquid quickly into dry ingredients. Bake until brown on one side; turn.

Write for Mary Blake Cook Book

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY
138 Carnation Bldg., Oconomowoc, Wis.
238 Stuart Bldg., Seattle; New York; Aylmer, Ont.

Solving the Noon Meal Problem

By ETHEL SOMERS



PREPARING and serving the noon meal, day after day, soon becomes quite a problem, especially where the important needs of growing children must be considered. First of all, there is frequently little time for preparation after the morning work has been completed. Then, too, successive days must bring a pleasant variety of foods. Besides this, the same foods have to be so combined as to provide complete nutrition for young and growing bodies.

This does not mean that every single meal has to be a balanced one. The balance rather is maintained through the whole day's ration. Finally, children need a generous serving of concentrated food.

One can best satisfy all these conditions by acquiring a repertoire of simple, wholesome, well flavored foods.

For winter luncheon menus build your meal around a hot main dish that is simple yet substantial. This dish should constitute the greater part of the meal, and so should be well flavored and attractively presented. As an accompaniment serve something juicy and crisp such as a fruit or vegetable salad, a hot vegetable service, celery, or fruit. A glass of milk and something sweet—for example, fruit sauce, raisins, pudding, or a piece of candy—will complete a healthful menu as well as an appetizing one.

A quick luncheon dish is a cheese-cream sauce served on toast. Accompanied by a vegetable or salad, milk, and fruit, it forms an excellent lunch for children.

Baked Potato with Bacon

6 potatoes, uniform size 6 slices bacon

SCRUB the potatoes thoroughly with a vegetable brush. Cut out the center with an apple corer. Insert a thin slice of bacon in each potato. These potatoes should be put on a baking dish and placed in a hot oven (500° F.). Too hot an oven will form a hard outer crust, while an oven not hot enough allows the steam to condense within and the potato becomes soggy and waxy. Bake from 40 to 60 minutes. Test the softness of the baked potatoes by inserting a fork to the center. If they seem to be done, further test by pinching between your thumb and forefinger. The finished potato should be soft and pliable. Serve hot on the baking dish, garnishing with parsley.

Plain baked potato, served with broiled or fried bacon, may be substituted for the foregoing, if desired.

Savory Rice

The cereal-and-cheese combination in this recipe is especially wholesome and the addition of the tomatoes adds a valuable protective food.

- ½ cup rice
- 1 tablespoon butter or bacon fat
- 1 onion, minced
- 1¼ cups boiling water
- 1 cup tomatoes
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon celery salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- ½ to 1 cup cheese, cut into ¼-inch cubes

PLACE the top part of a double boiler, containing the rice, onion, and fat, directly over a medium flame. Stir the mixture as it browns. Continue stirring and cooking until the rice is slightly browned all over. Add the boiling water and cook until the water is *almost* absorbed. Add the tomatoes and seasonings, reserving the cheese. Heat the mixture until it boils. Cover and cook over water until the rice is tender—about 45 minutes. Stir gently once or twice during the cooking. Just before serving, fold in the cheese cubes and heat for a few minutes to soften.

Savory Rice with Bacon may be made from the Savory Rice recipe, omitting the cheese cubes and adding ¼ to ½ cup shredded fried bacon.

Cheese Sauce

Made from milk and cheese, this is a richly concentrated food and, accompanied by a starchy food like toast, serves admirably for the main luncheon dish.

- 2 cups milk
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons butter
- ⅛ teaspoon paprika
- ½ to 1 cup cheese (This may be grated or cut into fine pieces. Creamy cheese melts easily and may therefore be added whole.)

MELT the butter over a low flame. Remove from the fire and stir in the flour and salt. Mix until smooth and gradually add half of the milk. Stir and cook until the mixture thickens. Add the remaining milk and reheat. Add the cheese and paprika. Mix well and heat *gently* (preferably over water) until ready to serve. Cheese Sauce should be served soon after making, or else kept hot over water that is *not* near to boiling. Serve hot on toast or over macaroni or potatoes, garnishing with paprika and parsley.

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(Top left) During the baking the bacon crisps and the potato becomes especially savory. Cut a hole through the potato with an apple corer, insert a strip of bacon, and bake.

Cream of Potato Soup

Cream soups are excellent substantial main dishes for luncheon menus. Many satisfactory varieties may be cheaply purchased ready prepared.

- 3 medium potatoes
- ½ onion, sliced
- ½ teaspoon salt, added to water in which potatoes are cooked
- 1 cup potato water
- 3 cups milk
- 3 tablespoons butter
- ⅓ cup flour
- 2 teaspoons salt, added to soup
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- ⅛ teaspoon celery salt, if desired
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, if desired

CUT the washed, peeled potatoes in slices. Put these and the onion to boil in a tightly covered kettle in 1¼ cups of *boiling* salted water. Cook until very tender. Rub through a sieve, using the potato liquor (this should be now reduced to about 1 cup) as well as the pulp. Melt the butter. Remove from the fire and stir in the flour and seasonings. Gradually stir in one half of the milk. Stir and cook until the mixture thickens. Add the potatoes and remaining milk. Heat over a protected low flame for at least 15 minutes. This being a starchy mixture, it is best to cook very well.

Cream of Peanut Butter Soup

Aside from the food value of the milk and nut butter, this soup has the advantage of being a last-minute possibility.

- 1½ tablespoons butter
- 1½ tablespoons flour
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- 3 cups milk
- 3 tablespoons peanut butter
- 3 tablespoons milk, to mix with peanut butter
- ⅓ teaspoon paprika

MELT the butter in the top part of a double boiler. Remove from the fire and stir in the flour, forming a smooth paste. Stir in half the milk, gradually mixing until smooth. Cook and stir until the mixture thickens. Add the remaining milk and heat. Continue to cook over water until ready to serve. Just before serving, mix the peanut butter, cold milk, salt, and paprika to a smooth paste and add it to the soup. Beat it in with an egg beater while the mixture heats. Serve hot with toasted bread.

Celery Chowder

Chowders are rich in food value and are especially delightful for cold-weather service.

- ½ cup rice
- 1 cup shredded celery
- 4 cups milk
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 2 eggs

ADD half the milk to the washed rice. Add the salt and pepper and cook over hot water until the rice is tender—about 45 minutes. This should be stirred occasionally. Meanwhile cook the celery tender in ½ cup of the milk over a very low fire. Combine the two mixtures, add the remaining milk, and cook over water for 30 minutes. Just before serving, gradually stir in the well beaten eggs. Serve at once, as the egg may curdle after further heating.

Fish Chowder may be made from the foregoing recipe by adding 1 cup of cooked fish flakes—salmon, cod, white, tuna, or trout—as the combined celery and rice mixtures are cooking over hot water. Raw fish may be used if cut up and cooked with the celery.

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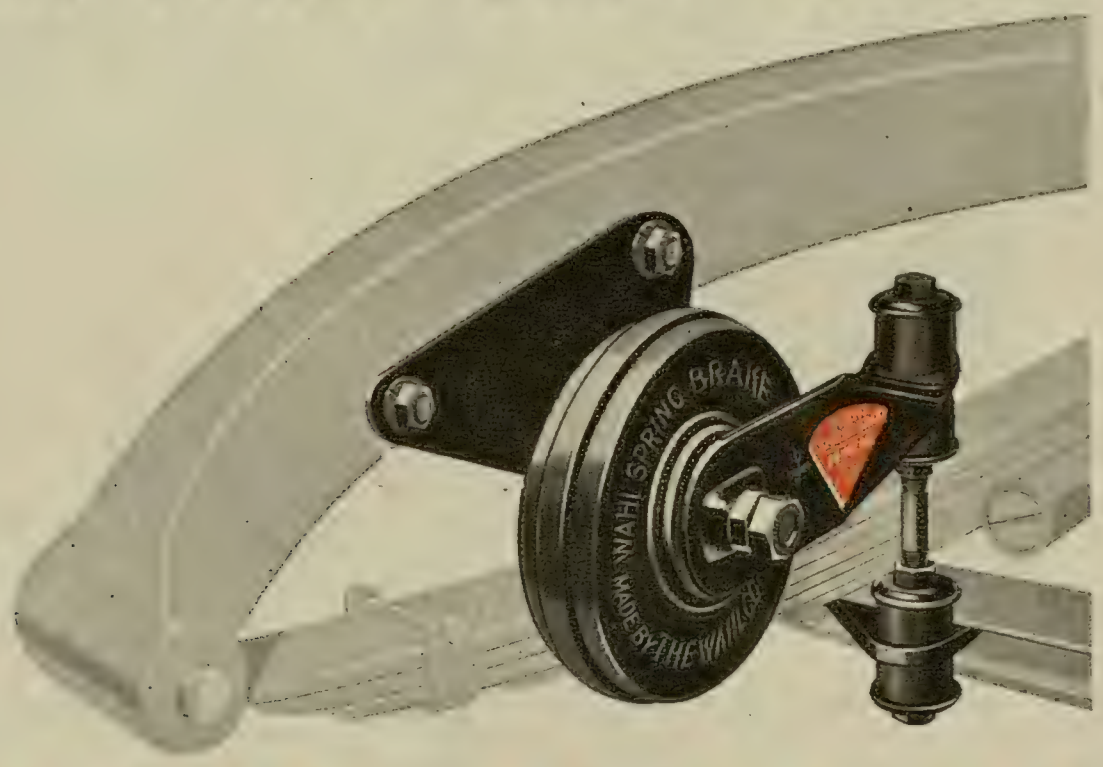

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THOMAS BOARDMAN, so changed by terror that Phyllis hardly knew him, reeled blindly across the room.

The Clock Strikes Two

Phyllis Sees the Power of the Boardman Ghost

A Serial by

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

Pictures by W. D. STEVENS

(Reading time: 20 minutes 40 seconds.)

PHYLLIS HALE was in love with Blair Boardman—and frightened for his safety. She had come to see that the determination of his uncle and cousins that he should inherit nothing from his grandfather, Colonel Boardman, was the motive back of a sinister plot.

The Colonel was ninety-two, and blind. Phyllis was his private secretary. The old man's family tried to convince her that he was demented, but Phyllis was sure that they, or some of them at least, were vainly trying to *drive* him mad.

Thomas, the old Colonel's only living child, and Thomas' four children, all filled her with varying degrees of distrust. There was Franklin, a lawyer; Charles, a doctor; Edith, a widow—who consulted a medium, believed in ghosts, and tried to pass on her faith to others—and Herbert, who was forever tinkering in his workshop at their country home.

Then there was Edith's daughter Elizabeth, secretly in love with one of the Colonel's former secretaries. Phyllis couldn't be sure that Elizabeth also was a plotter against Blair.

Blair was new to that part of the world. Though at the moment a visitor at the Boardman place, he had never seen his grandfather. He was the son of Blair I, who had quarreled with his father, the Colonel, had left the country, and, later, died. The quarrel concerned Flora, the Colonel's daughter, who, forty years before, in trying to elope, had fallen from her balcony to her death.

Now Flora's ghostly voice cried out at times in the Colonel's room and an unseen clock struck two.

Blair's theory was that an instrument in Herbert's workshop, connected with a loud-

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speaker, must be responsible for the sounds. The old man and Phyllis heard them, together, in the night. Shaken, he got up, took refuge in his study, and sent the girl for Blair.

Listening, the Colonel heard a prowler enter his bedroom, and later heard Phyllis return alone.

PART EIGHT

ALL of Phyllis' talks with the old man had been strange enough; but this one, almost in the presence of a known but unidentified listener, was the strangest of all. Her thoughts kept straying to the empty keyhole.

"I didn't bring Blair back," she began, "because he wasn't there. His room was empty."

"You seem pretty cool about it," the old man commented. "How do you know he hasn't been carried off?"

She told him in detail the chain of her discoveries and speculations, ending with the belt that dangled from the rail.

He didn't seem very much impressed.

"For anything you know," he remarked, "Blair may be shut up in my bedroom right now, listening at the keyhole. It's as likely to be he as any of the rest."

She kept silent.

"Isn't it?" he demanded, with a flare-up of his old jealous suspicion.

"Why, yes," she admitted a little contemptuously. "He had as good a chance to come stealing in here as anyone else. What makes it absurd to think he may be there is the kind of person he is."

"And yet," he said, "you deny that you've fallen in love with him."

"No," she said, "I don't, now. But I haven't had much time to think about it yet. Anyhow, I don't see that it concerns you."

"It doesn't, eh? When it makes you blab all my private affairs to him on two days' acquaintance!"

"You told me," she reminded him, "to find out, if I could, what the family were afraid of. I asked Blair why they were afraid of him. I had to show him how I knew they were afraid before I could ask. Besides, you told me to warn him that he was in danger here."

"Did he know why they were afraid of having him see me?"

"We pieced a reason together. His father had never talked much about you to him until just before he died. Then he felt sorry that he'd never made any move toward a reconciliation with you; sorry that he'd stuck to his resolution to make you move first."

"What is he talking about?" the old man growled. "I did move, years ago. I wrote him a letter asking him to come back."

"Blair's father never got the letter. That gave us a sort of clew to why they might be frightened. If you had told Blair's father in that letter that you would make it up with him—not disinherit him, you know—if he would come back, and they read the letter and destroyed it—well, they'd naturally be nervous about having young Blair come and see you."

"Very clever of you," he growled ironically. "But it happens that wasn't what I said. It would have done no good to send him a letter like that. If he'd answered it at all, it would have been to tell me to go to the devil. That's the sort of young bullhead he always was.

"What I told him in the letter was that I'd destroyed my old will disinheriting him and made a new one in which I was leaving him his full half of my estate. No strings tied to it whatever.

"He could stay out there in the Philippines and sulk, if he chose, but if he felt like shaking hands with me again and making it up, I'd be glad to see him. If he wanted to see me again before I died, he could come without being suspected of a material motive. I don't see what purpose it would serve Thomas to destroy the letter. Can you think of any?"

"I suppose," she hazarded, "that they might hope you'd be so angry with Blair's father over his not coming, or not even acknowledging a generous letter like that, that you'd change your will and cut him out again."

"THOMAS is no fool," he objected. "He knows I'm a man of my word. If he read my letter to Blair before destroying it—and Thomas would always read anything he could lay his hands upon—he knows I gave my word to Blair that I wouldn't change my will again, against his interest, in any case."

"But if they didn't read the letter," she argued, "how do they know what's in the new will?"

"Franklin knows, at any rate," he told her, "since he drew up the new will himself."

"Franklin!"

He laughed at her consternation.

"I took my precautions," he explained. "I'll tell you how it happened.

"I had a stomach ache one night about ten years ago—acute indigestion, Charles called it afterward, though he thought at first it had been an angina. I thought I was about at the end of my tether myself, and it came over me what an old fool I was to die leaving an unhealed quarrel with the only living one of my descendants I had any real respect for, and with him disinherited under my will.

"It was out here at the Lake, in the middle of the night. I didn't expect to live until morning, and the only person at hand with any knowledge of the law was my grandson Franklin.

"I had him get out my old will and read it to me. None of the legal hocus-pocus had to

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be changed—only the paragraph where I cut Blair off with a dollar, and the paragraph where I left all the residue of my estate to my son Thomas, or his issue in case he did not survive me. I told Franklin to cut out the first paragraph and to make the second one read that the residue of my estate was to be divided equally between my sons Blair and Thomas.

"I had Franklin write out the new will, in longhand, here in the study. Then I called in the nurse and had her read the new will to me to make sure that Franklin had really made the changes. What the woman read me was exactly what I had dictated. I signed it then and there, without letting it out of my hands, and got it witnessed.

"THEN I had Franklin bring in the old will from the study and burn it before my eyes. I wasn't so blind then that I couldn't see it go up in smoke. I sealed up the new will myself in an envelope and signed it again across the flap. The pain was about at its worst then. It wasn't until two or three days later that I was well enough to write the letter to Blair."

"Did you dictate it?" she asked.

"No," he answered; "I wrote it out myself with a pen. I think it's the last letter I ever did write. It was all wasted labor. But making the new will wasn't wasted labor."

"Unless they've destroyed it too," she suggested, "or changed it somehow."

"It wouldn't do them any good to destroy it," he told her, just as Blair had done. "My estate would be divided substantially the same way, whether that will was in existence or whether it was burned. As for tampering with it, they've never had a chance to do that."

"How can you be sure," she asked, "that they haven't tampered with the will? Did you put it in some box in the bank that they wouldn't be allowed to go to?"

"That was what Franklin wanted me to do

"Flora called it spying, and perhaps it was. Anyhow, I stopped and listened."

at the time," he said grimly. "I suppose that's why I didn't do it. He was rather insistent. Thomas tried his hand at persuading me, too. And it ended by my telling them both to go to the devil. No, the will isn't in the bank, but it's in a place that's just as good."

"Here in the house?" she asked. "Hidden somewhere?"

"What would be the point of hiding a will? It's in the place where they'd expect to find it. In fact, they know where it is. It's in my strong box in the bottom drawer of my desk here." He paused a moment, then demanded suddenly, "Why did you ask me if it was hidden?"

"WELL, something's hidden here. Your son and Franklin came up to search this room after lunch while you were unconscious under the morphine. They said—Franklin said—that he wished they could recall Herbert from his job of watching Blair and me, since he'd be more likely to find 'it' than either of them."

"There's nothing hidden here that they could find," he growled—but she detected a touch of bravado in his tone. He sat a long while silent, starting little restless movements and then suppressing them.

"We've puzzled our brains long enough," he said finally. "I'll play with my coins for a while. Open my cabinet and get me out one of the trays. Any one—the third from the top will do."

She placed it before him on the little table from which he'd eaten his supper. His practiced fingers ran over the contents of it swiftly.

"That cabinet's supposed to be dustproof, but it isn't," he complained, rubbing the tips of his fingers together. "Fetch me a soft cloth. You'll find one in the lower left-hand drawer of my desk. While you're there," he added, "you may as well get out the thing we were talking about. See if it's had any rough usage lately."

He must mean the strong box, of course. It

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was the first thing she saw as she pulled the drawer open.

The cloth wasn't so easy to find. She had turned toward him to say it wasn't there, when she caught a glimpse of it.

"Oh, there it is," she said, speaking a little loudly—as one will over a discovery.

The sound startled him. Something bright fell from his hands on to the carpet; something else not so bright jingled on the corner of the hearth.

"Damn you!" he said furiously. "Why did you shout at me like that?"

"I didn't mean to," she said. "I'm sorry."

She retrieved the two fallen objects and put them in his hands. One was a half of an old coin or medal, split (not cut) across, and hollowed out so that when fitted to the other half it would serve as a secret receptacle for a small flat object, such as a key. The other—the thing that had jingled down upon the hearth—was the key itself.

"I didn't mean to surprise your hiding place, either," she added.

"NO, I suppose you didn't," he conceded grumblingly. "I apologize for swearing at you. I might as well have trusted you in the first place. Fetch out the box, after you've put back the tray, and we'll see whether they've been rummaging or not. Don't touch the box with your hands," he cautioned her. "Handle it through the cloth."

She managed this easily enough, for the box wasn't heavy, and then stood watching while his uncanny fingers carelessly ran over it.

"You see," he explained, "when I die they'll break open the box. Until I die they daren't force the lock. It was the key they were looking for yesterday, and they didn't find it. The dust on the coins proves that. And since they searched for it today they haven't found it earlier, which means that it hasn't been tampered with. So there's really no need of unlocking the box. However, we'll do it."

He unlocked it himself and turned back the lid. He bent over the box with a chuckle of satisfaction.

"Nothing's been touched," he said. "It's exactly as it was when I opened it more than a year ago. Do you see that big linen envelope lying face down with the seals on the flap? That's my will. It hasn't been touched since I put it in that box ten years ago, except when I've picked it up and felt of it to make sure that it hadn't been touched. So are you satisfied now?"

She didn't answer.

"What's wrong?" he demanded. "Speak up."

"But why should they have tried this afternoon to find the key to the box? Why should they have wanted you ten years ago to let them put it in the bank for you, where you wouldn't be so likely to get it out and have someone read it to you? *Has* anyone read it to you since the nurse did, that night you were so ill?"

He sat for a long while in a brown study, frowning, clenching and unclenching his hands.

"Damn it!" he said at last. "You've shaken me. Hand me over that knife from the desk. Don't try to touch. I'll cut open the envelope and unfold the paper. I'll hold it up to the light so that you can see, but don't try to take it out of my hands."

"I won't," she promised.

He worried the envelope open. She thought she detected a flash of surprise, followed by a slower look of misgiving, as his long, intelligent fingers came in contact with the tightly folded paper the envelope contained. He drew it out, however, without comment, unfolded it, gripping it tightly by the edges in both hands, and held it out toward her so that she could see.

It struck her at once that the handwriting looked rather old-fashioned to be Franklin's, and that the paper was yellower than the envelope. She made no remark but began to read:

"'In the name of God, amen. I, Silas Boardman . . .'"

SHE read on, half a page. Then came: "'To my younger son, Blair Boardman, I give and bequeath the sum of one dollar.'"

"What!" It sounded more like the bark of a dog than an articulate word in a human voice. "You're not reading that—you're making it up. That's from the old will."

She read steadily on:

"'This bequest being in consideration of his insubordination to and defiance of me, of his unfilial and unbrotherly conduct, and of his expressed determination to leave my house."

He crumpled the paper savagely.

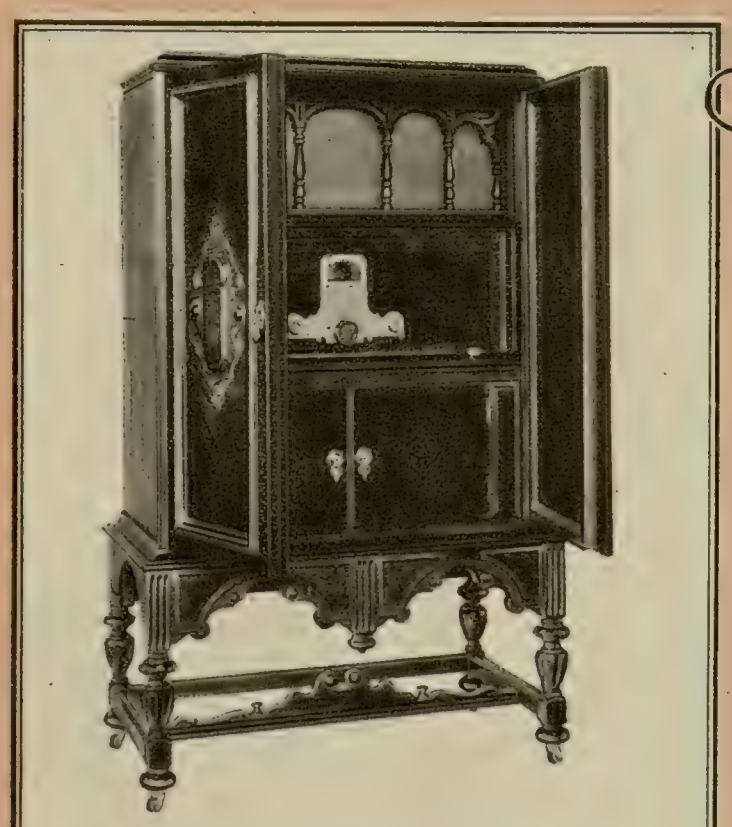
"That's enough," he gasped. "I remember the rest of it."

Well, the riddle, the heart of it, anyhow, was solved now. The thing that the old man had been preserving so carefully all these years was the old will. It was easy to guess that the new will, which he had struggled to make during that night of agony, was the one his then half-blind eyes had seen go up in smoke.

The sight of the old man huddled in his chair, shaken, bewildered, unable, she was sure, at that moment to trust to the good faith of anyone in the world, roused hot anger in her.

His breathing grew steadier at last. He straightened out the crumpled paper and again summoned her to read. "Begin with the next paragraph," he commanded.

It was the one leaving the entire residue of his estate, which was substantially the whole



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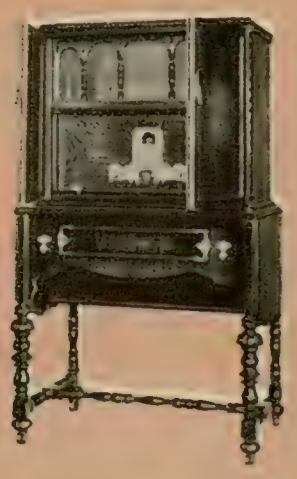

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of it, to his son Thomas, or his issue. Then she went on and read the signatory clause and the witness clause.

The signatures were hard to make out and she stumbled over them a good deal, but eventually managed to satisfy him. It was his proof, she realized, that the document in his hand was really his original will. No one in the family could have told her the names of those old witnesses.

"Move this table out of the way," he commanded.

As she saw him preparing to rise from his chair, she involuntarily moved to help him.

"Don't touch me," he said. "Don't come near me. I'm going to do this job for myself."

HE had the will clenched now in one hand, and with the other felt his way toward the fire, which was blazing furiously. She was in terror lest he topple into it, but under his orders she didn't dare stir. He crouched before it and thrust the will into the flames.

It was only as they licked around his fingers that he moved them back, and he didn't relinquish his hold until the thing was consumed to the last scrap. He had scorched his left hand, it afterward proved, rather badly; but at the time he showed no signs of pain.

"Now," he commanded, "help me back to my chair."

He sat there silent for a long while, pale, pretty well exhausted, but upon the whole calm.

Suddenly the silence was ended for them both in startling fashion by a sound from the adjoining bedroom.

There was a thud against the door, a momentary frantic fumbling with the knob, and then it burst open, and Thomas Boardman, so changed by terror that Phyllis hardly knew him, reeled blindly across the room. When the farther wall stopped him, he whipped about and stared wildly at the dark doorway he had just emerged from.

His white hair was literally standing on end and his bloodless face looking a pale, ghastly green through its tan. His dry, bright eyes seemed to be bulging out of his skull.

"Our spy's come out, has he?" the old man asked Phyllis. "Who is it?"

Thomas spared her the necessity of answering, almost in the same breath.

"Shut that door, won't you?" he pleaded in a sort of sob. "Shut that damned door!"

At that, of course, his father knew him. Phyllis, without waiting for the old man's consent, went to the door and shut it.

"So you've come out to confess, now you know you've been caught," the Colonel remarked. "Going to make a virtue of candor, now you've been left no choice, eh?"

"I don't know what you mean," Thomas said dully, still with his eyes on the closed door.

The old man contradicted him angrily. "You know exactly what I mean. You've got sharper ears than I thought, though. You've been listening in there for the past half-hour."

"I've been listening," Thomas said, with a shudder, "but not to you. I am going to confess, though. Only it's too late to do any good—forty years too late."

Phyllis' heart lost a beat at that last phrase.

"Too late? Yes, too late to do you any good, but not too late for me. I'm still alive, and I'm still of sound and disposing mind and memory, in spite of your tricks. I've found that damned old will of mine and burnt it, and I'm still competent to make a new one."

"Oh, the will!" Thomas said, still in his dull voice. "I'll tell you about that, too—afterward."

"Afterward!" his father echoed. "After what?"

Thomas shuddered. "After—after I've told you about Flora," he said.

"About Flora," the old man repeated. "What have you got to tell me about her? Where are you? Come around and sit down. You breathe as if you'd been running."

"I won't sit with my back to that door," Thomas said. He dropped into a chair on the farther side of the fire. He still looked white and sick, and Phyllis wasn't surprised when he said to her: "I can talk better after I've had a drink. I wonder if you'd mind getting me one. There is a decanter—"

"She shan't leave this room," the old man interrupted; "but she can give you a drink without doing that. There's a bottle of my old brandy in that same bottom drawer of my desk, and there's a glass and water, if you want it, in the bathroom."

THOMAS' glance wavered toward the bedroom door. "I don't want any water. And there's a glass here on your tray that will serve."

He poured himself a stiff drink, when Phyllis had brought him the bottle, and gulped it down greedily. "I needed that," he said.

After a moment's silence he turned to his father.

"Flora thinks—" he began, then paused to press his trembling lips together. "I think Flora still holds me responsible for her—death. Edith has been telling me she doesn't. She let me read her letter tonight—Flora's letter; the one Flora told her how to find. Edith didn't want me to read it, because she said Flora didn't feel that way any more. But I insisted and read it. Flora may have forgiven me, as Edith says, but—but she wants me to do something. And all I can think of to do is

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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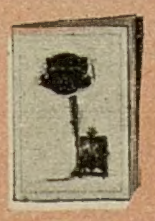

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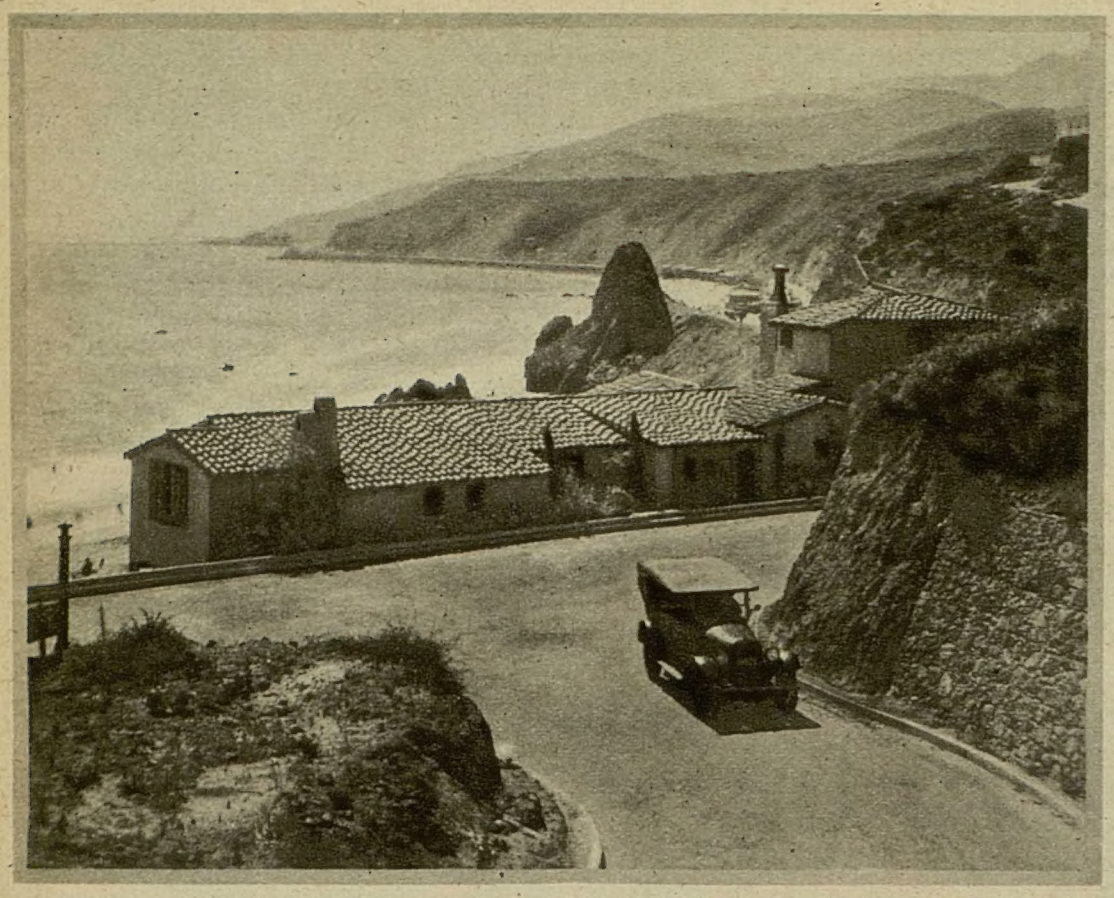

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[THE CLOCK STRIKES TWO Continued from Page Eighty-one]

to tell you all about it: how I betrayed her to you."

"How you betrayed her!" the old man echoed. "You didn't betray her. I happened to come home a day sooner than she expected."

"That's what you thought," Thomas interrupted. "That's what you told her the night she died."

"How do you know that?"

"I'll tell you. I'm going to tell you all about it.

"I was responsible for the whole thing, just as she said in her letter. My wanting to establish myself on a better footing with you wasn't the only reason. I was jealous of her preference for Blair. They were always hand and glove—allies, I always felt, against me.

"I had no personal objection to young Walter Mills; in fact, I half liked him.

"I honestly thought Flora was too young to know what she was about. I tried to get Blair to see it that way, and he wouldn't. You took the same view I did when they told you they wanted to be engaged. If he'd gone away and stayed away, as he was supposed to do, she'd have forgotten him in a year, just as Elizabeth will forget this young whippersnapper of hers that was your last secretary.

"But Walter Mills didn't go away—or, if he did, he came back. I happened to find out about it.

"It was in the middle of the week—a Wednesday, it must have been, in September. Blair was out here with Flora, and you and I were in town. Blair was going away on a trip. I suppose that's why he'd stayed on here for a day or two instead of coming into town with us on Monday.

"You sent me out here on an errand. There was something you wanted Blair to bring with him when he came into town. I got off on the early afternoon train, and arrived here, of course, unexpected. Neither Blair nor Flora was at home.

"I WENT upstairs to change my clothes, and dropped into Flora's room. There was a note on her desk from Walter Mills. I read it—thought I had a right to read it. He'd come back here and was staying at the inn in the village. He loved her and must see her. I left it where I found it, and went out to the stable. The stableboy told me that Blair had gone off for a ride by himself.

"I found Flora and young Mills down in the lower woods. I was walking along the path quietly enough, I suppose, when I heard their voices. It seemed to me that, since Mills was playing the game that way, sneaking out here to see her behind our backs, I should try to find out, when I had the chance, what his plans were. Flora called it spying, and perhaps it was. Anyhow, I stopped and listened.

"He was urging her to run away with him; but she wouldn't be persuaded to agree to it.

"She said she hoped, if they were patient and willing to wait, you'd come around in time and consent to their being married. He tried to convince her that you wouldn't.

"She said she must be going back to the house, and he tried to arrange another meeting with her for that evening. She said she couldn't meet him; that it would be Blair's last night at home and she wanted to talk with him. But she did agree to another meeting the next afternoon. She said she'd bring a little picnic lunch along and they'd have supper together somewhere and say good-by.

"AT that I came away. Apparently she got a glimpse of me, though it wasn't enough for her to be sure of. She was startled, all right, when she found me here at dinner. But I said nothing either to her or to Blair of what I'd discovered. It was plain enough that Blair had connived at the meeting, more or less.

"I decided to go back to town as if nothing had happened. Blair and I caught the first train. My original plan was to tell you everything as soon as I saw you, before Blair left. I've always been sorry that I didn't. But—well, you hadn't a pleasant way, even then, of taking bad news.

"You'd always secretly admired Blair and Flora for standing up to you, as you used to say. You'd always, not so secretly, despised me for obeying your orders. I knew, if I told you what I'd found out and how, you'd act on it right enough, but you'd take out your anger on me. So I thought of a pretext for getting you to go out to the Lake that day."

The old man interrupted the narrative: "I remember what you told me. You said that I must have left the safe unlocked. You'd seen the door of it, you said, standing part way open. You said that you yourself had closed it and spun the combination knob without even a glance inside to see whether it had been rifled. I was pretty sure I hadn't left it unlocked, and I decided, after worrying about it for an hour, to go back to the Lake that day, instead of waiting over another night in town."

"Yes," Thomas went on, "it was nothing but a pretext for bringing you down here in time to catch Flora out with her lover. I stayed in town until Friday, and then came along on our regular train. You met me at the station and told me what had happened.

"You'd found Flora out. You'd found the note from young Mills, which I'd already read, in Flora's desk. When Flora came in you'd quarreled with her; told her you were going to have her watched; she was practically a prisoner.

"Sunday afternoon I caught one of the housemaids, an Irish girl named Maggie, stealing along the hall with a letter in her hand. She was making for Flora's room. I didn't interfere with her then, but later that afternoon I told her that I knew she'd been to young Mills

HE thrust the will into the flames and didn't relinquish his hold until it was consumed.

and brought back a letter from him to Flora. I said that if she went to you and confessed I'd say nothing and she might be able to keep her job. I pointed out that she wouldn't be doing Flora any disservice by taking that course, since unless she told you I should do so myself. I knew from her manner and yours that she had told you.

"I went to my room rather early that night but I didn't undress. About midnight I heard your voice. You were shouting at Flora. I came down the hall and stopped outside her door."

"Eavesdropping again," the old man commented.

"Call it that, if you like. I wasn't sure that I wouldn't have to go in to save her from violence. But I didn't care to be caught in that position. So when, rather suddenly, you finished abusing her and I realized you were coming out of the room, I stepped behind the window curtains at the end of the hall.

"I saw you lock her door after you. Then you came across into this room. But you didn't do what I expected. You left that door open and your light on. Evidently you were sitting up, watching her door.

"I COULDN'T go back to my room without being seen, so I stayed where I was. I stayed there until she screamed as she fell, and you rushed across the hall and let yourself into her room. Then I went back to mine. Oh, God, what a night that was!"

"You cowardly dog!" the old man said quietly. "I suppose you call this making a clean breast of it."

"I haven't quite finished," Thomas went on lifelessly, ignoring the old man's words. "Later that night, when I was in her room —you were busy about something else—I saw something on her desk that you'd overlooked: a letter she'd been writing to Blair—a thick letter. I knew, from what I'd heard her say to you during your quarrel with her, that she believed I had betrayed her. You'd denied it, but you hadn't convinced her. I knew her letter would convince Blair, and that Blair, in all probability, would convince you. I didn't read the letter; I was too

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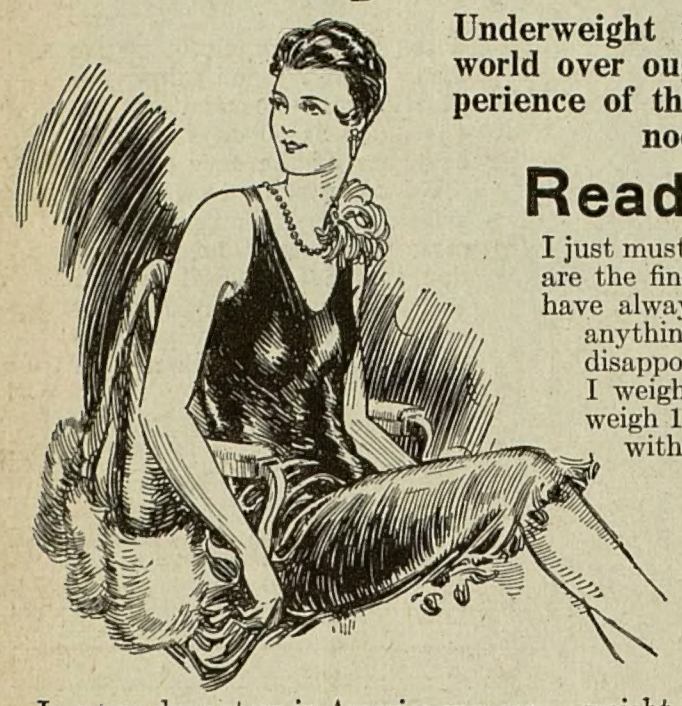

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[THE CLOCK STRIKES TWO Continued from Page Eighty-three]

shaken with horror. But I wanted time to decide whether Blair should get it or not.

"That yellow jewel box of hers was on the desk. She'd been getting some of her trinkets out of it, packing them up to take with her. The box was empty and the false bottom of it was sprung up. I put the letter in the secret part of the box and pushed the board down upon it, instinctively almost. I didn't think of it as a permanent hiding place.

"The next day—no, the next but one; it was just before we expected Blair back—I tried to get the letter out. I didn't know what I meant to do with it—whether to put it in a safer hiding place, or destroy it, or give it to Blair. But I couldn't find the secret spring that released the board. So I left it there.

"I never told a soul that I'd hidden the letter, or that there'd been a letter to hide.

"But tonight—tonight Edith told me how Flora herself had directed her how to find the letter. She gave me the letter to read. It must have been Flora who told her. No living person knew. Only her spirit in that room could have seen where I hid it. It's forty years ago. I'd almost forgotten it was there."

PHYLLIS, forgotten in her corner, was trembling uncontrollably. But the old man to whom the tragedy was brought back so close appeared, to her amazement, to be perfectly calm, his head reclining against the back of his chair, his elbows resting on the arms of it.

"So you thought Flora wanted you to tell?" he said in his clear, dry voice. "Was that why you stole into my bedroom and hid there an hour or more ago?"

"No. I still thought it might be chance, Edith's having found the letter. I came here to listen. I knew this girl had some secret understanding with young Blair. I thought, when she came back and talked to you, I might learn what it was.

"But you heard me. You shut me up in that horrible place. I couldn't hear what you said.

"I got to thinking. After a while I noticed that a clock was ticking—the big clock on the stairs that you stopped the night Flora died. I was glad when you did, because I'd heard it, too, as I stood at the end of the hall behind the curtains. I knew why you couldn't bear the sound of it. But I heard it ticking again tonight—louder and louder; and at last it struck two. And then Flora screamed—screamed just as she did that night!" His voice died into inaudibility.

"Has he fainted?" the old man asked Phyllis. "Give him some more brandy if he has."

But Phyllis, paralyzed in her chair, couldn't move.

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